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Collier's

OCTOBER 1, 1949
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WE LOVE TO CATCH THEM ON A SPRINGMAID SHEET

We love to give the gals a treat and catch them on a SPRINGMAID sheet. We make them, Sir—and that's no jest. The sheets, we mean. They'll pass the test.

The cotton has a pedigree. We use the best machinery. Our whirring looms with warp and woof present the most conclusive proof that strength and texture we combine to make a sheet that's superfine. We have the best in workmen, too. They're capable, they're skilled, they're true. They turn out perfect sheets by *dozens.* We ought to know—they're all our cousins. And our new bleachery (we said) puts SPRINGMAID finish way ahead of all the rest—our joy and pride, but still we were not satisfied.

To make sure we were not mistaken, we had these sheets washed, mauled, and shaken four hundred times in laboratories that furnish facts and don't tell stories. Two hundred times they were abraded, yet popped up lovely and unfaded—(an ornament for any bed).

These tests were a simulation of a single generation of wear and tear and constant use, vellication, and abuse. To brides devoid of common itch for monogram or fancy stitch: Your children's children, with repeats, can count on these *FORT SUMTER* sheets. The moral is to each of you: No matter what you say or do, remember that in cold or heat, you can't go wrong on a SPRINGMAID sheet.

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For a set of SPRINGMAID ads suitable for framing, send 25 cents to Springs Mills, Dept. C-14, at the above address.

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS, *president of The Springs Cotton Mills, has written another book, "Clothes Make the Man." which was indignantly rejected by every editor and publisher who read it. So he had it printed privately and sent it to his friends for Christmas. After they read it, he ran out of friends, so there are some extra copies. It contains a veritable treasury of useless information, such as how to build cotton mills, how to give first aid on Park Avenue, and how to write advertisements.*

If not available at your local bookstore, send a dollar and postage to us.

He has also designed a sport shirt with 16 SPRINGMAID *girls printed in 6 colors on* SPRINGMAID *broadcloth. It is made small, medium, large, and extra large. Send us $3.00, and we will mail you one postpaid in the United States. Or, if you want to make your own, send $2.50 for four yards of material 36 inches wide.*

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DENTAL RESEARCH SHOWS HOW IPANA FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY!

Scientific research based on daily dental examinations now proves that every time, *any* time you brush your teeth with Ipana, it helps fight tooth decay by effectively reducing and *keeping down* acid-forming bacteria. *No other paste or powder is more effective for this purpose.* Moreover, Ipana helps remove sticky, bacteria-trapping deposits that invite decay.

DENTISTS SAY THE IPANA WAY PROMOTES HEALTHIER GUMS!

In thousands of recent reports from all over the country, 8 out of 10 dentists say the Ipana way promotes healthier gums. *That's just as important as fighting decay,* for dentists warn that you can't have healthy teeth without healthy gums! Try this dentist-approved Ipana care—for healthier teeth and healthier gums *both.*

HERE'S ALL YOU DO—EASY AS 1, 2:

*The Ipana way is doubly effective. **1.** *Between regular visits to your dentist,* brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana after every meal. (Ipana's special alkaline cleansing formula helps prevent tooth decay—leaves teeth cleaner, brighter.) **2.** Then massage gums the way your dentist advises. (Ipana's unique formula also stimulates circulation—promotes healthier gums. You can *feel* the invigorating, lasting tingle!)

"Most tooth loss comes from gum troubles," say dentists.

Fight Tooth Decay and Gum Troubles Both!

New dental research proves you can help prevent tooth decay as you guard your gums—this doubly-effective Ipana way!*

Dentists warn that if you want to save your teeth, you must protect your teeth and gums *both.*

For not only does tooth decay cause untold misery and expense. *Gum troubles cause even more tooth losses than decay,* according to leading dental authorities. And gum troubles can strike anyone—even healthy youngsters and teen-agers—with little warning!

Now you and your family can help prevent costly tooth decay and gum troubles BOTH*—by starting today with this doubly-effective Ipana dental care.**

For new dental research now proves that Ipana's own special alkaline formula effectively reduces *and keeps down* acid-forming bacteria—considered a major cause of tooth decay. *Ipana fully meets these standards for an anti-decay dentifrice.*

And more—Ipana is the *only* leading tooth paste specially designed *to stimulate gum circulation—promote healthier gums.*

THIS FAMILY SAFEGUARDS TEETH AND GUMS BOTH WITH IPANA DENTAL CARE!

Mrs. Stephen Schwartz of Catonsville, Md., doesn't let *her* family risk halfway dental care! One of Baltimore's most successful fashion models, Mrs. Schwartz knows that an attractive smile depends on healthy teeth and healthy gums *both.* So she makes sure that her family fights tooth decay and protects their gums, too—with Ipana dental care. Give *your* family all the benefits of this doubly-effective dental care. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today!

Product of Bristol-Myers

P.S. For correct brushing use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!

HEALTHIER TEETH, HEALTHIER GUMS—

IPANA for Both!

And refreshing Ipana leaves your breath cleaner, your mouth fresher, too!

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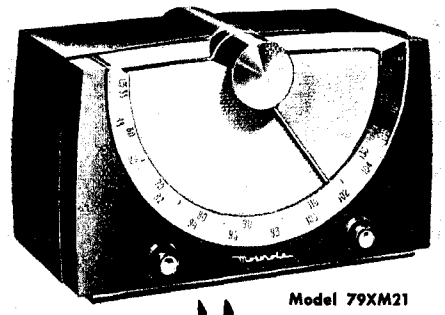

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The Cover

The painting of the famed Circle in Indianapolis by Thomas Fransioli, Jr., has the Soldiers and Sailors Monument as its centerpiece. To the left is the State House dome; on the extreme right are Christ Church and the Columbia Club. In center background is the old English Hotel and Opera House, razed last spring to make way for a department store. Fransioli, working from a photograph, sentimentally reconstructed it. The pigeon feeder is no myth. A railroad station worker, the lady strews a bag of corn in the Circle late each afternoon. This is the second in a series of Fransioli covers on familiar scenes of our great cities.

Week's Mail

Postscript from the Midway

EDITOR: The last issue of Collier's was received on board with very much interest, in that most of us remembered the accident of Lieutenant Skocpol and his F4U Corsair (I Was Run Over by a Carrier, Aug. 13th). I suppose I'm the only man in the world who can claim he ran over a man with a CVB class carrier, even though I'll admit it's a rather gruesome honor. To me it was the longest 12 minutes of my life.

As conning officer of the Midway, I had my time fully occupied with handling the ship's movements and making positive the wind was coming over the deck at the correct relative angle and at a speed sufficient to launch. The flight was progressing according to schedule and I was keeping an eye on the planes as they left the deck and joined the formation.

Lieutenant Skocpol came up into position, checked his plane, received his launching signal from Fly One and went down the deck. As he cleared the bow, he dropped from view in a sickening lunge and I knew we had a crash on our hands.

I gave the helmsman "full left" but the plane was too close aboard and Lieutenant Skocpol has told the rest. I shifted the rudder to "full right" to swing the stern to port to keep Skocpol out of the starboard screws and give me a better view of the flaming wreckage.

The F4U was abeam of us by the time we could make out the pilot swimming in the debris. I knew our stern would still be close enough to give the man a pretty good bouncing around and I also knew that he stood a good chance of a one-way trip through the screws if his Mae West was unusable. As we later found out, this had been the case but I had put on sufficient rudder in time to swing the stern clear.

In a few minutes we had the launching operation going again and Lieutenant Skocpol was delivered to the Midway by the egg-beater angels—helicopter pilots to civilians—broken up a bit but very much alive.
LT. (j.g.) P. W. HESS, U.S.S. Midway, at Sea

Praising Cain

EDITOR: As a Young Republican of the state of Washington, I wish to congratulate you on the article of Aug. 13th on Senator Harry P. Cain ("Hurry" Cain Out of the West).

We are proud of Senator Cain and proud that a magazine such as Collier's is taking an interest in bringing out new leadership for our nation. ROBERT E. NEILSON.
Executive Secretary, Washington Young Republican Federation, Seattle, Wash.

. . . As a man who has voted the Democratic ticket all my life, at first I rather objected to your article on Senator Harry Cain.

However, after thinking it over, I realized that in the spirit of fair play and in an effort to shed light on outstanding United

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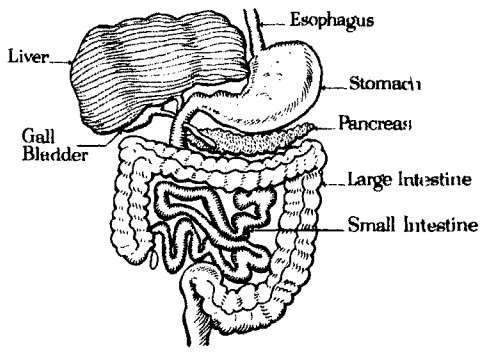
GOOD DIGESTION

THE DIGESTIVE SYSTEM has been called "nature's most wonderful chemical laboratory." Throughout life, the vitality and strength of *every* part of the body depend largely upon how well this laboratory does its work.



The digestion of a single food may require twenty-four hours or longer. During this time, digestive juices secreted by glands in the mouth, stomach, and small intestine and by the liver and pancreas make it possible for the body to convert food into nutritional elements. These produce heat and energy and supply materials necessary for growth and repair.

• • •

Sometimes, however, the digestive processes fail to function properly. This may be due to faulty eating habits, infections, fatigue, food allergies, emotional disturbances and other causes and may lead to minor as well as serious digestive disorders. In fact, studies show that digestive troubles are more common than any other ailments except those of the respiratory system.

1. Avoid eating when rushed or when emotionally upset.

2. Keep the teeth in good condition so that food may be chewed thoroughly.

3. Drink adequate amounts of water (six to eight glasses a day) and establish regular habits of elimination.

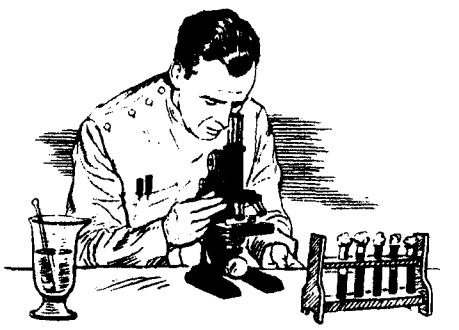
4. Do not eat too much or too often.

5. Cultivate an appetite for a wide variety of foods, especially those that are rich in the essential nutritional elements.

6. Avoid strenuous exercise immediately after eating.

7. Do not resort to self-treatment. If digestive complaints persist, consult the doctor.

Modern medicine has developed many instruments and tests which help the doctor to diagnose digestive disorders with great accuracy. For instance, X-rays permit the doctor to follow "test meals" throughout the digestive system and to observe the position, size, shape, and movements of the digestive tract. In addition, chemical tests and analyses give him essential information about whether the digestive organs are functioning properly.



Some digestive conditions are so trivial that they can often be corrected by surprisingly simple measures, such as eliminating troublemaking foods from the diet. Others are serious and, if allowed to progress, may affect general health, and require prolonged dietary restrictions or surgery.

So, it is always wise to seek medical advice for *persistent* digestive complaints such as pain, nausea, "indigestion," or even continued lack of appetite. The doctor, in most cases, can quickly discover the causes and suggest corrective treatment that may help to insure better digestion and better health.

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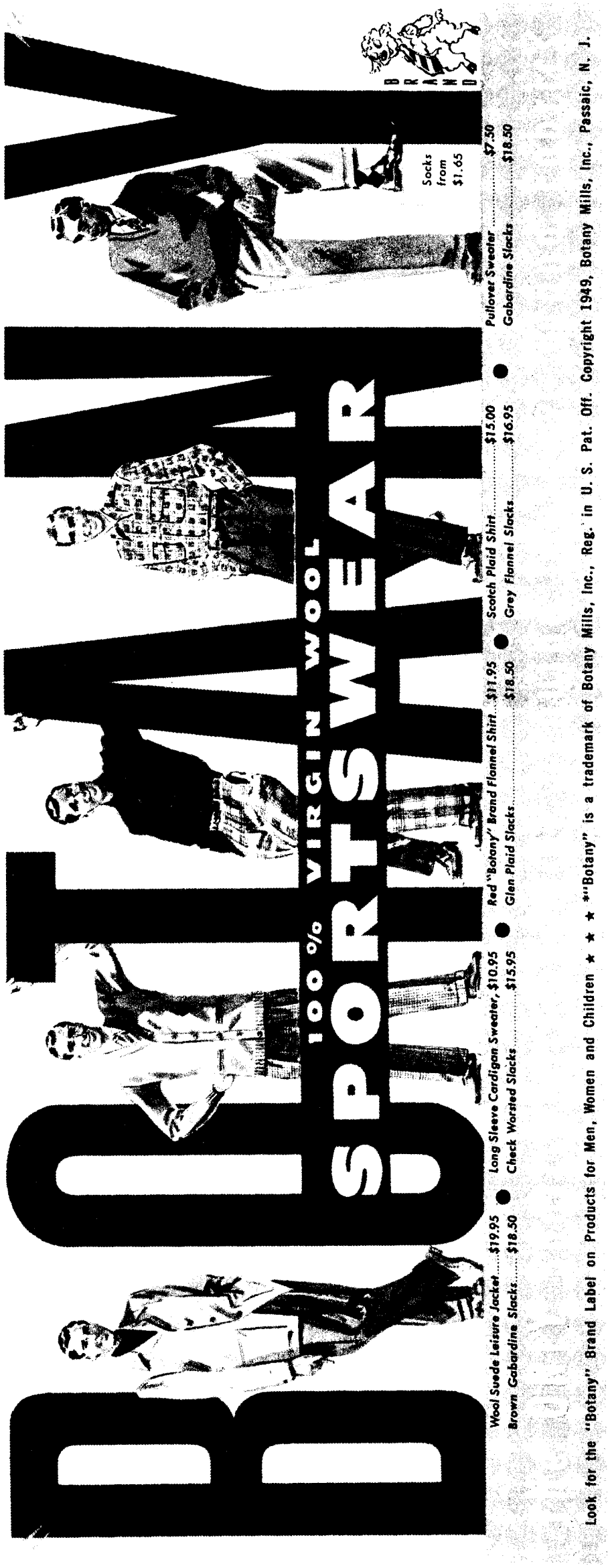
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States congressmen, your article on Harry Cain was surely justified in view of the fact that your magazine has written similar articles on Democrats.

WALTER ROCKIE, Auburn, Wash.

Half-Fin Bill

EDITOR: With regard to Freling Foster's reference to the widespread prejudice against the two-dollar bill (Keep Up with the World, Aug. 20th), why not a $2.50 bill? One with the picture of the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt on it? And call it a "jack" as we call a five-dollar-bill a "fin."

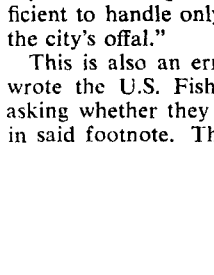
The suggestion is consistent: The 25-cent piece is half of our half dollar and the half dollar is half of our dollar; the five-dollar bill is half of our ten; the ten of the twenty; and so on.

It is not likely to become confused in handling with other bills. And it will save a great deal of time to the public in handling so great a bulk of ones daily.

JACK MARTIN, Houston, Texas

Geography Lesson

EDITOR: In Lester Velie's article, The Secret Boss of California (Aug. 13th), the author says, "Artie owns some palatial establishments in San Francisco and at Los Gatos in southern California."



Let's go back to school for a few moments: "All Gaul is divided into three parts—remember? Even so with California—northern, central and southern.

Although Los Gatos (pop. 5,000) is located so we can see San Francisco's Golden Gate most any day, the folks who write about it have at least twice this year put our town in southern California.

RALPH T. DUNCAN, President, Los Gatos Chamber of Commerce, Los Gatos, Cal.

Two-Minute Miler?

EDITOR: What is all this talk by Mr. Evans (Week's Mail, July 16th) about no man being able to run down a jack rabbit?

When I was a boy on my father's farm in Kansas, Sgord Strufstrum came out there from the city to learn about farm work. The very first job my father gave him was to go out and round up 70 sheep in the outlying alfalfa fields. Sgord, being new to the farm life, never had seen a sheep. When Father went out an hour later to check on things, Sgord had rounded up 70 jack rabbits and was driving them in.

Sgord said he thought there were 70 present and accounted for. He had counted 69 but there was one that ran around so fast he couldn't count it.

HARRY L. PARKER, Rueil-Malmaison, Seine-et-Oise, France

Too Dressed Up

EDITOR: Come now, Miss Simpson, how long has it been since you've seen a hoedown country carnival (Collier's cover, Aug. 13th)? Never Sunday best for these occasions: T-shirts are the rule. Hats on the young'uns? Never.

ALICE BATES, Rochester, N. Y.

Erroneous Footnote

EDITOR: Thank you for the correction (Week's Mail, June 18th) in which you printed a letter of the undersigned calling attention to an erroneous statement in a previous issue of Collier's. However, we noted that you added the following footnote: "The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service says that Chicago's disposal system is sufficient to handle only about 10 per cent of the city's offal."

This is also an erroneous assertion. We wrote the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service asking whether they were correctly quoted in said footnote. The reply stated that no one in the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service was authorized to make such a statement and they could not find anyone who did.

Priding ourselves on the fine job of sewage disposal being done by the City of Chicago and particularly the Sanitary District of Chicago on behalf of this great city and 68 other cities and villages within this area, you cannot blame us for wanting to run down misstatements as to the character of the facilities, their adequacy or the results accomplished.

J. L. FRIEDMAN, President, the Sanitary District of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

Collier's regrets the quoted statement erroneously attributed to the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

They Go for Joe

EDITOR: I would like to thank Richard Stern for one of the most enjoyable stories I have ever read (Design for Vengeance, Aug. 13th). Mr. Stern is no doubt aware that he is a member of that militant minority which takes cognizance of the fact that cats not only have intelligence and personality, but also discernible character.

JEAN INESON, Babylon, New York

. . . Design for Vengeance delighted me. Have more than three of these stories been printed, and if so, is there any chance of a collection being printed in book form? Such a book would make a great hit with cat lovers.

MRS. A. D. SCHOEPFLIN, Chardon, Ohio

Collier's has published half a dozen stories about Joe the cat in the past four years, and will probably run another before the snow flies. No definite plans have yet been made to publish the stories in book form.

Dancer at the Bat

EDITOR: In Belles of the Ball Game (Aug. 13th) you stated that the girl batting in the picture was Twila Shively. I'm a Peoria Redwing fan and I'm sure the player is Faye Dancer who used to play center field for the Redwings.

SALLY KNICKERBOCKER, Peoria, Ill.

. . . I think your picture shows Faye Dancer at bat, although you have this shot captioned Twila Shively. We know both players personally and are quite positive you have the wrong name under the picture.

EDWARD B. HAWKINS, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Twila Shively

Faye Dancer

Score an error (in identification) against the public relations department of the American Girls Baseball League. The batter was Faye Dancer.

Welfare State Defined

EDITOR: Just what is Mr. Ruml's message (Are We Going Broke?, Aug. 20th)? Is it to the effect that we cannot go broke, and that only? I find his argument muddy and contradictory.

The four "spots," which he defines as exceptions to what the rest of his discussion means, invalidate all that he has said before

It all adds up to an inference that Mr. Ruml is an ardent believer in the welfare state, where no one can get richer no matter how good he is, where incentive continuously grows smaller, where paper money is worth what a central authority says it is, and where bliss is that particular state of existence brought about by politicians.

JAMES S. WESTBROOK, Bridgeport, Conn.

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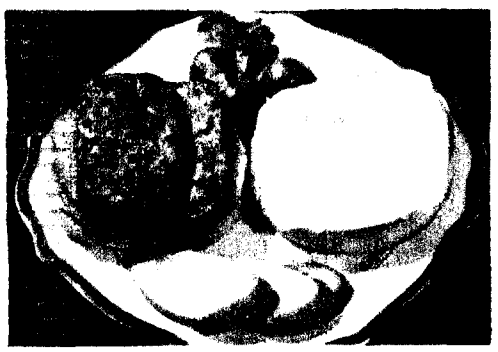
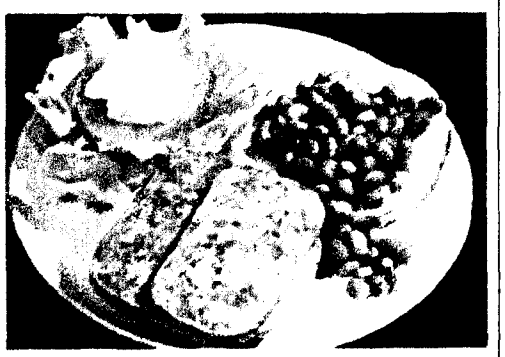
IT'S **BALANCED** — with pure-pork SPAM for protein, bread for cereal, butter for fat; green and yellow vegetables . . . and Candied Apple combining fruit and sweet, made like this: **STIR** together and heat 1 cup sugar, ¼ cup light corn syrup, 6 tbsp. water • **ADD** few drops peppermint (or other) flavoring, few drops red coloring • Boil to "hard-crack" stage • Set pan over boiling water • Dip washed and skewered apples into syrup quickly, remove and whirl until coating is even and smooth • Stand on greased plate to cool • Makes 4.



FUN ON A BUN. On toasted bun halves, lay SPAM slices and a slice of cheese. Slip under the broiler till SPAM browns and the cheese gets bubbly hot. Because SPAM is super, so is this sandwich.



HUSBAND HOME for lunch? Please him with a baked bean SPAMwich—juicy slices of SPAM and hot baked beans on a buttered bun. Peach and cottage cheese salad. A he-man's meal in 5 minutes.

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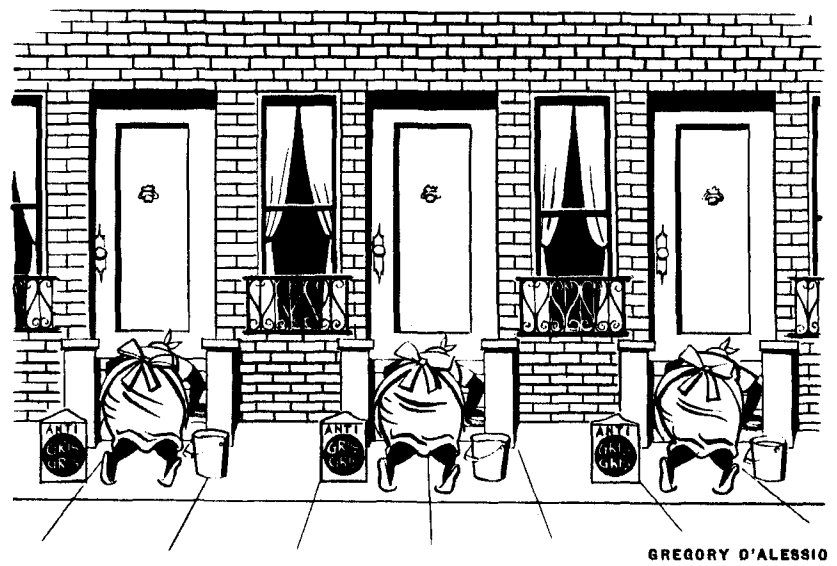

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

Since the 18th century, when voodooism was brought to America by African slaves, the headquarters of this strange Negro cult in the U.S. has been New Orleans. Although voodooism is now dying as a religion, its followers still believe in and buy enormous quantities of its magical concoctions, mostly mixtures of such things as pepper, nail parings, coffee grounds, soap chips and graveyard dirt. Each of the 100-odd charms is said to have a particular power, an example being "gris-gris" powder which is supposed to bring harm to an enemy if sprinkled on his doorstep. Because it is the most feared of all the potions, cautious householders have for decades washed their front entrances daily with water containing "anti-gris-gris" powder. Owing to the yellow ocher in this countercharm, whole blocks of straw-colored steps and stoops may be seen today in certain sections of New Orleans.

* * * * * * * * *

An Italian wine acquired its name in an unusual manner in the late 1790s. Before leaving on a trip to Rome, the wine-loving German bishop, John von Fugger, sent his valet ahead to sample the wines in the villages along the way. The servant was instructed to write "Est" in chalk on the doors of taverns in which he found the wine was good and "Est Est" on those in which it was superb. On the door of an inn in Montefiascone, the master found "EST! EST!! EST!!!" and, concurring with his valet's judgment, sat down and drank himself to death. So the bishop was buried there, and ever since these three words have been on his tombstone and on the door of the inn. They have also been used as the name of the wine which has become famous as the "Est Est Est of Montefiascone."

* * * * * * * * *

On March 10, 1928, in Los Angeles, Walter Collins, aged nine, went for a walk alone and did not return, having been kidnaped and murdered by a maniac whose crime was not discovered for almost a year. A nationwide search was started for Walter and, five months later, a boy who looked exactly like him was picked up in Illinois. Having just run away from an unhappy home, the double readily "admitted" he was the missing lad. Before the boy was turned over to Mrs. Collins, however, someone who was never identified coached him so well in what to do and say to impersonate Walter that the lad was able to discuss old times with "his" friends and relatives. But after three weeks, Mrs. Collins became suspicious, measured the boy's height and found he was an inch and a half shorter than her son had been *before* he disappeared. Convinced that the lad was an impostor, she returned him to the police who promptly committed the heartbroken widow to a psychopathic institution for observation. Five days later she was released as sane; and soon the boy confessed. Mrs. Collins sued the arresting officers for false imprisonment and was awarded $10,800.

* * * * * * * * *

For nearly two centuries before Dahomey, West Africa, lost its independence in 1894, so many of its men were sold as slaves to white exporters that women had to fill their places as soldiers. They were the only females in modern times who were trained and who served as professional warriors. Since there were 5,000 of them in uniform at all times, they constituted a third of the standing army of Dahomey. Each generation of these Amazons tried to outdo its predecessor in toughness and cruelty, and members of the last one were so ferocious and so feared that the king made them wear bells so civilians would be warned of their approach and have time to hide.

* * * * * * * * *

Cocos Island, an uninhabited speck of land 500 miles off the northwest coast of South America, has been overrun for generations by persons trying to find the fabulous treasures said to have been buried there by pirates and believed to be worth as much as $500,000,000. Despite the fact that these tales are pure fiction and no one has ever unearthed a dollar, about 450 expeditions, or an average of one every four months, have hopefully dug up Cocos in the past 150 years. Even this summer, two such expeditions were searching the island although it is now only a mass of reworked holes.

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"Who said women can't keep secrets better than men?"

SAID ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

"DON'T YOU ACCUSE ME of giving away any secret, woman!" bridled Elmer, the bull. "Young Beauregard guessed all by himself that we were going to give him a surprise party!"

"Indeed?" sniffed Elsie, the Borden Cow. "And who's been going around saying, *something wonderful is going to happen in this house soon?* Who's been hinting about things hidden in closets? Who's—"

"But I *never* told him it was a party!" sparred Elmer.

"No," smiled Elsie, "but your son is a bright lad. I know I'd never say that we were going to have the world's smoothest and creamiest treat for dessert tonight and

not expect him to guess I meant new and wonderful *Lady Borden Ice Cream.*"

"Now, who's giving secrets away?" pounced Elmer. "I didn't peep about the Lady Borden you hid in the refrigerator!"

"Elmer! Elmer!" laughed Elsie. "Seriously, dear, can you imagine a party without Lady Borden Ice Cream? There's such utter joy in every spoonful! It's made with the finest ingredients, including plenty of rich, sweet cream. Folks say there's never before been ice cream like it."

"Put the Lady Borden back on ice for a while!" begged Elmer. "Now that the kid's guessed about the party, can I tell him who's coming?"

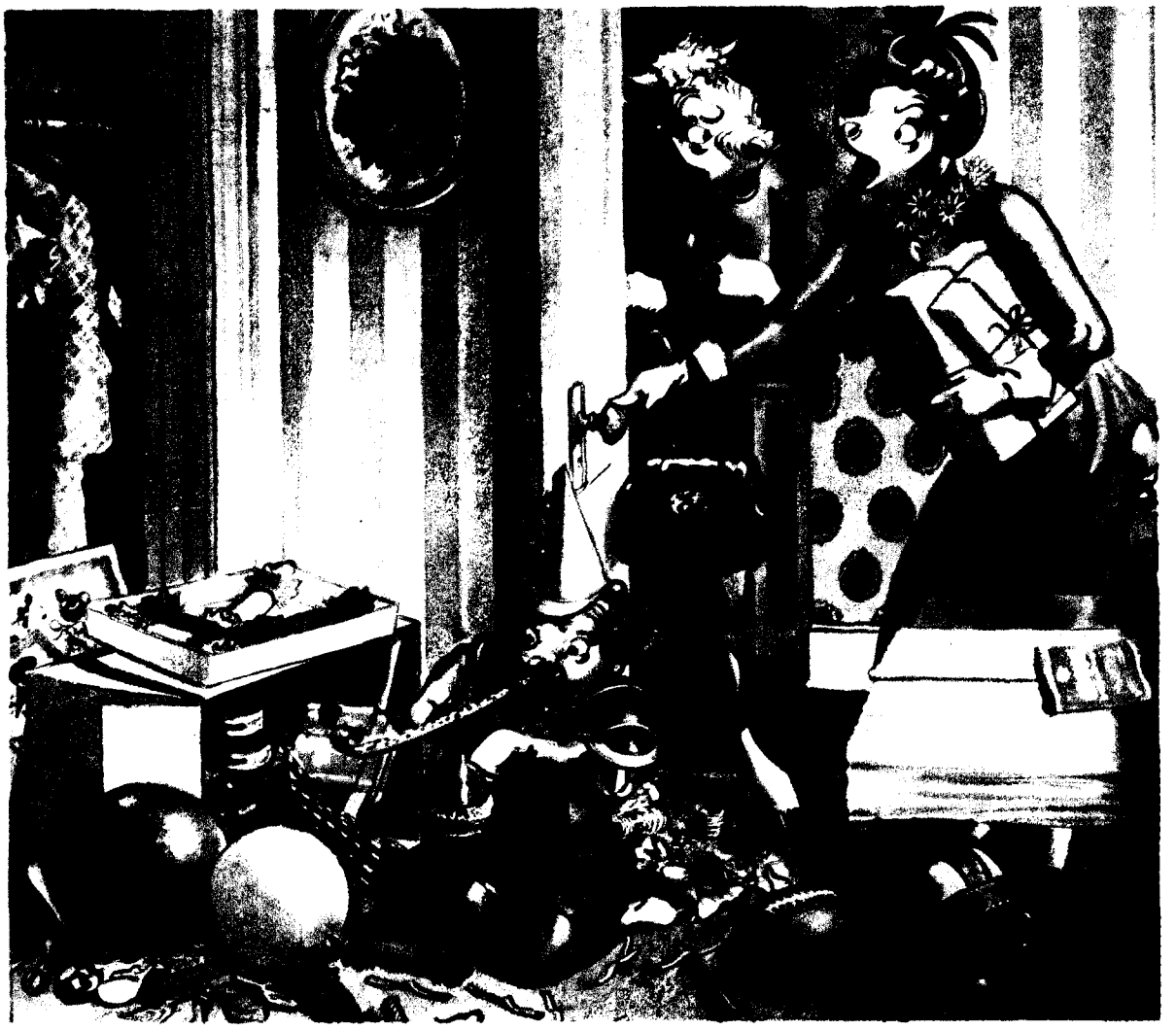
"Oh, *no!*" answered Elsie. "Let him have at least one surprise."

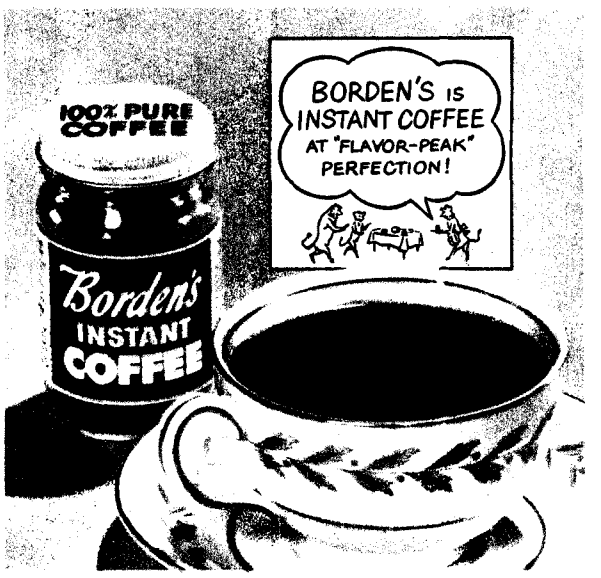
"Aw, men folks don't like surprises!" wheedled Elmer.

"No?" twinkled Elsie. "Thousands of men are being surprised every day and *loving* it — men who are getting their first sips of *Borden's Instant Coffee* made by the new *'Flavor-Peak'* Process. It's more flavorful than ever. This great new process (it's Borden's alone) extracts much more flavor from the freshly roasted coffee."

"Listen to your mother, kids!" guffawed Elmer. "Listen to her giving away Borden's secrets."

"It's no secret," said Elsie, "that Borden's Instant





is *all* coffee. *And* it goes further, because the little you use at a time is the *essence* of fine coffee. There's no waste—you make only what you need. No grounds, because Borden's throws the used grounds away."

"Forget Borden's!" stormed Elmer. "Get on with the party! Call Beauregard's schoolmates in out of the garage!"

"Now, you've told everything," sighed Elsie, "except that this is to be an all-Borden party. And *good —if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

NEW! NOW! "ELSIE THE COW COMICS"... Delightful adventures. On sale at newsstands only!

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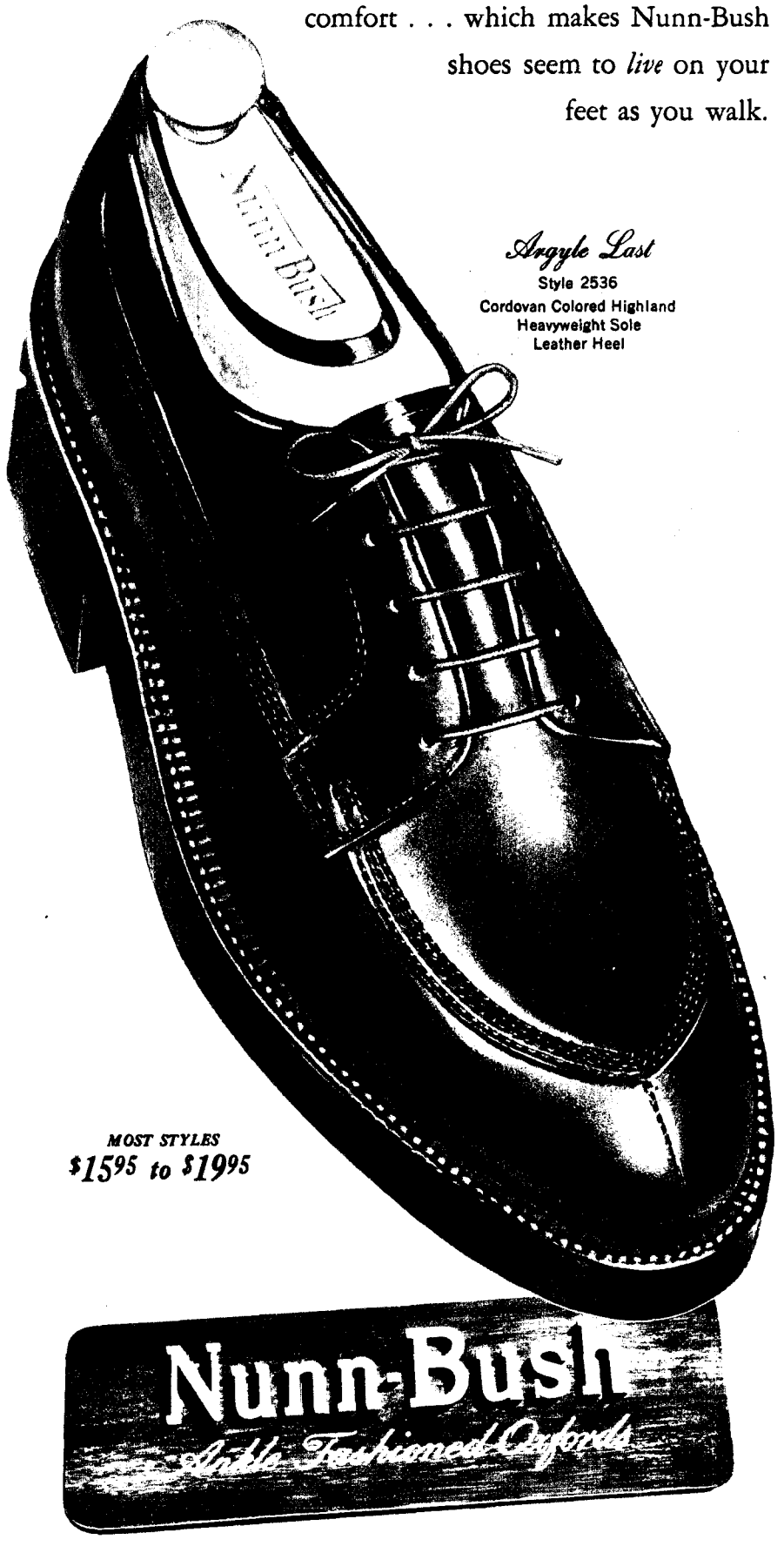

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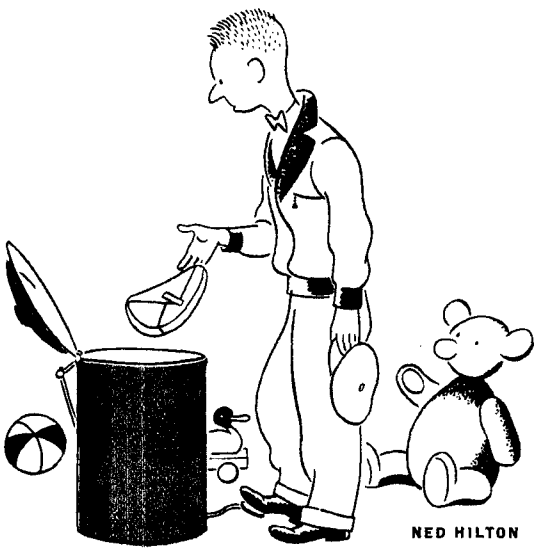
Nobody Talks Any More

By RICHARD B. GEHMAN



Two pounds of sirloin wound up in the baby's room

CIVILIZATION may be getting more and more complicated, but it seems to me that communication is getting easier and easier. People aren't saying as much as they used to.

When I was a boy of about nine in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, I remember that there were occasional evenings when my father would get a restless look in his eye. After pacing the room a while, he would get up and take his hat off the lamp shade. My mother would ask him where he was going, and he would say:

"Well, I thought I'd go down to the store and check over some of the accounts and orders, and after that I thought I might drop up to Hampilos' poolroom and see if there's anybody there who might like a little game of snooker." Then he would give her a kiss and leave. That was around 1929.

Not long ago, I went back to Lancaster for a visit. The second or third evening, my father got that restless look, and, as usual, he got up and took his hat from the mantel (after 20 years, my mother finally has persuaded him not to put it on the lamp shade).

"Where to?" Mother asked.

"Out," he said, kissed her, left.

This single word saved him about 44, by my reckoning. Actually, my father is a bit set in his ways; he doesn't realize that most people, today, don't use half the words he does.

Two or three days ago, Adolph, our groceryman, knocked at our door with the daily order. I answered.

". . . me . . . this out on the . . . ?" he said.

". . . on the . . ." I answered.

Written out, this doesn't make much sense, but both Adolph and I knew he was asking if I wanted him to put the stuff out on the kitchen table, and I was saying yes, go ahead.

This sort of thing is all right for Adolph and me, but it sometimes gets other people in trouble. Later that afternoon, the same conversation took place between the butcherboy and our part-time maid, who thinks that every man who comes to the door is from the diaper service. Neither used any more words than Adolph and I exchanged, and the upshot was that two pounds of sirloin wound up in a can in the baby's room.

"But," the butcherboy said, "you *said* I should . . ."

"I did *not*," the maid declared. "I didn't say anything of the kind. All I said was . . ."

At this point, hearing the commotion, I appeared, asking, "What seems to be the . . . ?"

"It's just," she said, "that this . . ."

"Wait," said the boy, "the whole thing came up because she . . ."

"I wish I could get to the bot—" I began, then the bell rang again. Now it really was the diaper-service man, but the maid, thinking he was the grocer, told him to put that stuff in the . . . but when he started to head for the baby's room, she screamed at him to stop, she really meant the . . .

I can't quite explain how I finally got this all straightened out, but I managed it somehow; and it proved, I think, that half sentences lead to—but another story will prove that this doesn't always happen.

A friend of mine, Ralph Pinepux, was a junior account executive in an advertising agency. Every afternoon he would sit in on a conference with the president, Mr. Biss, the senior account executive, Mr. Kromer, and assorted office slaves. The pattern went like this: Kromer would make a suggestion, usually a real bloomer, and then he would turn to Pinepux for comments.

Pinepux, an intelligent man, would say, "Kromer, the trouble . . ."

Kromer immediately would interrupt him and begin a long defense of his idea, which would then be adopted. When it was put into practice, it would always prove to be the bloomer it was in the first place. After several months of this, Kromer was fired.

Mr. Biss, the boss, began looking around for a replacement. Suddenly he remembered vaguely that Pinepux always had objected vaguely to whatever Kromer had said. Pinepux is now the senior executive, earning roughly $30,000 a year, and always making sure that he never finishes anything he begins to say.

It isn't hard to conjecture on where all this is leading us. In practically no time at all, words will disappear completely from the language. Dictionaries will become relics, English teachers will turn to honorable professions, politicians will take courses in modern dance and eyebrow twitching, and THE END

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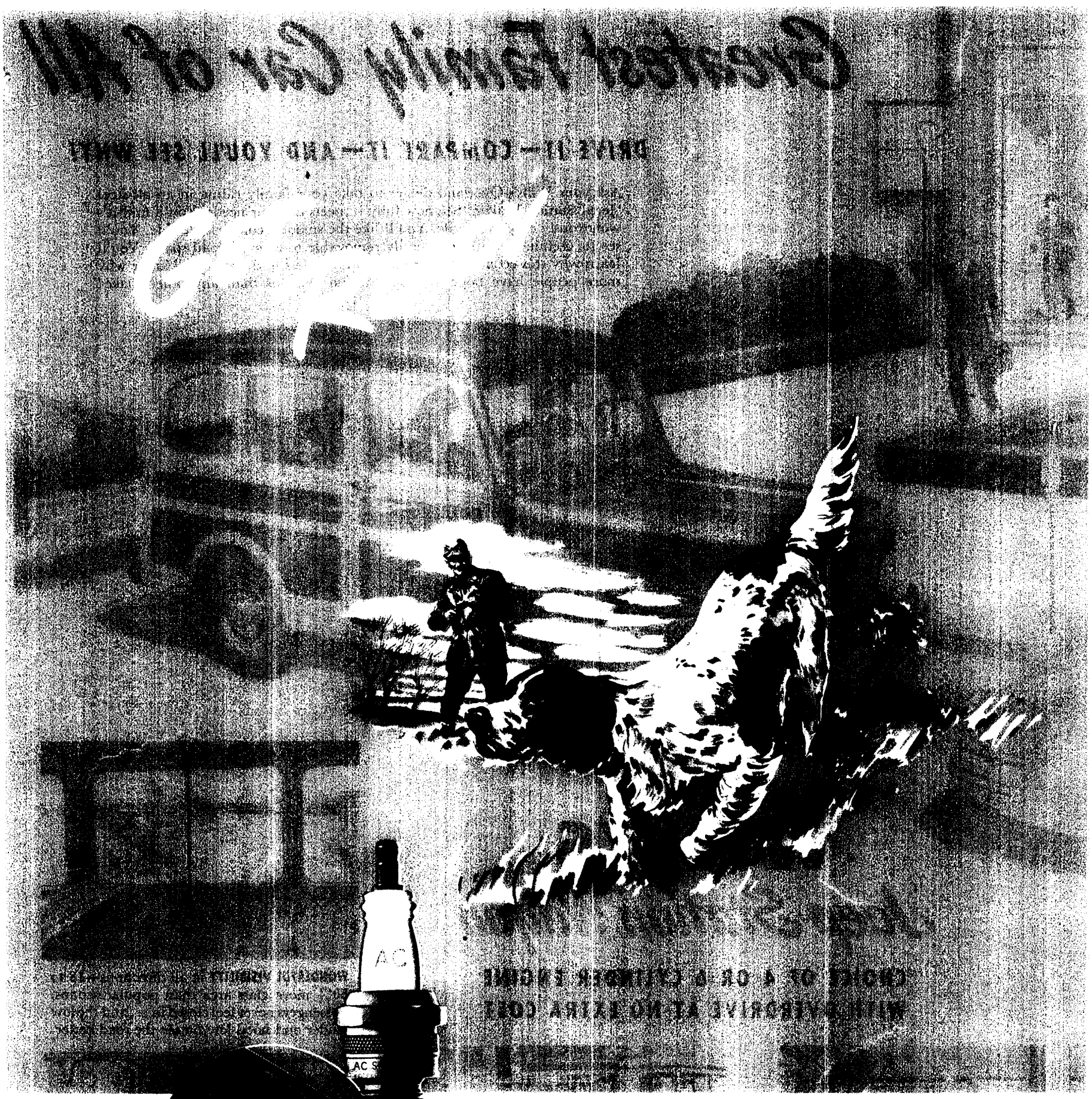

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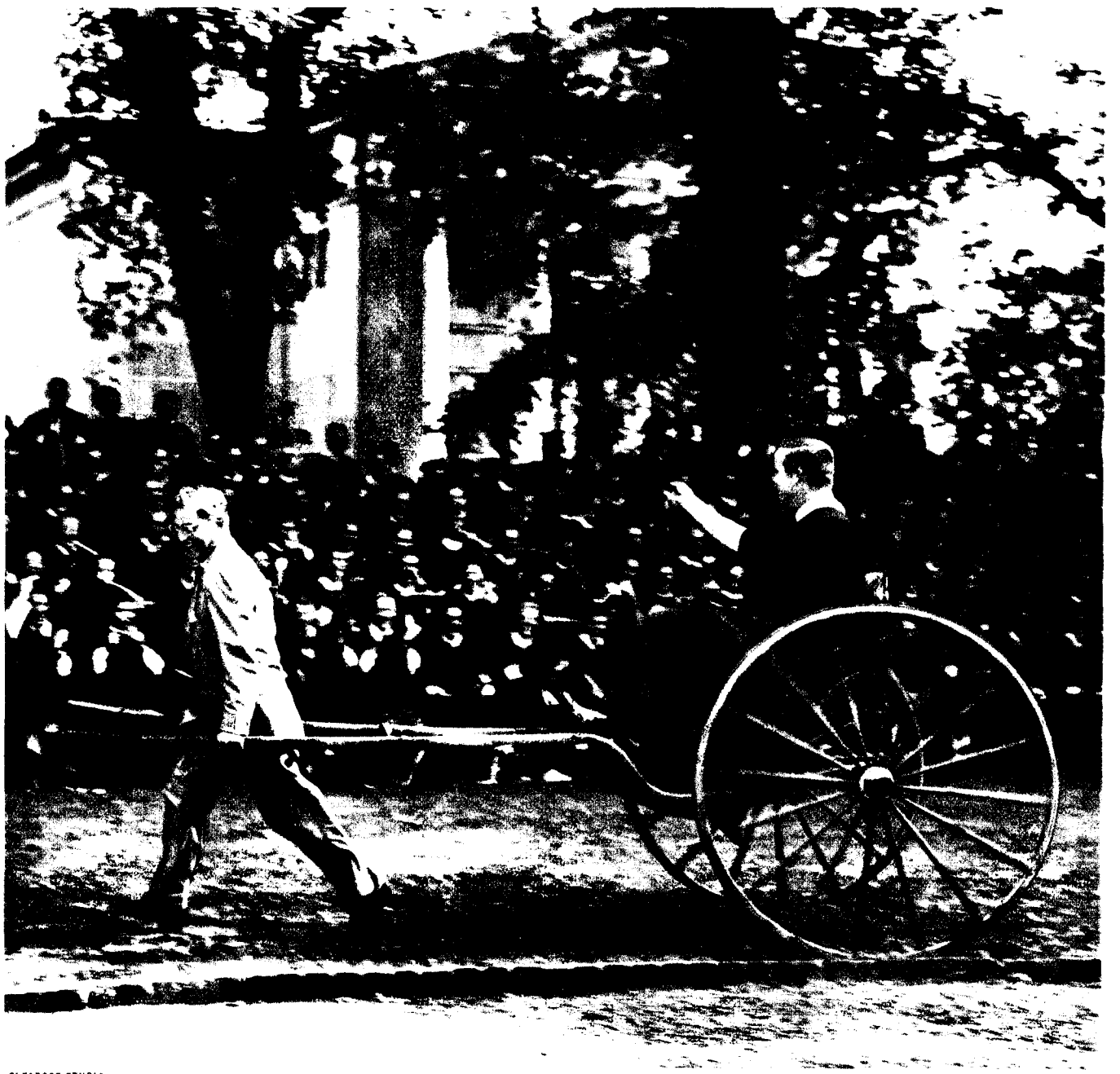
Troubles of College Deans

Parents and professors head the list of stewardship headaches. But deans are chosen for their light touch and *student expulsion is becoming nearly* as obsolete as burning at the stake

By HOLMES ALEXANDER



CLEAROSE STUDIO

A little good-natured horseplay never hurt any dean—Princeton's Francis Godolphin is between the shafts

AT FIVE o'clock one afternoon last winter in the midst of a meeting with his faculty, Dean of Students Lloyd K. Neidlinger, of Dartmouth College, was embarrassed to notice a fringe of pajama hanging below his trouser cuff. He tucked it out of sight and explained that he'd been wakened at 3 A.M. to deal with a campus crisis, had pulled a suit over his night clothes and much later had gone straight to his desk, where routine matters had kept him ever since.

Deans of students usually get more sleep than this, but the anecdote is illustrative. Between emergency alarms and ordinary desk work, a dean is on duty right around the clock. Crisis is almost a normal condition on the American campus.

The dean, a sort of territorial governor without *benefit of plebiscite, is born unto trouble* as the sparks fly upward from undergraduate binges, riots, strikes, automobile crashes, sex adventures and the many less sensational aspects of alumni-making. The dean is lucky if he has a sense of humor—and in the wrong job if he lacks a broad sense of humanity. In his time he plays many roles: warden, policeman, counselor, banker, foster parent and weeping wall. He does not rule over children, nor yet over grownups. He is rather a watchman on the dawn patrol, the period of uncertain light between adolescence and maturity.

The dean's troubles, and how he handles them, are the immediate concern of approximately 1,750,000 sets of American parents whose offspring *entered or returned to college last month.* The best way to understand these troubles—and their causes and possible cures—is to let the deans themselves speak in their own fashion, partly by citing case histories, partly by generalizing out of knowledge and experience.

During this past summer recess, for example, an ex-G.I. student called on his dean and asked permission to marry. *Under the housing regulations,* the dean's okay was required. He consented, without giving any indication that he knew the young man had already married in secret.

"She's a good girl and he's a fine fellow," the dean told me in discussing the problem. "But he wants to be an architect, and that's a long pull. The complications and responsibilities of married life won't make it any easier."

If this clandestine, hurry-up marriage turns out wrong, it may be pointed out as another example of an oversexed, irresponsible, war-warped generation. But the dean, in possession of all the facts, puts a different interpretation on the secret marriage.

While the student, aged twenty-four, was not afraid to come to the dean, he *was* afraid of his father. As the dean explained it, the father's insistence on running the son's life—of urging him to dress well and then railing over the bills, of censuring his work habits, his deportment and his associations—had driven the young man to seek a happier home life.

At another university, 600 miles away, a girl student was picked up for shoplifting in a local department store.

"The police got her before we could do anything about it," said the assistant dean of women. "She was the youngest in a family of eight, several of whom graduated here with honors."

This was a case of a younger child whose parents assumed that she ought to be just as brainy, charming and poised as her older brothers and sisters. It is not, I learned, unusual. No comparisons are more odious than those within the family circle. They make a lot of trouble for the dean.

At the same university a male student was caught forging checks. This time the dean of men took over the case before the police moved in. The boy had plenty of available funds. All he had to do was ask his mother for money and get her approval of where he spent it.

"How did you punish him for his dishonesty?" I asked this dean, who had twenty years' experience on the same job.

"Oh, we didn't," he answered. "We just straightened him out. I sent for the mother and persuaded

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her to give him his own checking account, with no questions asked. He's doing all right now."

In these three examples we have what many deans consider their most vexing problem—the parents. Francis R. B. Godolphin, dean of the college at Princeton University, is among the most articulate spokesmen on this subject. Godolphin was a classics professor and a combat Marine officer with four Pacific landings before he came to his present post. One way and another he has seen a lot of American boys away from their homes. It is Godolphin's theory that people remain home products, regardless of age, until they reach maturity. Some never reach maturity. Many who don't are hindered by parents who refuse to let them grow up or who maim their children's growing powers with broken or bickering homes.

A Confession—and Its Sequel

Scores of case histories, spotted around a dozen campuses, could be cited. One dean, for instance, lately received a letter from a girl who charged that she had become pregnant as the result of an affair with one of his students. The boy confirmed the whole story and gave additional details.

I can hear some parents I know saying: "What a degrading example of college youth! Disgracing his good name and his school with public scandal!"

But the dean didn't make the story public. He knew the boy had come from a divorce-broken home and had a father who boasted of his own amorous escapades.

One dean tells the story of a telephone call he received just at dinner time: "Hello, Dean, this is ———. I know women are supposed to be out of the dorms by seven, but can't I keep my girl here another 20 minutes?"

It takes real naïveté to ask for special privilege, but some students expect it and can't understand when it isn't forthcoming. Were they raised at home to expect one law for themselves and one for the rest of the community?

There was another student who felt himself clearly entitled to private transportation. First he swiped a jeep and was joy-riding with friends when picked up. Next he went with a varsity team to a distant college, decided not to wait for the train and appropriated another car. He crossed a state line and apparently tried to bribe a police officer before getting nabbed. There was nothing to do then but expel him.

"But here's the rest of the story," the dean in this case said. "This fellow applied for a job and gave my name as a reference. I told the employers the facts and advised them to take him on despite what he had done. I'm just as sure as I'm sitting here that he'll grow up fast and make good."

Fear of disappointing parents is a familiar stumbling block in the growing-up process. Nearly every campus has the unhappy youth whose father was a famous or frustrated athlete and expects his son to glorify the family name. Last year one campus had a girl who killed herself during the holidays rather than go back to work she was mentally incapable of doing. The dean at her college makes a special point of telling parents that it's no disgrace for their daughters to become stenographers or store clerks instead of college graduates.

Girls find the adjustment to college life much more difficult than boys, according to Assistant Dean Kate Hevner Mueller, of Indiana University. This is partly because their parental ties are stronger, and partly because of what the dean calls "infantile romanticism" which the girls absorb from what they see and read.

Research sources cited by Dean Mueller indicate that each college man and woman has approximately 2.2 love affairs in the course of his campus career. The conflict between trying to be "good," as the parents desire, and "popular," by coed standards, makes for much confusion, which it is the dean's daily business to prevent and treat.

The standard solution for this problem used to be an extension of parental influence through house mothers in women's dormitories and sororities. But that system has been badly outmoded by factors which deans now have to recognize.

Among some groups of young people, contraception and abortion have become the accepted means of protecting girls from the serious consequences of premarital sex experience. To them, virginity is no longer the mark of a good girl. The standard now is refusal to be promiscuous. And professional counseling has replaced the chaperon system. Mrs. Christine Y. Conaway, dean of women at Ohio State University, believes that much morality and mature thinking are developed in "conflabs" monitored by trained advisers from the same generation as the students.

At Ohio State the whole effort is to de-emphasize infantile romanticism in favor of realism. College education is presented as a way to prepare for marriage *and* a career. Courtship and its problems are treated as a phase of the larger pattern. Thus the dean's office puts out a list of student services on which the marriage counseling clinic shares space with clinics on health, legal aids, job finding, parliamentary procedure and home economics.

Colleges Train Girls to Be Wives

"We know," says Assistant Dean Kathryn L. Hopwood, "that practically all girls want to marry and that many come to college for that purpose. So the training we try to give them is for homemaking and a part-time job, even if the job is only on a civic committee. Eastern colleges may have different aims, but we believe that Ohio needs married women who make a contribution to their communities. It may be teaching, local politics, welfare work or vegetable gardening."

Deans know that their young charges are preparing for life. But they also know that, to the student, the college period is life itself. It is something to be lived pleasurably as well as seriously. But neither is possible if the early training and the home pattern have been bad, or if parents interfere too much or co-operate too little.

Next to parents, the chief source of a dean's trouble is professors. The teacher-pupil relationship should always be the dominant one in college. It is the only sensible reason for paying tuition, leaving home and living the artificial, nonprofit campus life.

But professors, whether they teach literature or animal husbandry, are apt to be experts in their one line and nothing else. Except for favorite students, the teacher-pupil relationship is usually impersonal in the classroom and sterile outside of it. Last spring a girl senior at a Southern university was dismayed to find that she'd taken three elective courses which were not acceptable by the English department for credit toward graduation. It was her own mistake, a bad-luck technicality, and she stood in need of official help or sympathy. But all she got from her professor of four years' acquaintance was: "Well, did you make out the schedule or did I?"

Many extracurricular disturbances begin in the classroom. For the very simple reason that they are bored, discouraged or neglected by their teachers, students get drunk, make illicit love, stage public roughhouse and dash about the countryside in stolen or forbidden automobiles. In an effort to solve this problem, Dean of Students Maurice Woolf, of Kansas State College, conducts an undergraduate poll to evaluate the professors on class assignments, organization of course, mastery of subject matter, ability to stimulate interest and thinking, willingness to help, personal mannerisms and general teaching effectiveness.

The poll offers students the choice of such adjectives as thorough, reasonable, impartial, pleasing, narrow, bored, aloof, sarcastic, annoying and indistinct. It rates the teachers in a 1-to-5 spread—excellent, superior, average, below average, and poor. The tabulations are kept confidential, but each professor gets his individual score.

This is rough on professors. They are human, too. So the dean of a Southern university is trying a less bruising approach—personal talks with his faculty members in order to discover their buried talents.

"You never know what'll turn up," he said. "We found that a crusty professor of sociology—whom nobody liked—was making a detailed study of marriage habits. So we made him head of the marriage counseling clinic. Now he's quite popular."

Dean Daniel D. Feder, of the University of Denver, thinks it is a mistake to assume that all professors have either the skill or interest to undertake

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individual contact work with students. There is a move on foot to remove one-track professors from the list of student advisers, and to help and reward those who do have the knack of getting along with pupils. Personnel experts are assigned to tutor the professors in human relations. Reward comes in the welcome form of lighter teaching schedules, clerical help around the office, and pay increases and promotions pegged to student understanding. Columbia, Syracuse and the Universities of Illinois, Minnesota and Texas even conduct courses to teach professors how to help their students.

Theories About Cheating in Exams

Many deans think classroom cheating is an aspect of maladjustment between professors and students. W. Earl Armstrong, a former dean who is now with the U.S. Office of Education, says dishonesty in examinations is not so much an ethical problem as a game of wits in which the student tries to outsmart his taskmaster. Armstrong favors abandoning the two traditional cheating deterrents—the monitoring and honor systems—as neither one accomplishes its purpose. Both, he says, are treating symptoms instead of causes.

At Ohio State, where the monitoring system is in vogue, Dean of Men Joseph A. Park acknowledges its failure. "Our cheating committee," he says, "handled about 25 cases last year, covering 88,000 examinations. We know perfectly well that these aren't anywhere near the total number of violations. Very often a professor simply flunks a student who he thinks has cheated."

That is getting far away from any impartial or testimonial form of justice, and students react accordingly. At an Eastern university a whole class was flunked by a suspicious instructor. What happened? On the much tougher re-exam, a group of undergraduates smuggled in notes. All of the cheaters passed, whereas their dumb-but-honest classmates failed again.

The honor system works a good deal better, but it depends for its validity on a small, selective student body. However, state antidiscrimination laws are playing hob with selective enrollments and most colleges are still overcrowded. Even denominational colleges, with all the advantage of religious training, haven't a good record. Last May a prowling reporter broke a story out of Georgetown University in Washington, D.C. Some enterprising, though misguided, freshman had got hold of examinations in two English courses and one French course before the tests were given. Question and answer crib sheets were soon in circulation, and the school authorities had to schedule new examinations for the entire class of 500.

The truth, as every dean knows, is that cheating is widespread. There is very little moral feeling about it among undergraduates. Probably no cure is in sight. The reform in pupil-teacher relations is a slow process. Honesty not learned at home can't be taught at college.

Right behind parents and professors on the dean's list of troubles is the influence of American business and government. Every college stretches an eager hand to corporate and public donors for construction, research and endowment funds. Private enterprise, state option (usually Jim Crowism) and federal regulation stage a battle royal for control of academic activity. But the tune is called by those who pay the piper. Generally speaking, a college which accepts corporate funds for research assignments naturally has to give more and more specialization for the dollar received. A college which takes government money, especially for scientific scholarships, finds it harder and harder to maintain its intellectual freedom.

The marked preference for the specialist, though quite natural, makes more trouble for the dean. As one of them said, "It often explains the behavior of the upperclassman who suddenly busts out of college on a wild spree, or who quietly transfers between terms to another college."

For two or three years such a student hears about the cultural value of courses in English, history and the classics. No wonder he is disconcerted when he learns that the good jobs go to those who have majored in vocational studies, which had always been made to appear humdrum.

The dean who faces this situation has a problem that is complicated by postwar conditions. In the years 1945-49 it cost more to live, marry or to start a new business than ever before. To a student approaching his or her graduation, the price of a house, a car, a trousseau and a baby is downright terrifying. College education is progressively easier to get, and the competition among college grads is that much tighter.

In the twelve months ending last June, 430,000 graduates were poured into the labor market, setting a record which the Office of Education believes will soon be broken.

Twenty or 30 years ago, when the dean went to college, it was no great calamity to drop out or drop back. Today, with about 2,400,000 enrolled and still greater numbers expected in the early 1950s, a diploma has become what Dean Godolphin designates as "a white-collar union card." It is something to get, to get quickly and to get on a utilitarian basis. Never mind the culture.

So deans have to deal with a mounting anxiety complex which has found its way to the campus. They recognize several factors in this. Dean Armstrong says that, despite all the talk about lowered academic standards, a student now has to work much harder at college than in the past.

Dean W. Max Wise, of the University of Florida, points out that the very size of some of the universities has a depressing effect upon students. In addition, these same students are preparing to enter an outside universe which often seems to be vast and unfriendly. Giant corporations swim about in this firmament, constantly colliding with mammoth labor unions and an enormous government. Children born during the past 25 years have been raised on tales of the great depression.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE KAUFMAN

To combat these feelings of uneasiness and estrangement, deans make more and more use of professional personnel workers. Almost every campus now has its psychiatrist, and he is only one member of the growing counseling staffs. A student who does work below his capabilities or exhibits antisocial traits is frequently examined for hidden handicaps. This examination requires the use of aptitude and job-preference tests, remedial reading, speech correction, optometry and dentistry.

Stephens College at Columbia, Missouri, a junior college for women, now has 11 campus clinics giving informal, extraclass instruction in subjects that range from correct posture to a smooth writing style. These are so popular that Paul Weaver, Dean of Religious Life, finds male students from the neighboring University of Missouri joining the Stephens girls for his Sunday-morning talks. Not only that, but a committee of the boys and girls tells him what to talk about.

Clinic Helps Problem Students

The University of Maryland has a speech-and-hearing clinic which almost automatically gets referrals on certain antisocial types—students who habitually fist-fight, change roommates, cut classes or try to drop certain courses. Time and again it turns out that these problem students either have speech impediments which they resent or try to escape, or else they do not hear well enough to understand their professors and associates.

One maladjusted boy at Maryland wore a plate to remedy a cleft palate. After examination in the clinic, he submitted to plastic surgery and was tremendously improved. Another was almost deranged by a terror of public speaking, a required course at Maryland. In the clinic he was made to shout for hours at the clinician, who alternately ignored him or shouted back. After four treatments the patient was cured of his stage fright. Another student was cured of stammering by repairing secondhand clocks which the clinic had bought from war surplus for that therapeutic purpose.

Some students go to great lengths to hide their afflictions. Herbert and Anna Hawkes, a man-wife dean team, told a pathetic case history in their book Through the Dean's Open Door. An idealistic coed suffered a cruel mental shock upon seeing some of her close friends apparently cheating on an English examination. The dean of women learned that the professor had told the class to use notebooks on this particular test, but the poor coed, a junior at the time, didn't know it—she was stone-deaf. For three college years she had hidden the hearing deficiency by reading lips.

Campus tranquillity is often disturbed by the winds of radicalism. Last April two faculty members at the College of the City of New York were accused of racial prejudice. There followed a four-day student strike which Dean of Students Daniel F. Brophy admitted was "characteristic" of Communist methods. *(Continued on page 64)*

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Any Friend of Sam's

By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

If it hadn't been for Ellen Kelcey and the bet with the banker, you couldn't have caught my brother Connie within a mile of that Rodeo

WE WERE hauling a wagonload of unbaled prairie hay into Barren Acres for the rodeo stock. My brother Connie had about the cheapest prairie hay you ever heard of, as he couldn't afford to hire a baler and we just stacked her loose. Connie said Milton Clodfelter, who was in charge of promoting the rodeo, was a cheap skate, so naturally he ordered a load of our old cheap prairie hay. We were coming into the edge of town when Connie took his unlit pipe out of his mouth and looked at me. He has curly hair, and was so lean he looked skinny, although he's been getting a little fatter lately. To look at him you wouldn't know there was anything wrong, but he's still getting a little money from the government for a service disability.

"Sam," he said, "if you had a job, we wouldn't be such a ragtail outfit."

"I'm twelve," I said. "How many jobs did you have when you were twelve, boy?"

"That's a good question," he said. "But it interrupts my train of thought. I was thinking about the unavailability of money, as usual. I was thinking of all the things we could do around the place with a little working capital, Sam."

"And get us a tractor, huh?" I said. He was always wishing we had us a tractor.

"Let's face it, Sam," he said. "We'll never own a tractor, unless somebody arranges a miracle. I wish old Milton Clodfelter didn't have such an antipathy for me and would let me have a loan, but that's out. We're in a rut, Sam. Our income is limited as long as we're a walking-plow outfit, and we can't get a tractor until our income gets healthier. It's a vicious circle, Sam. A dead-end street."

He stuck the pipe back in his mouth, and I looked at him and wished I could do something about it. We were orphans, me and Connie. During the war I lived with our Aunt Gracie, but when Connie come out of the Marines he took over raising me. He used to laugh and say he needed a woman to help him, but he hadn't said it for a long time.

When he got out of the hospital and was discharged, he said he wanted to live a healthy, rural kind of life, so he took the money he saved and his nice chunk of leave pay and bought the twenty-acre farm two miles outside Barren Acres. After the first few months his money ran out, and he said the life was healthy, all right, and we'd always have a living out of the farm, but without a tractor and stuff a guy could work hard all his life and never get ahead. If he had a tractor he could rent some extra land and make a big money crop, and lay out for improvements and stuff like that. But he didn't have no tractor, and no money to get one.

We were about a block from the football stadium where they were going to have the rodeo when Connie took out his pipe again. "Sam," he said, "I'm crowding thirty. A guy crowding thirty sort of needs someone to lean on."

"Lean on me," I said.

"You muffed that one, Sam," he said. "I was thinking of something else entirely. Different sex, different age, better-looking. Every guy needs a wife, Sam."

"Not me," I said, "I don't need no wife, boy."

"You will, boy," he said. He turned into the football stadium, and there were a lot of people on horses inside the board fence they'd built around the field, practicing some kind of a drill or something. I was looking at them when Connie stopped the team and whistled. "Sam," he said. "Who in the world is that?"

"Well," I said, "one of them's Dod Lacey, the barber, and one of them's Elmo Gates—he's going to law school—and then there's Nathan Dreadfulwater, a fullblood Cherokee Indian, and Jake Strennery, the druggist, and—"

"Not them," Connie said. *"Her."*

I TURNED around, and there was a woman dressed in pants and shirt and cowboy boots and hat. She had long black hair and she was big in the shirt and long-legged, and I didn't recognize her at first because I never saw her dressed like that before or on a horse before. The way she acted, I don't think she *was* on a horse before.

"Who, her?" I said. "Why, that's Miss Kelcey. Maybe I mentioned her sometime—she's my teacher at school. Seventh and eighth grades. She's a Rodeo Queen contestant."

"She'll win easy," Connie said. "But I can't say much for the company she keeps."

He meant Milton Clodfelter, who was on a horse right next to Miss Kelcey, and was talking to her. Miss Kelcey's horse acted nervous and jumpy about something, and I said, "For my money, she don't look so hot in that outfit, Connie."

"Check your money, Sam," he said, and started the team on around toward the corral and chutes they'd put up. We hadn't gone ten feet when Miss Kelcey's horse got so nervous and jumpy, with her yanking on the reins and telling him to hold still and all, that he couldn't stand it any more. All of a sudden he reared up a couple of times and took out for the stadium gate about fifty miles an hour.

"Help!" Miss Kelcey yelled. "Milton, save me!"

Connie yanked the team to a stop and slid down off the lead and took off for the gate. He beat the horse there by about ten feet and made a dive for its neck, and I thought a guy in his run-down condition, the least he'd get out of it would be a fractured skull or something. But he got hold of the bridle. The horse reared and snorted, but he stopped. "Is this horse annoying you, ma'am?" Connie said.

"He certainly is," Miss Kelcey said. "Help me down, please. I want off of here."

"According to custom," Connie said, "you're supposed to faint into my arms."

SHE laughed shakily, and he helped her down. She took a deep breath, looking at him, and it made her bigger in the shirt for a second there, and then she saw me up on the load of hay. "Hello there, Sam," she said. "My goodness."

I said hello, Miss Kelcey, and Connie grinned and said, "Any friend of Sam's is a friend of mine, seen from this angle."

He was looking at her a certain way, and she acted a little flustered and said, "You're either very brave or very foolhardy."

"I'm intrepid," Connie said. "In case you didn't catch the name, it's Conifer Whittle." Before she could say whether she was pleased to meet him or not, Milton Clodfelter come bouncing up on his horse, looking red in the face. Milton is about Connie's age, but he wasn't in the war. His father went and retired, and Milton had to stay home and manage the ranch and the farm and the bank, among other things. Milton is president of the local Roundup Club, that was throwing the rodeo, and folks said he cleaned up a pile on wheat and beef. I wouldn't know about that. He's got a truck and a pickup and a station wagon and a convertible coupé, and he's pretty fat.

"Stop manhandling that horse, Whittle," Milton Clodfelter said. "You want to injure his mouth?"

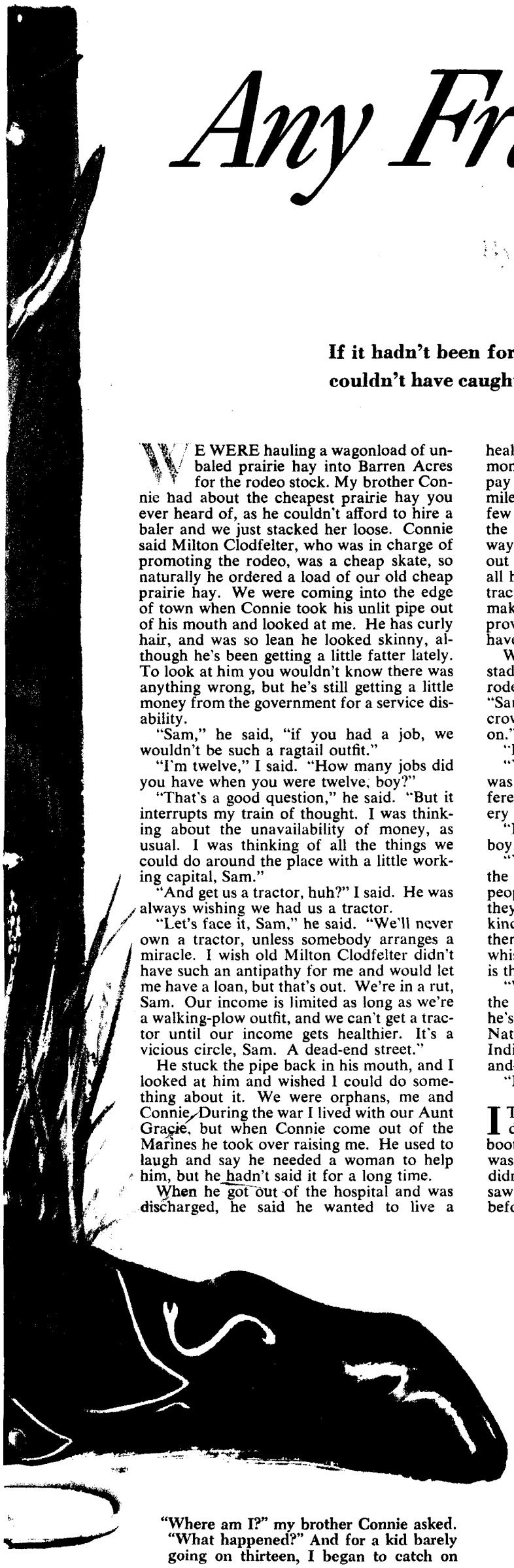
"Not especially," Connie said. "But if you're the guy who let this fair maid ride an untrustworthy steed, I might enjoy injuring *your* mouth, Milton." Connie never cared much for Milton Clodfelter.

"I am no longer an admirer of horseflesh," Miss Kelcey said, pursing her mouth up.

"Nonsense," Milton said. "I'll get you a docile mount, Ellen. You were in no danger—until Whittle pulled off his melodramatic display. He might have caused the horse to fall with you." He looked at Connie and sneered. "If you're so anxious to play hero, why don't you enter the rodeo events, Whittle? More people could see you."

"Milton," Connie said, "where do you want the hay unloaded?"

"Stack it by the *(Continued on page 66)*



"Where am I?" my brother Connie asked. "What happened?" And for a kid barely going on thirteen, I began to catch on

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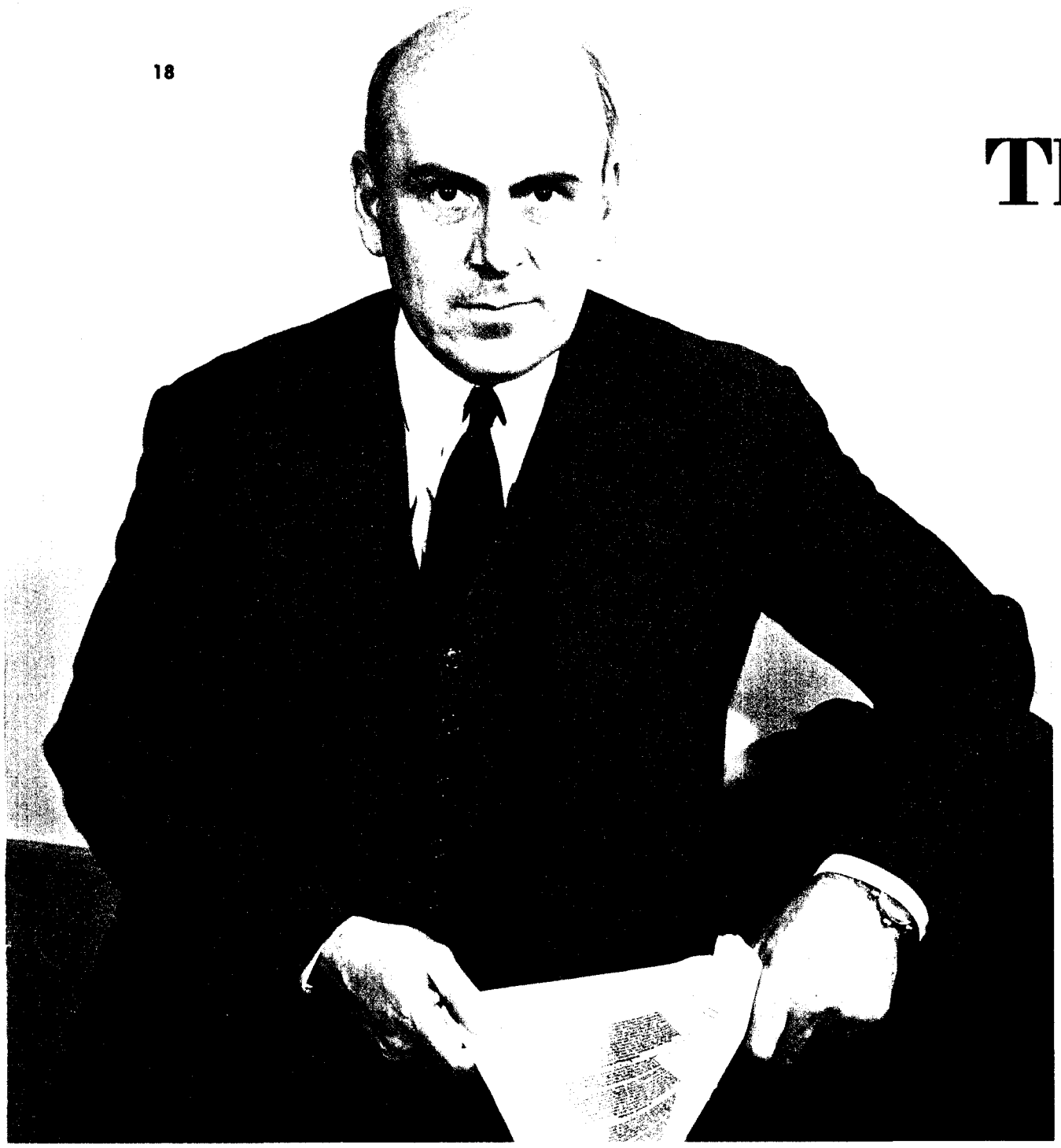

HARRIS & EWING

John J. McCloy, capable High Commissioner for U.S. Occupied Germany, knows denazification has failed

The Germans

. . . *We must make*

By DELBERT CLARK

Delbert Clark, author of this article, long a Washington and foreign correspondent, was until recently The New York Times' chief correspondent in western Germany

LAST spring the director of military government for Bavaria wrote to the Prime Minister of that German state asking him to stop firing so many public employees to make room for Nazis who wanted their jobs back.

News of this letter was buried in a brief sentence or two in United States papers. But it stands near the top of my personal list of significant happenings in Germany during the past year. It belies all the assurances the American people have been given that the Germans are now denazified, pro-democratic and ready for peaceful collaboration with the civilized world.

John J. McCloy, the civilian governor who has replaced General Lucius Clay as boss of our zone of the conquered *Reich*, knows about this letter. He also knows that Germany has been physically demilitarized only in part, that it has not been denazified in the sense that most of us understand the word, that German industry is still largely in the hands of those who ran it for Hitler, that the rank and file of the German people have not accepted the principles of democracy, and that the apparent collaboration of western Germany with England, France and the United States is a product not of love or even of respect, but of mutual fear and dis-

These Are the Faces of the Parties i

FREE DEMOCRAT

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Wait *Only* for a Leader

ɔsh start toward stopping the rise of old-line Nazis

trust of the Soviet Union. McCloy knows. But is that enough?

This article is written in the belief that it is not enough; that our future political health requires the people here at home to understand that we are putting Nazis back in power in order to make Germany a bulwark against the Russians; that we as a nation must consider and decide whether an effective rampart against an idea can be constructed out of insolent frock-coated Nazis, or whether the best defense is a German nation won over to the principles of free government.

Before we can make a decision we must know the kind of people with whom we have to deal. During nearly two years in Germany as Berlin correspondent for The New York Times I collected an album of case reports on the state of what the Germans have always been fond of calling their "national soul." One of these had to do with our housekeeper, Else Schnorrer.

"Thank God," I remember Else exclaiming, "*we* have not sunk so low that *we* have to eat weeds!"

The occasion for her outburst was the sight of my wife and myself eating a dandelion salad. We had picked the young leaves from the garden for lack of anything green to eat. Else, when she realized our intention, had watched with mounting horror. When she had satisfied herself that we actually were eating *Unkraut*, she scurried around the corner to the home of her former German employer and told the whole incredible tale. Herr Schulz expressed heartfelt gratitude that Germans were no weed eaters and Else, in full agreement, relayed his comment to us.

Else, in her single-minded Hessian way, had given expression to two of the most striking German characteristics—an urgent need to feel superior to all non-Germans, and an active distrust of all foreign innovations, dietary or other. She classed dandelions as inedible for the simple reason that no German of record had ever eaten any. The very fact, indeed, that we ate them was proof to her that Americans, as Hitler had said, were a depraved people.

Our depravity only increased her bewilderment that we had won the war. And the sight of an American Army parade helped compound her confusion. The first essentials of a good soldier, to her and her fellow Germans, are a stern and aloof demeanor and an ability to march like automata. But on Armistice Day she actually saw soldiers without ramrods for backbones, and one or two who got out of step!

"A very sloppy spectacle," Else confided to my wife. "They don't march like our boys!"

Else had kept the house for American newspapermen from the beginning of the occupation of Berlin. In a general way she was satisfied with her lot. She even began taking English lessons on her day off, until something happened which made her decide to stick to German.

She Would Have to Leave Berlin

She was out for a walk one evening when she met a man she had not seen since the end of the war. Greeting her cordially, he asked about her affairs. When she told him she was working for the "Amis" (the contemptuous German equivalent of our "Kraut" or "Jerry"), he walked abruptly away. Herr Schulz told her she could expect nothing else. When the Americans eventually left Berlin, he said, she had better leave, too; for no German would have anything to do with her.

Else was a continual source of amusement, exasperation and enlightenment. She was neither bad-tempered nor essentially malicious, and seemed to think we were fairly decent people, although a trifle peculiar. She was simply a well-nigh perfect specimen of the lower middle-class German.

Though not especially bright, her education was better than average for her class. She was full of prejudices and superstitions, and highly suggestible. She went regularly to church, and probably had considered the paganism of the early Nazis to be a lot of sacrilegious nonsense. She had not been a party member, nor, so far as I know, a member of any of the multitude of Nazi auxiliary organizations. But I am sure that while the glory endured she liked it very well, feeling that slave labor and torture camps were a matter of high policy which was none of her business.

In short, she was one of the millions of Germans who blindly follow the leader who promises most in the way of material advantage.

Else's kitchen crony and confidant was Herr Kraemer, our chauffeur. His education was inferior to hers; yet, because he was a man, she listened to his views with a measure of respect.

One day Herr Kraemer achieved the summit of oracularity and found himself, to his solid satisfaction, in complete harmony with half the population of Berlin on a matter of great political moment. It was Decoration Day. I was having my breakfast on the terrace of our house when a couple of dozen assorted planes flew over in formation as part of the day's ceremonies. Herr Kraemer, who had been eating bread in the kitchen, came running around the corner calling, "Mister Clark!" and pointing eagerly to the sky.

I explained that this was an American holiday on which we honored our military dead, and that the planes were ordered up for that reason and no other. But Else reported later that Herr Kraemer was not being fooled by any of my double-talk. Those planes were on their way to bomb the Russians. The war had begun, and a good thing for the Germans it would be. He predicted both sides would rebuild German war plants at a rapid rate. Eventually Russia and *(Continued on page 63)*

ıe Political Struggle for Germany

PIX PHOTOS

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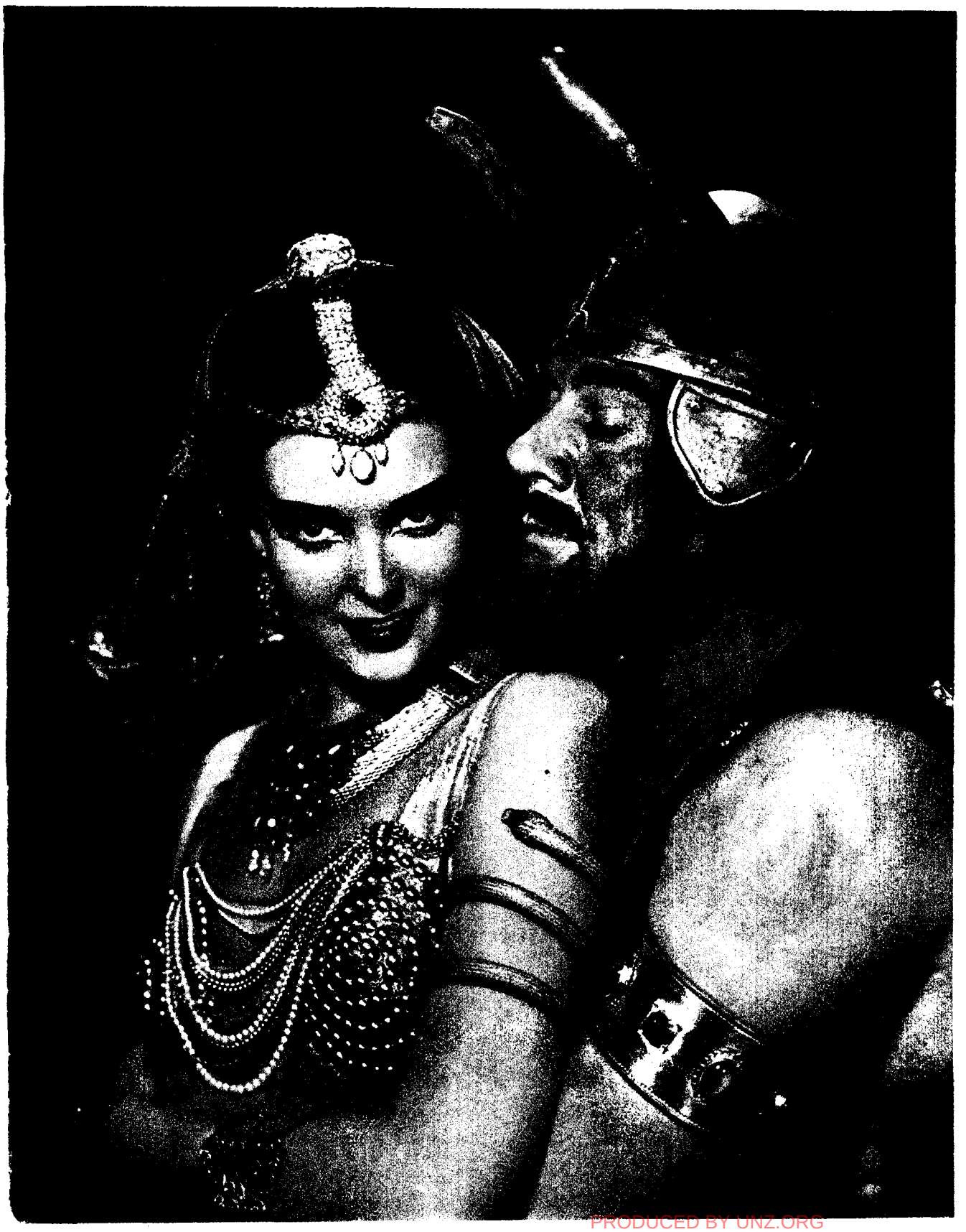
LOVER *with a* BALL BAT

By BOB RUARK

Paul (Dreamboat) Douglas is as rugged a masculine type as ever you saw. He's got the voice of a rasp, a heart of gold, enough acting ability to keep him rich—and all the girls find him fascinating



Paul co-stars with Linda Darnell again in the comedy Everybody Does It. He plays a wrecking contractor who is flattered into thinking he has an operatic singing voice

A BIG, tough-talking man with a face too heavy for the rest of him, a personality that has rarely been described as endearing, and with practically no formal dramatic tutelage has become, at forty-two, one of the hottest commodities to hit Hollywood since Gable first made flap-ears popular.

To the male eye, Paul Douglas of New York City looks no more like a lover than William Bendix. He has a broad nose, an undershot jaw, and his hair is getting gritty with gray. But the females find him fascinating. No doves coo in his voice. He speaks in a rasp, almost a snarl, and when he wants to holler he can holler real loud. His mannerism is that of a man about to assault a lady love with a ball bat, which seems only to heighten his appeal. In addition to these rude assets, Douglas also is an excellent actor, a combination which should assure him a life of riches.

Douglas is a man whose personality rubs off on people, quite often the wrong way. The people around him become collectors of Douglas anecdotes. While they invariably knock the man in retrospect, it is a wistful criticism not unmixed with awe. In this way Paul resembles an old neighbor, Miss Tallulah Bankhead: As time erodes the witty sayings hurled at or made by the Douglases and Bankheads of this world, authorship becomes highly confused.

Take the crack about Douglas and the camel's-hair coat. The late Damon Runyon is supposed to have said that Paul was the kind of man who would kick open the door of a saloon, peel off *one* of his camel coats and rush straightway to the bar. Rough approximations of this remark were later credited to both Columnist Frank Conniff and Lenore Lemmon, a high-spirited female friend. Actually the remark was made by Charlie Butterworth, the late dead-pan comedian and good friend of Douglas. Someone asked Charlie how Paul was doing, now that he was a radio star, and Butterworth replied: "Well, he's got two camel's-hair coats now."

Many things have been said of Mr. Douglas by his closer acquaintances: A waspish lady once was heard to remark: "Paul has no close friends—only close enemies." Another has described him as "wonderful with bootblacks and bartenders, but he'll spit right in a tycoon's eye." Still another accuses him of "forever playing the lead in Best Foot Forward."

When Douglas struck gold in Hollywood with his role in A Letter to Three Wives, one caustic associate remarked: "Good old Paul—he never has anything but his *ups* and *ups*." *(Continued on page 71)*

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Saturday Afternoon MEAT GRINDERS

By STANLEY FRANK

ARMY'S football team was committing atrocities on Stanford at a 43-0 pace in the Yankee Stadium last November 6th when the uproar began. A few tentative catcalls came from the crowd after Army's third touchdown and then the booing mounted in volume with the score. The waves of substitutes who were tearing the Stanfords and the game apart provoked fresh outbursts from the 46,695 customers every time the ball changed hands. At the end, the fans were hooting the cadets as though they had lost a war.

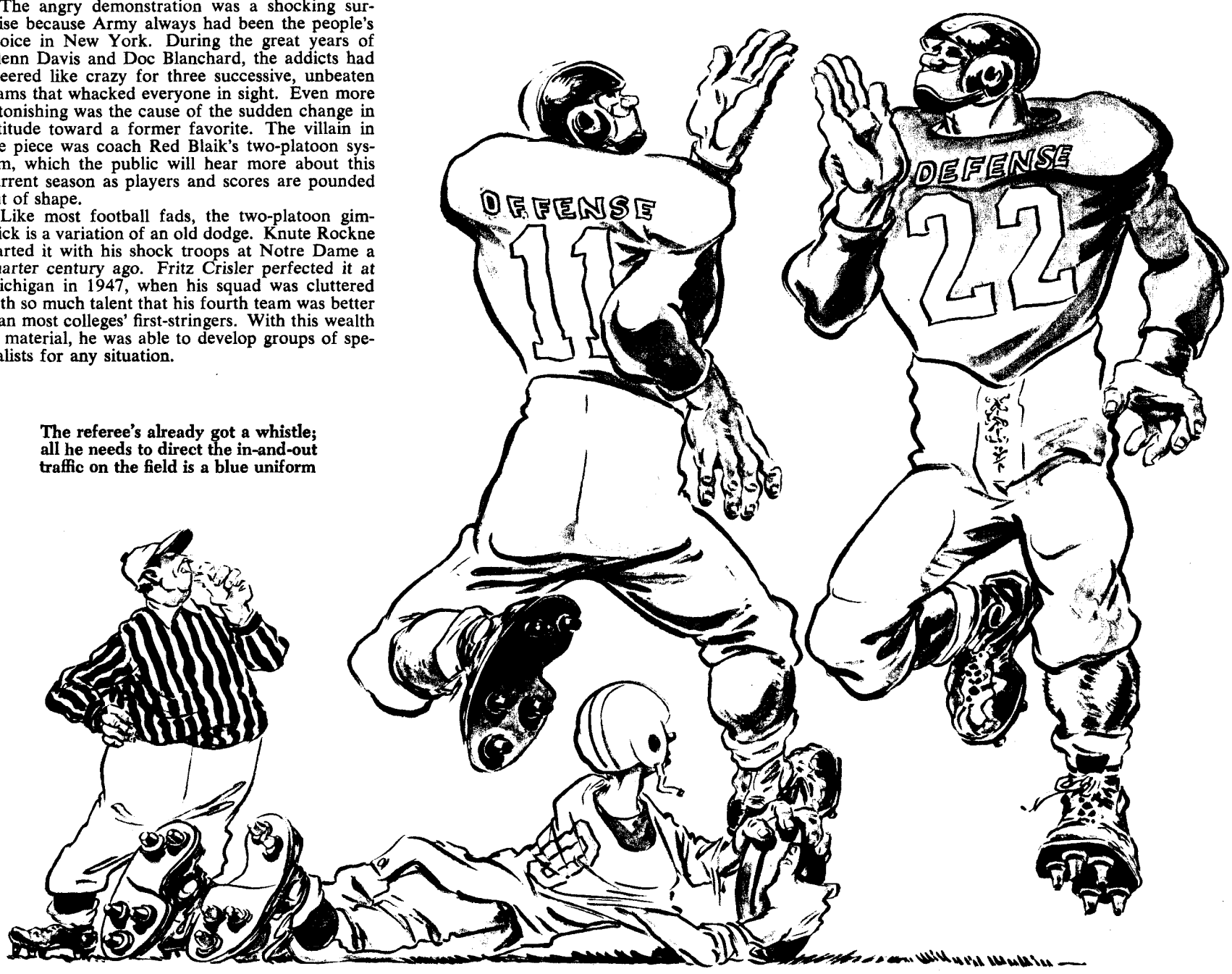
The angry demonstration was a shocking surprise because Army always had been the people's choice in New York. During the great years of Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard, the addicts had cheered like crazy for three successive, unbeaten teams that whacked everyone in sight. Even more astonishing was the cause of the sudden change in attitude toward a former favorite. The villain in the piece was coach Red Blaik's two-platoon system, which the public will hear more about this current season as players and scores are pounded out of shape.

Like most football fads, the two-platoon gimmick is a variation of an old dodge. Knute Rockne started it with his shock troops at Notre Dame a quarter century ago. Fritz Crisler perfected it at Michigan in 1947, when his squad was cluttered with so much talent that his fourth team was better than most colleges' first-stringers. With this wealth of material, he was able to develop groups of specialists for any situation.

Backs who ran like frightened fawns but were weak on defense were told to sit down when the other side got the ball. Similarly, linemen strong on offensive blocking or defensive tackling were shuttled in and out of the game like puppets on a string. In baseball terms, Michigan had one club to do the hitting and a bunch of fancy Dans for the fielding. Crisler employed dozens of different combinations with such spectacular success that rival coaches, always as imitative as trained monkeys, immediately copied the scheme.

No one dreamed that fans might rebel against this. In the past the customers had sounded off about bad teams and the difficulty of getting seats on the 50-yard line. But they had never given a vagrant thought to a purely technical aspect of the game. That's what made the rumpus at the Yankee Stadium so unprecedented. It marked the first time the public blasted a tactical trend which, if it is not checked, will see football degenerate into nothing more than a muscle-bending exhibition.

Sheer physical power always has been the major pay-off in football; after all, the big idea is to knock down the other guys. There was a time, though, when youths charged with high purpose could outsmart and outhustle an *(Continued on page 56)*



The referee's already got a whistle; all he needs to direct the in-and-out traffic on the field is a blue uniform

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MAN in the House

By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

High on the bridge, frozen with fear—for Sam, it was like walking a tightrope between the family which depended on him and the scorn of the man beneath him

SAM NICKSON waited on the corner for his ride, feeling good one minute and jumpy the next. He was going to work on a bridge job. He felt good about that. There weren't many guys with a term still to go in high school who could land a job with a crew of pile bucks. The man at the Labor Temple—the business agent—had given him a break because he was Steve's kid. "I'll put your foot in the door," he'd said. "The rest's up to you." That was the part that had him jumping. Getting a job was one thing, holding it was something else. And there was Millie. Sooner or later, he'd have to tell his mother he was using Steve's boots and tools, doing the kind of work Steve had done.

"Hey," a voice said. "You Nickson?"

A big, hard-used coupé had pulled up at the curb. The driver jerked his thumb at the luggage compartment. "Get your gear in back," he said. "An' show some hustle, kid. We're late."

Sam obeyed at a run. The car was in motion before he was half through the door. "I'm Kelly," the driver said. "I knew your Pop."

Sam said, "Steve talked about you."

Kelly was small and dark. The cords of his wrists made Sam think of wire rope. His eyes were quick and intense. He had a workman's rough hands, a workman's weathered skin. But his clothes were not what Sam had expected: blue suit, white shirt, blue tie.

"Steve was a good mechanic," Kelly said. "If you're half the man he was you'll be better than most." He threw a quick look at Sam. "I got work clothes in back. Ain't had time to change yet. But you keep that under your hat. If Farrar knows I was out all night, he'll drop the boom on me. He won't stand for a man workin' high on a hang-over. So you do me a favor an' say nuthin'."

"All right," Sam said. "How high do we work?"

"It's a hundred and ten feet to the cutoff," Kelly said. "But don't worry about it. Nobody goes to the top the first day or the first week—and don't let 'em tell you they do. You keep one foot on the ground for a while. Anybody says you're gutless, tell 'em to go to hell."

"I'll tell 'em," Sam said.

He was quiet then, thinking. A hundred and ten feet was a long way from the ground. Sam wet his lips, remembering a thing Steve'd said: "A man can't work high if he's afraid of it." They were still miles from the job and Sam was sweating already. Scared? He didn't know, but it sure as hell wasn't hot in the car.

Kelly said, "How come your ma's letting you take a job like this, after what happened to your old man?"

"Millie don't know I got it," Sam said. "She won't till after payday."

"Think that'll make a difference?"

"Sure," Sam said. "It'll mean she can quit workin'. She's worn herself clear out tryin' to keep me and the twins in food and pants. Time she sat back and took it easy. A pile buck's pay is twice hers. When she sees the money, she'll let me go on workin'. That's how I got it figured, anyway."

They left the highway for a side road. They were thirty miles from the city, up in the logging country. There was a new railroad here, bright steel glittering in the sun. Kelly parked his car in a cluster of others. He changed clothes and then made two loads of the gear in the back of the car. He passed the tool box to Sam, picked up the lunch boxes and the boots.

"If you keep Farrar talkin' he won't have time to notice me," he said.

"Nothin' doin'," Sam said. "It's your neck and you can break it if you want to. But I'm not going to give you any help."

Kelly gave Sam an odd look and turned away. They went up the track and around a curve, Sam wondering if Kelly was as mad as he looked. They passed a cleared and level area where the bridge timbers were stacked in huge piles. The tool shack was just ahead. Men were grouped there, wearing work clothes and caulked boots. They were a rough-looking lot and their gaze was bluntly critical. Sam felt his face grow red. He was bigger than the smallest of the men, but one look and they knew he was shy of eighteen. He felt that way—all hands and feet. He sat on his tool box and spat on the ground and met their eyes stare for stare.

"You figurin' on goin' to work?" one of the older men asked.

Sam said, "I got a job ticket that says so."

"It'll take more'n that to get past Jim Farrar."

One of the crew said, "Hold it, Jake. Here's Farrar now."

A MAN came up the hill from the bridge. He was big and solidly made. A quiet man who turned his head as the grinning Jake spoke to him: "Got a pair of carpenter pants with a drop seat, Jim?"

"Why?" Jim Farrar asked.

Jake nodded toward Sam. "The new man'll need 'em."

Jim Farrar did not look at Sam. He went over to Jake, got a handful of Jake's overalls and heaved Jake to his feet. He was rough about it. Jake's eyes bulged and his hat fell off. He spluttered but no words came.

"What I want from you is work, not gab," Farrar said. "Get at it, or go down the road." He released Jake suddenly and looked at the other men. "It's whistle time," he said. "The lot of you—hit it an' hustle."

The men went down the hill toward the bridge. Farrar watched them go, then turned. His face was brown. His eyes were blue and direct. He looked at Sam Nickson, at the rumpled job ticket Sam held. Sam's knees were shaking but he wasn't scared. You can't be scared of a man you like, and he liked Jim Farrar.

"The business agent told me you were comin' out." Farrar extended his hand. "Steve Nickson's boy. Glad to know you."

"I—I think Pop mentioned you," Sam said.

Farrar's glance swung abruptly. "Kelly! Where're you goin'?"

"Goin' to work, for God's sake," Kelly answered.

He hurried by, head bent, a man with a lot of important tasks waiting.

"Hold it!" Farrar didn't shout, but the words had snap. "You aren't foolin' anybody. You were plastered again last night. Today you work in the bone yard with Sam here. One more time and you don't work. I mean that, Kelly."

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He was frozen there—frozen so hard they couldn't have bolted him tighter. Then Farrar called: "We need a line! Get it out here fast!"

Kelly's scowling face came around. "Okay, kid. Get your boots on."

Sam looked at Farrar. "Do I go to work?"

Jim Farrar nodded and wheeled away. Sam had to swallow his thanks. "Holy smoke!" he said to himself. "I got me a job." He put his boots on as fast as he could. The boots had been Steve's. They were two sizes too big, but that didn't matter. He was yanking on a set of stained carpenter overalls when Kelly came out of the tool shack, face black with anger.

"You let me down, kid," he said. "You told Farrar."

"The hell I did!"

"How'd he know then?"

"Your eyes bloodshot like that all the time?"

Kelly looked hard at Sam. "Your old man used to talk like that—now you." He scowled and spat. "Come on—we'll see if you can earn your pay."

The bone yard was an area where bridge sections were prefabricated. Every lift there was a hundred pounds or more; the pace was just short of a dog-trot. "We don't highball," Kelly told Sam, "but we keep her poppin'."

Sam found he could hold his own. At seventeen, he had as much beef on a lift as most men, and beef was what it took. Steve had shown him how to get into a lift without pulling his middle loose, how to use a crosscut and an adz. Approval came into Kelly's eyes. "You couldn't be Steve's kid," he said, "without you knew a little something."

"A pile buck," Steve had said, "is a good carpenter, rigger and high climber, and it doesn't hurt if he's got some sense besides." He had also said, "It's mule work, Sam. The big money you make with your head, not your hands. You're going to college."

Sam had liked the idea. He still did. But first things came first. Number *(Continued on page 34)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

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THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

AN INTERNATIONAL DAILY NEWSPAPER

...E 37 NO. 117 COPYRIGHT 1945 BY THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PUBLISHING SOCIETY BOSTON, FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1945 ** ATLANTIC EDITION THREE CENTS FIVE Greater Boston Newsstands: Elsc

...ruman Pledges U.S. to Roosevelt Policy; ... Capture of Vienna Announced by Stali

...rlin Only 48 Miles ...rom U.S. Vanguard

By the War Editor of The Christian Science Monitor

From Associated Press, Reuters, and other direct news dispatches

...rshal Stalin today announced the fall of Vienna—an ... that is bound to have far-reaching effects through... ...uthern Europe.

...ted States Ninth Army armored units were only 48 ... from Berlin today and 93 miles from the Russian ...

... rapid 60-mile advance, they completely outflanked ...ark and the port of Hamburg.

... in the rear, the same army captured the industrial ... of Duisburg, in the rapidly shrinking Ruhr pocket.

...ence of opposition in the face of the sensational ad... to points across the Elbe appears to indicate that ...is little to prevent the Russians from making con... ...ith the western Allies above or below Berlin.

...eral Patton's United States Third Army, and pre... ...ly also General Hodges' United States First Army, ...within 15 miles of the great Saxony center of Leipzig.

...ng was in progress in ...iversity city of Halle ... the streets of Magde-

Entire State

...s at the...

President Confers ... With Federal Chie...

The entire democratic world today poured out a... tribute of respect for Franklin D. Roosevelt, and b... itself for the task of carrying on what Prime Minister ...ston Churchill called "*the magnitude of his work.*"

In Washington, President Truman proclaimed tha... morrow be a day of commemoration throughout the U... States, recommending that the people assemble "in ... respective places of divine worship, there to bow dow... submission to the will of Almighty God, and to pay ... full hearts their homage of love and reverence t... memory of the great and good man whose death ... mourn." The proclamation said, "though his ... his courage is not spent, his faith is not extinguished.

President Truman conferred with his chiefs of staf... with Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius. Whi... gave out no statement, it was his evident intention ... the machinery of war and peacemaking should con... without interruption.

The News The Future

Monitor readers learned of F.D.R.'s abrupt death through these "positive" headlines

GENTLEMAN of the PRESS

By GEORGE FRAZIER

PART TWO OF THREE PARTS

The Christian Science Monitor is a rich, fussy daily published in Boston and read in 120 countries besides the United States. Widely regarded as a shining example of journalism at its most responsible, it stubbornly prints only the news that it thinks is news

IN REPORTING the daily news, the Christian Science Monitor rarely if ever acknowledges the existence of physical ailments, but there is reason to believe that the Monitor itself would never have come into being had it not been for "concussion and possibly spinal dislocation." Christian Scientists concede that there would not be a Monitor if, on the evening of February 1, 1866, a forty-five-year-old woman had not slipped and fallen on an icy pavement in Lynn, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Patterson (later Eddy) was on her way to attend a meeting of the Good Templars when she met with the accident that has come to be known as "The Fall in Lynn." Two days later the following item appeared in the Lynn Reporter:

"Mrs. Mary Patterson of Swampscott fell upon the ice near the corner of Market and Oxford Streets on Thursday evening and was severely injured. She was taken up in an insensible condition and carried into the residence of S. M. Bubier, Esq., near by, where she was kindly cared for during the night. Dr. Cushing, who was called, found her injuries to be internal and of a severe nature, inducing spasms and internal suffering. She was removed to her home in Swampscott yesterday afternoon, though in a very critical condition."

According to the most dependable evidence, the patient had made no progress by Sunday. As she lay in bed that afternoon, Mrs. Patterson reached for her Bible and opened it at random. The first thing her eyes fell upon was the account of the healing of the palsied man by Jesus. As she studied it, the passage became a revelation. She arose, dressed and walked into the parlor, where, according to her authorized biographer, "a clergyman and a few friends had gathered thinking it might be for the last words on earth with the sufferer who, they believed, was dying."

In those few moments the Christian Science faith, one of the most pervasive and influential religious movements in the history of civilization, was born. It is the creed which inspires, ordains and disciplines most of what appears in the highly moral pages of the Christian Science Monitor.

Christian Science, which Mrs. Eddy described as "the law of God, the law of good, interpreting and demonstrating the divine principle and rule of universal harmony," denies the existence of evil, disease and, indeed, all matter. "Spirit," according to the "Discoverer and Founder" of Christian Science, "is immortal Truth; matter is mortal error."

Mrs. Eddy's ability to cure herself convinced her that all ailments could be remedied if one but had the key to unlock the messages of the Scriptures. With a disdainful flourish she swept all medication into the wastebasket of oblivion. The formal manifesto of this banishment was published in 1875. Titled Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures, it is the only authorized textbook on Christian Science.

Reduced to its simplest terms, the book holds that man's well-being is not dependent upon either medication or stimulants.

While there are now millions of people who share Mrs. Eddy's views so integrally that they put their physical welfare in the hands of Christian Science practitioners, there still seems to be considerable confusion as to just how these practitioners operate. The answer is a good deal less complicated than one might expect.

Christian Science practitioners are persons who are supposed to be able to interpret the Scriptures knowingly enough to be empowered to heal the afflicted who enlist their aid. Once looked upon with dire misgivings, they now enjoy legitimate business recognition in all 48 states and are legally sanctioned to charge fees.

Four years after she organized her original congregation—the Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston—in 1879, Mrs. Eddy began giving a lot of thought to the journalism of the period.

"Looking over the newspapers of the day," she observed in 1883, "one naturally reflects that it is dangerous to live, so loaded with disease seems the very air. These descriptions carry fear to many

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minds, to be depicted in some future time upon the body.

"A periodical of our own will counteract to some extent this public nuisance; for through our own paper . . . we shall be able to reach many homes with healing, purifying thought."

A quarter of a century was to pass before the Christian Science Publishing Society finally got around to putting out a daily paper which would "injure no man, but bless all mankind" and "be ably edited and kept abreast of the times." During the weeks immediately prior to the publication of the first issue of the Monitor on November 25, 1908, Archibald McLellan, the editor, Alexander Dodds, the managing editor, and the rest of the staff frequently gathered around a table and discussed what they were striving to accomplish.

Above all else, they agreed, the Monitor would be optimistic. Accordingly, the staff applied itself to writing and rewriting stories in a way that would emphasize the helpful and eliminate the distressing elements.

One of these men, Paul S. Deland, who is now the paper's managing editor, has said that he and his colleagues turned the ordinary way of handling a newspaper story upside down; and he added with what may strike some editors as undue smugness that the Monitor wrote a story right—instead of wrong—side up.

When Deland informed the Boston Traveler that he was quitting to join the new daily, he was treated with unconcealed amusement.

"You're crazy," his editor told him. "Why, that thing won't last three months."

"That thing" has lasted 40 years and is now in a stronger position than at any previous time in its history.

The circulation of the Christian Science Monitor in its early years was around 38,000; it is today closer to 160,000. It now has 20 pages instead of the 12 to which it was originally restricted. Its increase in advertising revenue has also been imposing. In the flush year of 1928, the Monitor carried 7,830,814 lines; last year the total was 8,416,207 lines.

The Monitor rejects far more advertising than it accepts. No other publication in the world is anywhere near so choosy about whom it permits to purchase space. "An advertisement in the Monitor," one of its editors recently said, "is pretty much of an endorsement."

Ads for These Items Are Taboo

And the Christian Science Monitor does *not* endorse the following: tea or coffee, tobacco, liquor; medical, surgical or hygienic articles; food products, soaps or other commodities when they are advertised on a health basis; hotel, resort or travel advertising employing a health appeal; schools, camps, travel agencies or financial institutions established less than two years; firearms; complexion preparations claiming medicinal qualities; hair dyeing; face or body massage; tombstones, undertakers or cemeteries; chiropodists, dentists, oculists, opticians or optometrists; hearing aids; accountants or lawyers (including patent attorneys); collection agencies; oil or mining propositions; political ads; adoption of children; animals in captivity; illustrations or text representing life or health as dependent upon weather conditions; the securities of promotional enterprises or of firms engaged in the business of tobacco, liquor or health products; ads pertaining to partnership or investment of capital wanted; illustrations showing use of tobacco or liquor. And abbreviation of the word Christmas as "Xmas" is not permitted.

In a somewhat negative way that list gives a pretty good idea of how the Monitor feels about a lot of things. Its attitude toward medicine is one of the main reasons why many detached observers consider the paper incomplete and why a few go so far as to call it "a house organ for the Christian Science faith."

Although the Monitor never allowed itself to become fanatical enough to strike the soap opera Young Dr. Malone from its listing of radio programs, it is, on the whole, pretty imperious, in its disdain for the medical world. In this respect it seems a lot more arbitrary than Mrs. Eddy was herself. The tenets of Christian Science are, indeed, much less antagonistic toward doctors than is generally suspected.

Scientists may be vaccinated, have their children submit to regulation school medical checkups, or do anything else which is called for by the laws of the community. For that matter, there is nothing in Mrs. Eddy's writings to deter them from undergoing surgery.

The Monitor's lack of medical news is based on something beyond its conviction that disease is nonexistent and that doctors, save for rare instances, are excess baggage. This is its strict adherence to Mrs. Eddy's injunction that "our newspaper," as she called it, should avoid mentioning anything of a destructive nature.

There is an awful lot of common sense in many of the observations she made on this subject. "The press," she wrote in Science and Health, "unwittingly sends forth many sorrows and diseases among the human family. It does this by giving names to diseases and by printing long descriptions which mirror images of diseases distinctly in thought. A new name for an ailment affects people like a Parisian name for a novel garment. Everyone hastens to get it. . . .

"If a random thought calling itself dyspepsia had tried to tyrannize over our forefathers, it would have been routed by their independence and industry. Then people had less time for selfishness, coddling and sickly after-dinner talk."

The Monitor agrees with this so fully that not even its entertainment and sports pages are unaffected by it. Monitor readers were probably the only people in the whole United States during the early part of the baseball season who could not carry on an informed conversation about the condition of the spur on Joe DiMaggio's heel.

Wise Advice for Red Sox Manager

"Look," a Boston Herald sports writer is once supposed to have counseled Joe McCarthy, the manager of the Red Sox, "never tell a guy from the Monitor you got a pitcher with a sore arm or an infielder with a pulled ligament. You do and you're liable to wind up with Christian Science practitioners coaching at first and third."

The Monitor's entertainment section is a somewhat different proposition from the sports page. But while it cannot ignore illness and medication completely, it feels under no compulsion to treat them very accommodatingly either. The paper's review of the movie Men in White carried the warning headline "Materia *(Continued on page 62)*

Staffers confer daily with Canham: New England Editor R. S. Derby (left), American Editor Saville Davis (front), Copy Editor Harry Hazeldine (standing), Editor Canham, Acting Foreign Editor H. S. Hayward

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY NELSON MORRIS

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Danasz' huge voice rolled around the place. He shouted, "Toscanini is a bum! Looka that, just take a look, Van. Four concertmasters." Van Horn leaned back in the chair

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WHERE ELSE in the World?

By LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

No one could be more pleased to hear The Star-Spangled Banner than Peter Lencioni. But even Peter, a concertmaster from Milan, found it hard to understand what was happening when the orchestra began to play

IT SEEMED to Peter Lencioni only proper that so extraordinary an occasion be treated in an extraordinary way. As he stood on his doorstep in the stark southern California sunshine ready to leave for the studio, his fiddle case tucked under his arm, he gave his sleepy wife a sudden, lover's kiss.

"Hello breakfast, one man. Hello dinner, a different man," he said. "Different American man. To speak better English, too. You're gonna see the difference."

"I'm not sure that's part of it," his wife said, smiling at him from the doorway. "Do you want me to meet you down at City Hall? I could take the bus to—"

"No," Peter said. "Better I'll come home all done. I'll bring a cake, some wine. Nobody outside for dinner, right? You and me, right?"

"Nobody. All right, Peter," his wife said. "You'd better hurry, though. You've got a lot of recording to do before three o'clock. Good luck downtown."

Peter hurried across the little strip of lawn to the garage, brandished his violin case over his head as a farewell salute to his wife and disappeared around the corner of the white stucco house.

In a moment he was driving along Venice Boulevard toward the studio, thinking—more intensely today than the other days because this was the last—about the curious business of changing one's citizenship. He tried to think in English, as he always did. It was often difficult for Peter, an educated man whose vocabulary was extensive in his own language, to think exclusively in English. He kept running up against irritating gaps in his knowledge which he was able to fill only with oversimple, inexact English words, while the proper Italian word strained always just behind the gap.

I feel twice, he thought to himself, making himself stick to English, although he knew there was something wrong with "twice." I feel two things at one time, different, a good, a bad. I guess a bad, anyhow. Today's occasion had made him think of Milan again—think of it in a somewhat different way than he had thought about it in all the five years he had been in America. He thought of his father and of his grandfather and the centuries of Lencionis who had been proud to be Italians, and he wondered what they would think of him on this day when he was to renounce Italy.

Thinking this made Peter feel unpatriotic—not unpatriotic-Italian, unpatriotic-United States. He was intensely patriotic-United States, and he recognized almost as soon as he had the thought about his father and Milan that it had stemmed from a pardonable flash of sentimentality rather than from the faintest flicker of vacillation from his purpose. At forty-four Peter Lencioni knew that he had exactly what he wanted and he was old enough to be grateful for it, young enough to enjoy it thoroughly. To his father and the other Lencionis, Italy had meant something quite different, anyhow. Even his father hadn't lived long enough to learn the extended meaning his generation was to give to such ordinary words as *concentramento* and *campo*.

Unconsciously Peter glanced down at his hands on the steering wheel, to the thin, jagged, white scars down the back of each of his fiddler's fingers. Absently he flexed them, turned his left hand over so that it held the wheel lightly from below and fingered a swift arpeggio along its plastic rim.

A signboard at the side of the boulevard ahead caught Peter's eye and he slowed the car a little. "Opaloid Has Been *Energetized* For *You!*" he read carefully. Until the sign had passed he leaned forward in the seat peering up at "energetized," trying it out in his mouth. Consciously he memorized the new word to take home to his wife, Helen.

At least his father would have liked Helen; Peter had no doubt about that. He would probably have been startled by some of Helen's American ways, but he would have sat up to listen to her when she talked about Mozart. And, at last, if he could have known everything about the peculiar decades he hadn't lived to see, he would have thanked Helen for wanting to marry his son, for making it two years easier for him to become an American citizen and to renounce a sort of land the old man had never imagined.

Peter turned across the car tracks on Venice Boulevard toward Washington where the squat, utilitarian buildings of the motion-picture studio came in sight. Peter had worked a good deal in this particular studio, more than in some of the others, but he had found that there was no very great atmospheric difference among the handful of big ones. It was only during the past two and a half years that Peter had come to work regularly in any of them, and now he liked one as well as another.

So far as he was concerned the difference between one studio and the next existed almost entirely in the personality of its musical director. He had found that he liked all of these men in greater or lesser degree—at least he disliked none of them. A couple had played under him at one time or another in Milan, others he had heard play in Europe, or he had played compositions of theirs, and some were native-born Americans.

Anyhow, they were musicians, all of them. They knew a fiddle player when they heard one, and Peter was still learning to pretend that there was nothing remarkable about receiving for a few hours of playing Strauss waltzes and what was known locally as "buzz-buzz music" twice the sum he had once received as soloist for playing the Sibelius D Minor Concerto in the Prague Opera House.

That was remarkable enough, but when Helen was added to it, his own house, his own land, his friends and their little string quartet which played what it chose for its own particular astonishment, good food, fair wine and a climate like southern Italy, what more could a reasonable man ask? One thing more, one only: to become a citizen in name and exercise a legal working right in the place in which he found so much that was desirable. This afternoon at three o'clock in the Los Angeles City Hall even that technical wonder would become official.

PETER parked his car in the parking lot across the street from the studio—musicians, like carpenters, most writers, bit actors and second cameramen, were not permitted to drive on the studio lot—hopped out, hurried across to the gate and showed his pass to the studio gateman. In a moment he was striding down one of the concrete alleys of the gray, windowless city, swinging his fiddle case at his side, toward stage eleven, the recording stage.

Peter knew he was in for some kidding today, mostly from the other European musicians who had been naturalized themselves, but he knew he wouldn't mind. Indeed, he looked forward to it. The year before he had been on hand the day a Czech timpani man had got his final papers, and he had felt conspicuously out of the horseplay on the recording stage, not yet a member of the club. Today, if they liked, they could give him hot-feet and change notes on his music until they dropped for all he cared.

He pushed open the heavy, padded door of stage eleven and adjusted his eyes to the gloom. He was early. A dozen musicians stood around the podium at the opposite end of the huge sound stage from the screen on which the picture they were to score would be projected. They smoked and talked quietly. Another sat at the piano bench reading the morning paper by a work light. An oboe player had set four straight wooden chairs in a row and stretched across them, his ear on his instrument case, sleeping peacefully.

Peter knew all the men. Together with two hundred or so more they played the music that wound up on most of the thousands of feet of musical sound track to leave Hollywood each year. They were not an orchestra or a dozen orchestras. They were simply a large body of first-rate musicians, living in a given locality, who were called by a studio's musical director, in numbers determined by a picture's budget, who then became an orchestra for an hour, a day or a week. When a job was done they ceased to be an orchestra and became again individual instrumentalists waiting for the next job, the next call. The orchestras they composed were seldom, if ever, the same.

BEFORE Peter had time to join the group around the podium the door behind him opened and Paul Danasz, the musical director, came in. Danasz was a big, exuberant ex-Hungarian in his middle fifties, who had once been a tuba player in the Budapest Symphony.

He had been a notable success in his present job for over thirteen years and he enjoyed it thoroughly—composing bits and pieces of background scores for numberless successful movies, conducting the shifting orchestra, hiring, firing, earning two thousand dollars a week. Danasz had a tremendous agility for placing musical notes in combinations which produced great, majestic, hollow sounds. Today he wore a green and red plaid shirt buttoned up to the throat without a tie, gray flannel slacks and *espadrilles*. Around his neck on a leather thong hung a stop watch.

"Lencioni!" he shouted, as soon as he was in the door. "Little old Pietro! An American today. Today's a big day, ha, kid? How are you feeling?"

"Feel fine, fine," Peter said, grinning.

"Attaboy."

Danasz' huge voice attracted the attention of the others. They turned toward the door and recognized Peter. "Yi, Pete!" a little bald man called over, pointing. "Who you going to vote for, Pete?"

"Not you, you bum," Peter called back.

After a few seconds Peter turned the conversation away from himself. "Well, what do we play today," he said, "buzz-buzz?"

"Buzz-buzz *and* Tchaikovsky," Danasz said. "This is a big picture, what's the matter? Leslie van Horn picture." As he spoke he took Peter's fiddle case out of his hands, set it on a chair and opened it absently. "What time you got to be downtown?" he asked.

"Three o'clock." Peter *(Continued on page 40)*

ILLUSTRATED BY S. B. VALENTINE

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Always Heading for Salt Water

By HODDING CARTER

Bob Lane has been making boats ever since he was five—toys, models and tin-tub schooners. He was captain of a war tug off Normandy and returned to build for business and happiness

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RALPH ROYLE

BEHIND the post office at Friendship, where the little green hills of Maine tumble down to the sea, there's a ramshackle shop with a sign that reads "Simmons and Lane—Boatbuilders."

The barnlike building isn't much to look at. Most people, especially landsmen, would pass it by without a second glance because they don't know what the boat-wise folk of Friendship know: namely, that it is not the appearance of a boatshop that's important but the appearance and the performance of the boats that come out of it. The boats that come out of the shop at Friendship rate high on both counts. Young Bob Lane sees to that.

It takes a good man with a broadax and adz to whittle out the keel from an oak tree's heart. That's how a boat's backbone is begun, on the floor of a barn that smells like wood chips and paint. That keel must be level and plumb when the stem, the stern and the propeller shaft timbers are fitted to it. But never lay a keel or launch a boat on a Friday.

You can find Bob Lane in the shop most any time of the day—a tall, lithe youngster in dungarees, with a shock of curly, reddish-blond hair. His blue seafarer's eyes will probably be intent upon a sturdy, unfinished hull, and like as not he'll be handling an adz or an auger or a calking iron.

Curving down from the ceiling to the keel on the floor, a yard or so apart, are the wooden molds that pattern a boat. Circling them, from stem to stern, you clamp the battens—long strips of spruce. The hull is coming to life. Steam from the boiler of an old wood stove is softening the oak which will be the hull's stanch ribs. But it won't all happen in a day. A boat takes time.

A good-looking boy, you might say to yourself, watching Bob Lane. Handy with tools. And then,

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if you're as friendly as you are curious, you stop and talk a while with this steady, twenty-four-year-old who took a salt-water short cut to contentment and success.

The carpenter crew fits the planking to the oaken ribs, beveling each board to leave a seam for calking. The garboards go on first, lengthwise along the keel, and the other planks march up the ribs beside them. The shutter plank goes last. Some call it the whisky plank, because when it's in, the boys throw down their tools and go for a drink—or that's the way it used to be.

Bob Lane has been designing, building and sailing boats ever since he was five. But he isn't sailing as much now as he once did. He and his partner, Carlton Simmons—a Maine man with shipbuilder's blood—and their small crew of carpenters are too busy building and selling boats, some of Lane's own design.

Simmons and Lane, Boatbuilders. They've been at it together for three years. Carlton, the forty-one-year-old partner, is also Friendship's postmaster. Bob came to Muscongus Bay after the war, an undisturbed veteran who at eighteen had skippered a tug across the Channel to Normandy on D-Day.

A boat's floor timbers run crosswise to the keel. You fit them tight. When they're in place it's time to take down the molds. But first you shore up the hull so she won't topple over. And you cross-brace the topsides, for the deck beams aren't in yet. Otherwise she'll spread like a fat woman without a corset. So when you've gone this far, your job is one-third done and the boat's beginning to look nice.

Boatbuilding in the Maine Tradition

Simmons and Lane are doing well by any standards. They've built more than 200 assorted craft in three years, and grossed nearly $100,000 last year. The Big Water Cruiser, their stock boat and hallmark, is catching on. More than 20 copies of this trim, 22-foot power craft, designed primarily for fishing, hunting and week-end roaming, have gone down the ways in a year. Orders have come from as far away as California.

The small shop operates in the Maine tradition of individual craftsmanship, and the pleasure boat for the stranger is built as deliberately and stanchly as if it were being turned out for a neighbor.

Once the cotton calking is wedged into the seams between the planks, you begin to smooth the hull with a dozen different sizes and shapes of planes. Then you sand her down with whirling disks. When you sand the bottom, the shavings get into your eyes and you're tempted to leave the bottom a little rough. Only you don't—not in a Maine boat.

Simmons and Lane. It isn't success as such that keeps Bob in Friendship. It's the contentment he has known as long as he can remember from living in and on salt water, the satisfaction that comes from turning out salt-water boats with his own skilled hands and his own designer's mind. Bob wouldn't agree that he is happy in his work, because he doesn't call it work. He just has fun all day in a boatshop; and then he goes home to a little elm-shaded white house up the street where, like as not, he'll talk boats and sailing to his dark-eyed, pretty wife and the infants, Gail and Daniel.

No hustle-and bustle, no big-money urge, no inexorable drive. Just a twenty-four-year-old boatbuilder in his own shop behind the post office at Friendship, a young fellow with the sea in his heart and a boatbuilder's genius in his hands and his head. Just a big blond kid for whom his Noank, Connecticut, neighbors 15 years ago were predicting an untimely end because he was always heading for salt water.

There's aggravation in the finishing of a boat. The interior is joiner work, precise. A builder has to know some plumbing and electricity and how to install engines. There's many a pound of hardware to go on, and gas and water tanks to install, and navigation lights and guardrails, windshields and canopy tops. You give her a last coat of paint, put on the Coast Guard number and name, and tell the owner that she's ready for launching. (She doesn't look bad, does she?)

Salt water. Noank, Connecticut, on Fisher's Island Sound, was a good place to live. Bob Lane's father, Carl, liked it because he could write there undisturbed and sail when he didn't feel like writing. Five-year-old Bob *(Continued on page 51)*

Bob and Esther want little Gail, their older child, to develop an early inclination for the sea

The partners, Carlton Simmons and Bob (right), inspect a hull made in their Maine boat barn

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The case of the NEGLIGENT NYMPH

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Continuing the Perry Mason Murder Mystery

The Story: PERRY MASON'S instinct for mystery was excited by all that happened on the night he set out to investigate the affairs of GEORGE S. ALDER, wealthy real-estate operator who owned an entire island off the California coast. Mason approached the island in a rented canoe, and through his binoculars saw a girl swimming naked toward the shore. She dressed on the beach in clothes she had carried in a waterproof bag. Mason watched as she entered the Alder home. Soon afterward, she leaped from a window, ran to the shore and plunged into the water, pursued by a savage dog. Mason rescued her, and they hid out on a small yacht owned by the girl, whose name was DOROTHY FENNER. She showed Mason a bottle containing a letter, which she had stolen from the Alder home. The letter was signed by MINERVA DANBY, a friend of Alder's who had mysteriously disappeared from the millionaire's yacht some months before. It accused Alder of having cheated his half sister, CORINNE LANSING, of her share in their father's estate, and of having connived to keep Corinne in a mental institution. The letter praised CARMEN MONTERREY, Corinne's maid and companion, for her loyalty and devotion to her mistress. Dorothy had learned of the existence of the letter from DORLEY ALDER, George's uncle, who told her the bottle had been fished up by PETE CADIZ, an eccentric beachcomber. Mason made Dorothy promise to return the original of the letter to George Alder. Mason kept a typewritten copy and returned to the mainland. There he learned from his confidential secretary, DELLA STREET, that the police were looking for a burglar supposed to have robbed the Alder home of fifty thousand dollars in jewelry. Later, the police traced Dorothy, after finding her bath towel on the beach; they arrested her on a robbery charge. Without knowing that Mason was her rescuer, she asked for him as her lawyer. Mason agreed to take the case, and hired PAUL DRAKE, a private detective, to work with him. In a hearing to set bail for Dorothy, Mason forced Deputy District Attorney VINCENT COLTON to put George Alder on the witness stand. Inadvertently, George Alder admitted that Dorothy had taken a bottle from his home.

PART THREE OF SIX PARTS

ALDER was well aware that he had made a bad slip, and his anger was mixed with uneasiness. Colton looked on unhappily as Mason asked his next question with polite incredulity. "You keep your jewelry in a bottle then, Mr. Alder?" said Mason.

Judge Lankershim leaned forward, waiting for the answer. The judge appeared incredulous too—and not particularly polite.

"Well, Mr. Alder," said the judge, "do you keep your jewelry in a bottle?"

"I don't know," said Alder. "I mean— No, of course I don't keep it in a bottle. But it looked to some of the witnesses who saw the girl jump out the window as though she had put the jewelry in a bottle or something. She had her escape all planned, and I suppose she didn't want to lose the jewels while she was swimming. But I don't really know. All I know is that some of the guests said she was carrying a bottle." He spoke with considerable irritation.

"*You* didn't see her?" Mason asked.

"Not close. I saw her running after she'd jumped through the window. I turned the dog loose. If *he'd* caught her, we'd have found how much of my property she had. She and that contemptible accomplice of hers!"

"No need to get worked up about it," Mason said. "We're simply trying to get the matter straight. So far as you yourself are concerned, you don't *know* that even as much as two thousand dollars' worth of jewelry was taken, do you?"

"Well, I think—"

"You don't even know that one thousand dollars' worth of jewelry was taken."

"I don't know anything was taken," Alder said angrily. "I took a look at that open jewel box and it looked to me as though a great deal of stuff was missing."

"But when you said fifty thousand dollars, you were thinking of the fact that the jewelry was insured for fifty thousand dollars. You were excited, and so you said fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry had been taken. Is that it?"

"Well, that might be an explanation."

"You haven't made any claim on the insurance company?"

"No, sir."

"And as a matter of fact," Mason said, pointing his finger at Alder, "you don't intend to make any claim on the insurance company, do you?"

"I don't see where that has anything to do with it, and I don't think I have to sit here and be browbeaten about the matter," Alder said.

Mason turned to Judge Lankershim. "There you are, Your Honor. I'm willing to be bound by the stipulation. If he had said fifty thousand dollars had been taken, I'd have agreed to fifty thousand dollars' bail. As it is, he can't say that anything was taken. In which event, the district attorney agreed he would permit my client to be released on her own recognizance, and would drop the case—"

"Not so fast, not so fast," Colton interposed. "It's a far cry from browbeating and confusing this witness to—"

"I don't like that word browbeating," Mason said. "This man's a businessman. He knows his rights. I'm simply asking him to make a direct, positive, unequivocal statement to this court. He's afraid to do it. He's afraid to list any one particular item of jewelry and swear that this woman stole that item of jewelry, because he knows he can't prove it. It's one thing to tell newspaper reporters and the police that he's lost fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry, and it's another thing to prove it."

"But why on earth would a man want to claim he'd lost fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry if he hadn't?" Judge Lankershim asked in perplexity. "We have here no question of a publicity-seeking individual who wants to see his name in the papers."

"Because," Mason said, "for reasons of his own, he wanted the defendant apprehended."

"Are you aware, Mr. Mason, that that is a most serious charge?"

"I'm aware it's a most serious charge," Mason said, "and I'm so greatly aware of it that I can advise this court and Mr. Alder that the defendant, Dorothy Fenner, is going to bring suit against him for defamation of character, and then I'm going to take his deposition and when I get him on the witness stand I'm going to defy him to produce *any* evidence of *any* single article of jewelry that was taken. Furthermore, I'm going to insist that representatives of the insurance company go to his house and make a thorough search, taking an inventory of the jewelry that's left, and check it against the items mentioned in the insurance policy."

Mason ceased speaking, and there was a tense, dramatic silence.

That silence was broken at length by Colton, who said, "It sounds to me as though Mr. Mason is trying to intimidate the witness."

"Well, listen again," Mason said, "and you'll find that I'm simply trying to protect my client against imposition."

"This whole business is absurd," Alder said. "I was excited Saturday night, and I was confused yesterday morning. I didn't realize any lawyer was going to browbeat me—"

"That word has been used several times," Judge Lankershim interrupted. "This court isn't going to let anyone browbeat you, Mr. Alder, but the court will ask you a question. Would you be willing for a representative of the court to go to your house with you and check the contents of your jewelry chest against the inventory of the jewelry used for insurance purposes?"

"When?"

"Now."

"It wouldn't be convenient now. I have other engagements."

"All right then, you fix a time."

THERE was an interval of silence, then Alder said, "I'll go home and make that inventory myself. I'm a reputable citizen. There's no need to have all this fanfare. You'd think I was the thief—I already seem to be the defendant."

Judge Lankershim pursed his lips.

Again there was a silence.

"Oh, well," Judge Lankershim said. "I'll admit the defendant to twenty-five hundred dollars' bail."

Mason picked up his brief case, turned toward the door as Judge Lankershim left the bench.

"Say, what's the idea?" Colton asked Mason, his manner curious. "Do you know anything about this burglary that I don't know?"

"Ask Alder," Mason said.

Colton laughed grimly. "Don't think I'm not going to do that very thing," he said.

Alder left the witness stand, seemingly trying to avoid both Mason and Colton.

Colton suddenly swung toward him. "Don't leave, Mr. Alder," he said. "I want you to go back to my office with me. I want to talk to you."

"I have some other matters," Alder said crisply, "some appointments."

"I don't think they are as important as this matter," Colton told him. "You'd better get this straightened out while we have the chance."

Mason said to the clerk of the court, "If you'll make me a certified copy of the judge's order, Mr. Clerk, I'll see about getting my client released on bail."

Colton nodded to Alder. "This way, Mr. Alder," he said. . . .

Perry Mason smiled at the matron, said to Dorothy Fenner, "All right, Dorothy, get your things ready. You're going home." *(Continued on page 43)*

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"I think the letter is a forgery," he said. "It's either part of a hoax, or a trap." Dorothy Fenner held her pose

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Uneventful days of tension passed. Marta's pale eyes were worried and unsmiling

The BLACK PEARL

BY ENID SIMS SNOW

WARS, hot and cold. Paris changes—but the Ritz is always the same." So Gerald Godwin assured his wife across the table as they finished their luncheon. A good-looking, well-dressed couple in their early thirties, they were registered from Toronto.

"Five years today," Mrs. Godwin sighed happily. "Our wedding anniversary!"

"Marta," Gerald said, "we are going to find you an anniversary gift."

Outside the Ritz, they walked partially around the Place Vendôme and turned left toward the heart of Paris. In the second block they stopped in front of Broussard Frères, jewelers. They looked a while at the jewels in the window and then entered the shop, Marta protesting ever so little.

"May I be of service to you, monsieur?" asked an attendant.

"I want something rather special, if you have it," said Gerald. "For a long time my wife has coveted a black pearl, a single large black pearl."

"Just a moment, monsieur." The man disappeared into the rear of the store, returning presently, preceded by a middle-aged man who introduced himself as the manager. Unobtrusively, he scrutinized the couple before him; conservatively dressed, well-groomed, they seemed people of means and refinement. "Monsieur, I have one very large, very expensive black pearl. Twenty-five thousand dollars. I believe it will please madame." He looked directly into his customer's eyes. Gerald seemed calmly interested; Marta somewhat startled.

"Gerald, that is too much," she said softly.

"Let us have a look, dear. We do not need always to be practical."

"Certainly, monsieur." The manager bowed, disappeared into the rear of the shop and soon returned, carrying a padded square of white velvet and a small box. He smoothed the square of velvet with expert hands, opened the box, unwrapped many layers of tissue paper, and carefully placed a very large black pearl in the center of the velvet.

"Oh, Gerald," Marta gasped, "have you ever seen anything so exquisite? But it is so expen—"

"In my opinion it is the most beautiful thing we have in our collection, madame," interrupted the manager. "It would make a superb pendant . . ."

"When could it be ready?" Gerald asked abruptly.

"It will be ready tomorrow afternoon," replied the manager. "There will be an additional charge of two hundred and fifty dollars for the platinum chain and pendant. Madame will have one of the most beautiful jewels in the world."

Gerald took out a checkbook, wrote a check for twenty-five thousand two hundred and fifty dollars on the Canadian National Bank and handed it to the manager, who bowed low.

"*Merci mille fois,* monsieur. I trust you will understand that when so large a sum of money is involved, it is our custom to put through the check." He paused. "There may be a delay of an additional day. I will telephone you—"

"That will be satisfactory," replied Gerald. "You will find me at the Ritz."

The manager bowed, "*Au revoir,* madame."

"I worry, Gerald," said Marta in her low voice, as they left the shop.

"Because you are so practical, dear. Ah, autumn in Paris. I had forgotten how good it could be. . . ."

On the third morning following the purchase of the black pearl, the manager telephoned that the pearl had been made into a pendant and was ready. He was waiting for them when Gerald and Marta walked into the shop. In a leather box lined with cream velvet lay the magnificent black pearl, with its slender platinum chain. Marta exclaimed rapturously.

"The matter of the check went through promptly," said the manager. "If I ever can be of service again, monsieur." The manager bowed.

The Godwins again left Broussard Frères, moving mechanically toward the Ritz, the leather box held tight in Marta's gloved hand; her face had a look of tension. Twenty-five thousand dollars was a large sum of money. Gerald's face bore no outward sign of disturbance.

A week passed in the lives of Gerald and Marta, a week of small restaurants, of walks in the park, an occasional hour on a secluded bench, some visits to the Louvre. On the seventh morning, Gerald donned a new suit of clothes he had had made in London, left the Ritz, alone, and sauntered toward Broussard Frères. Entering the shop, he gazed absently at an array of diamond bracelets beneath a glass case. A clerk recognized him and rushed to the rear of the shop. In a moment the manager stood before him, smiling eagerly.

"Monsieur Godwin, *bonjour,* monsieur! Is madame happy with her wonderful pendant?"

"Very happy," answered Gerald. "I was looking at your bracelets as a possible birthday gift for her." He extracted a cigarette from a gold case, and lighted it, glancing again at the bracelets.

"Her birthday is two weeks off. These stones are striking, but I am wondering if I could get another black pearl to duplicate the other. It could perhaps be made into a ring. There is nothing my wife would like so much."

"But I have no such pearl!" exclaimed the manager. "That is a rare jewel, the like of which we have not had in years."

"Of course. I understand," said Gerald. "I will try somewhere else."

"Please, Mr. Godwin, let me see what I can do. If there is on the Continent a wonderful pearl similar to madame's Broussard Frères can get it. I know exactly what you want. You will hear from me in a very few days!"

"Very well," Gerald said affably.

"*Au revoir,* monsieur. *Merci mille fois!*"

THE heavy door of the shop closed behind Gerald. He turned left to avoid walking in front of Broussard Frères. Somehow at the moment he could not walk before that window.

Uneventful days of tension passed. Marta's large pale eyes were worried and unsmiling. On the fourth morning the manager of Broussard Frères came to see Gerald at the Ritz. They had a cognac at the bar.

"Mr. Godwin, our agent in Amsterdam tells me he has found a wonderful black pearl, almost the duplicate of the other, perhaps an infinitesimal shade smaller, but a wonderful gem. Ah, but it is very expensive," the manager sighed. "It will cost forty-five thousand dollars. It is the only remaining one on the Continent, and the owner will not listen to bargaining."

"Forty-five thousand dollars is a great deal of money. Still—" Gerald extracted a large-denomination franc note from a wallet and paid the check, leaving a generous tip for the bowing waiter.

"I think you can go ahead," said Gerald. "If I do not get it now, I may not be able to later."

"That is true, monsieur, absolutely true. I will wire my agent at once. You will have the lustrous pearl in two days, set in a single band of platinum. It will make a marvelous ring. Wednesday morning at noon I will bring it to you here. *Merci mille fois,* monsieur." The manager bowed and was gone. . . .

On Wednesday morning the dapper manager of Broussard Frères stood talking excitedly to the desk clerk at the Ritz. "But I had an appointment with Mr. Godwin. I have an order for him." He clutched the leather box containing the black pearl ring with nervous fingers.

"I repeat: He and Mrs. Godwin checked out yesterday," replied the clerk politely. "They left no forwarding address. Mr. Godwin said that he had received some unexpected news."

The manager backed away from the desk, his stout legs trembling beneath him. He left the Ritz and walked slowly back to Broussard Frères. The black pearl in the box was worth to Broussard Frères no more than twenty thousand dollars. At his direction forty thousand dollars had been paid for it. He had thought to clear five thousand dollars. Now Mr. Godwin had vanished. Where would he ever find another purchaser willing to pay even forty thousand dollars for the pearl?

On a great ocean liner New York bound, Gerald and Marta lay relaxing on their deck chairs.

A pleasant stay in Paris, Gerald reflected. A bit of suspense, but decidedly pleasant on the whole. The lustrous black pearl he had purchased from Broussard Frères for the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars had been taken by his agent to Amsterdam, where it had been deftly peeled of its two thin outer layers by an expert, and sold to the agent of Broussard Frères for forty thousand dollars. The transaction had netted his black-market agent a profit of three thousand dollars, and himself a profit of twelve thousand.

"A worth-while trip," said Marta, her face to the sun.

"*Most* pleasant," said Gerald. THE END

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Man in the House

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

one: Get Millie off that department store pay roll. Get a smile back on her face, a laugh in her eyes and a bow in her hair—the way it used to be. Now she was tired all the time. A few pay checks would have her right again. If he could hold his job. Steve hadn't taught him how to walk a twelve-inch plank a hundred feet in the air. You had to learn that by yourself.

SAM bolted his lunch and went down on the deck of the bridge to have a look. To try it on for size. He stood under the long boom of the railway crane. The bridge—a railway trestle, properly speaking—was complete this far. Ahead there were bents—piling and timber dominoes, a hundred and ten feet high—partially tied by braces to the rest of the structure. The crew had been placing stringers, heavy timbers on edge, that carried the load from bent to bent. Ties went on top of them, then the rails. Sam walked out on the stringers and that was easy. There were a lot of them, making a path as broad as a sidewalk. Beyond the end of the stringers there was nothing—one aching hell of a lot of nothing. Sam sat down. It was that or fall down.

"Lord a'mighty!" he whispered.

A hundred and ten feet was no great distance flat along the ground. Thirty-five paces. A half a city block. But stand it on end and you had a five-story building and some to spare. Sam didn't see how a man could stand erect that high in the air, let alone work. How could anybody walk those twelve-inch planks, carry tools and other planks, drive spikes and drill holes with that yawning drop beneath him? It wasn't possible, but Kelly did it. Sam's father had done it.

His father's image leaped into his mind. He saw Steve working out there in front of him. He saw how Steve had been killed—saw him slip and go, flat out in the air, with nothing to stop him, nothing to catch. Falling. Sam traced the path of his father's fall all the long way down. He turned and grabbed at the stringers and held them with all the strength of his hands.

"Hey!" a voice said. "Will you look at the kid?"

It was Jake's voice, edged with laughter. Feet thudded on the deck of the bridge, running. Again he heard Jake's voice: "Aw, let him alone. He couldn't fall off a there if he tried." Then caulks bit crisply into the stringers close by.

A quiet voice said, "Easy, Sam. Easy does it."

Jim Farrar was beside him, talking slowly and steadily. His big hands had Sam's wrists, breaking the grip of Sam's fingers. He helped Sam to his feet. Walking backward, still talking, he led Sam to the completed deck of the bridge.

"I went out for a look," Sam panted. "I thought of Steve—"

"And it got you," Farrar said. "Sure it got you."

He explained that anyone with sense was afraid of height. The trick was to go up gradually. You got used to it, that way. You stopped thinking about how far it was to the ground. It took time—a week, maybe two.

"You'll get the hang of it," Farrar said. "Don't worry."

Kelly told him the same thing, later. "Anybody can freeze. I did once. I started to fall and then grabbed onto a girder. Scared? Man! I squeezed that girder so hard, red lead bled out of the bolt holes."

"You were fallin'," Jake said. "This punk freezes sitting down."

Kelly gave him a hard scowl. "Anybody ask you?" he said. "You keep your clapper quiet, or I'll tie a knot in it."

Jake Reams kept his clapper quiet. But his eyes said plenty when he looked at Sam, and his grin said more. Sam took it, shutting his jaw on the urge to tell Jake off. You couldn't snap back at a man when he was right—and Jake was right about this. Sam couldn't have been safer in church than he'd been out there, and still he'd frozen.

He took the fear home with him when the whistle blew. Farrar and Kelly said the scare would pass in a week or two. Maybe and maybe not. If it didn't pass, he'd be out of work. You couldn't do half a pile buck's work and expect to stay on the pay roll. That put telling Millie about the job in second place. He'd tell her about the job when he was sure he could hold it.

Keeping it from her would be no great trick. Her day in the department store started later than his. He could be up and gone before she was up, and home again long before she got there. This night he had an hour to get things organized. The twins, Bob and Bill, an indestructible pair of eight-year-old roughnecks, listened hard while Sam told them how he'd got the job. "We're keeping it a secret," he said. "Till I got a check to give her. And another thing. We're goin' to have a clean house, supper on the table, and your ugly mugs washed by the time she gets here."

COLLIER'S "For heaven's sake, aren't you ready yet?" JEFF KEATE

IF ANYTHING, the twins went too far. They were too clean, too eager. Bob took Millie's coat when she came in. Bill held her chair for her when she sat down at the kitchen table. Sam sweated a bit. With the kids behaving that way, Millie'd know something was up. But she was too tired to notice, or too tired to ask into it. Watching the listless way she ate, remembering how happy and lively she'd been before, Sam decided it was damn' well time he got himself a job. Supper over, Sam did the dishes. He wrestled the twins into bed on time, thumping them no more than necessary, and took himself to bed.

"Nothing to it," he said in the darkness.

Then he saw the panel plank again—a strip of wood no wider than a man's two hands, hung out there over the aching drop. He saw the stringers and the braces and the whole towering structure; and fear kicked him in the middle. He heard Jake's voice saying, "This punk freezes sittin' down . . ."

Sam twisted and punched his pillow out of shape. He had a thing in his mind that was knifing him—an old thing, held away this long, but now it was coming out, crawling out. He'd never done any climbing. He'd never built tree houses, like other kids. He'd done no fence walking—nothing that got him off the ground. A month ago he'd asked the twins to climb the roof of the house and string an aerial. How about that? Could any man—Kelly, for instance—start with that kind of handicap and still learn to walk a panel plank? . . .

Sam spent the next two days in the bone yard. "Breakin' in," Kelly told him. "You got to learn this stuff one thing at a time." Jake Reams had a different notion. The first day he used that knowing, needling grin because Kelly was there. When Kelly went back to the bridge, Jake put it in words. "I figured a design for a bridge," he told Sam. "It's one you can build with both feet on the ground. Special deal so the gutless wonders can earn their share of the pay roll."

That crack was all Sam could take. He cornered Jim Farrar. "How's to let me start workin' up?" he asked.

"There's no hurry," Farrar said.

"Yeah, there is." Sam told him a part of the truth. "I can't stop thinkin'. If I don't get at it pretty soon I'm goin' to be afraid to climb in bed."

"Okay," Farrar said. "But don't crowd it."

He took Sam down into the canyon and turned him loose with a top maul and a load of spikes. "Drive two wherever a brace crosses a piling," he said. "Go up as fast as it suits you." And it was a lady's work, at first, driving the spikes flush and never missing. But the low braces didn't last. At the day's end he'd spiked everything he could reach from the ground. Twice that night he dreamed he was falling, and woke up with both hands clamped on the bed. He had to fight a quivering in his legs to get down the hill the next morning. But he picked a brace and got ready. When the whistles blew he started up.

Noon found him twenty feet from the ground—not too shaky, but not happy either. He'd been up and down a half-dozen times and he still had to wedge himself between brace and piling, hang on with one hand and swing the maul with the other. A good pile buck balanced himself and used both hands on the maul for cleaner, faster driving. A couple of times that afternoon he stopped to catch his breath and saw Farrar watching him. Farrar was standing on a panel plank, looking down, his hands in his hip pockets. He had nothing to hang on to and needed nothing. Sam wondered if Farrar'd done any tree climbing when he was a kid.

He finished the braces at twenty feet by late afternoon. The next level was at thirty-five feet. He went up, loaded with spikes, his muscles as taut as fiddle strings. Again he remembered Steve saying, "A man can't work high if he's afraid of it." And now Sam understood. Tight muscles didn't make for easy balance. You were jerky. You lurched instead of walking. You doubled and tripled the danger. He had to get the height out of his mind. He tried, never looking at the ground, never thinking about it, keeping his eyes on the braces close at hand. It went better. By late afternoon, he thought he had an even chance of beating it.

Then, hard by, a voice yelled, "Quitting time!"

STARTLED, Sam lurched. The top maul slid out of his hands and went crashing down through the braces. His worn caulks slipped and one leg went off the brace. He caught at a piling, wrapped his arms around it, burned his face against it. And there he clung, unable to move, or breathe, or think. Frozen.

"Leave off, kid!" It was the same voice, shot through with laughter. "You'll bust that piling and we'll have to drive a new one."

Jake Reams was on the ground beneath him. Jake's face was tipped up, grinning. But the white panic was in Sam's mind, the rock-hard strength was in his arms. He couldn't let go. He couldn't climb down. And yet, somehow, he did. Somehow he let go of the piling and grabbed a slanting brace and hugged it all the way to the ground. Jake Reams was waiting there, eyes shining, mouth wearing that loose, wide smile. Sam leaned against a piling, breathing hard.

"Don't do that to me again," Sam said. "Not ever."

Kelly's yell rode down to them. "Payday! Come an' grab it!"

"That's what I want to ask you about," Jake said. "Ain't you ashamed to put out your hand and take a man's pay for the kind of work you do?"

Sam did not answer that. The grinning Jake said, "Gutless," and turned away to climb out of the canyon. Sam watched him go, hating him. Then he made a slow task of gathering his tools. The men had been paid and were gone by the time he reached the shack. Only Kelly was there. Sam's check in his hand.

"Look," Sam said. "If somebody gave you a scare while you were workin' high, what would it do to you? Would you freeze?"

"Depends on how bad I got scared. Why?"

"Just wondering," Sam said.

He left it there, not wanting to tell Kelly the rest. It didn't seem likely the scare he'd had would cause Kelly to turn a hair. And yet it might. So there was no way for him to know if he'd come through, or failed. He'd have to wait and try again. And Millie would

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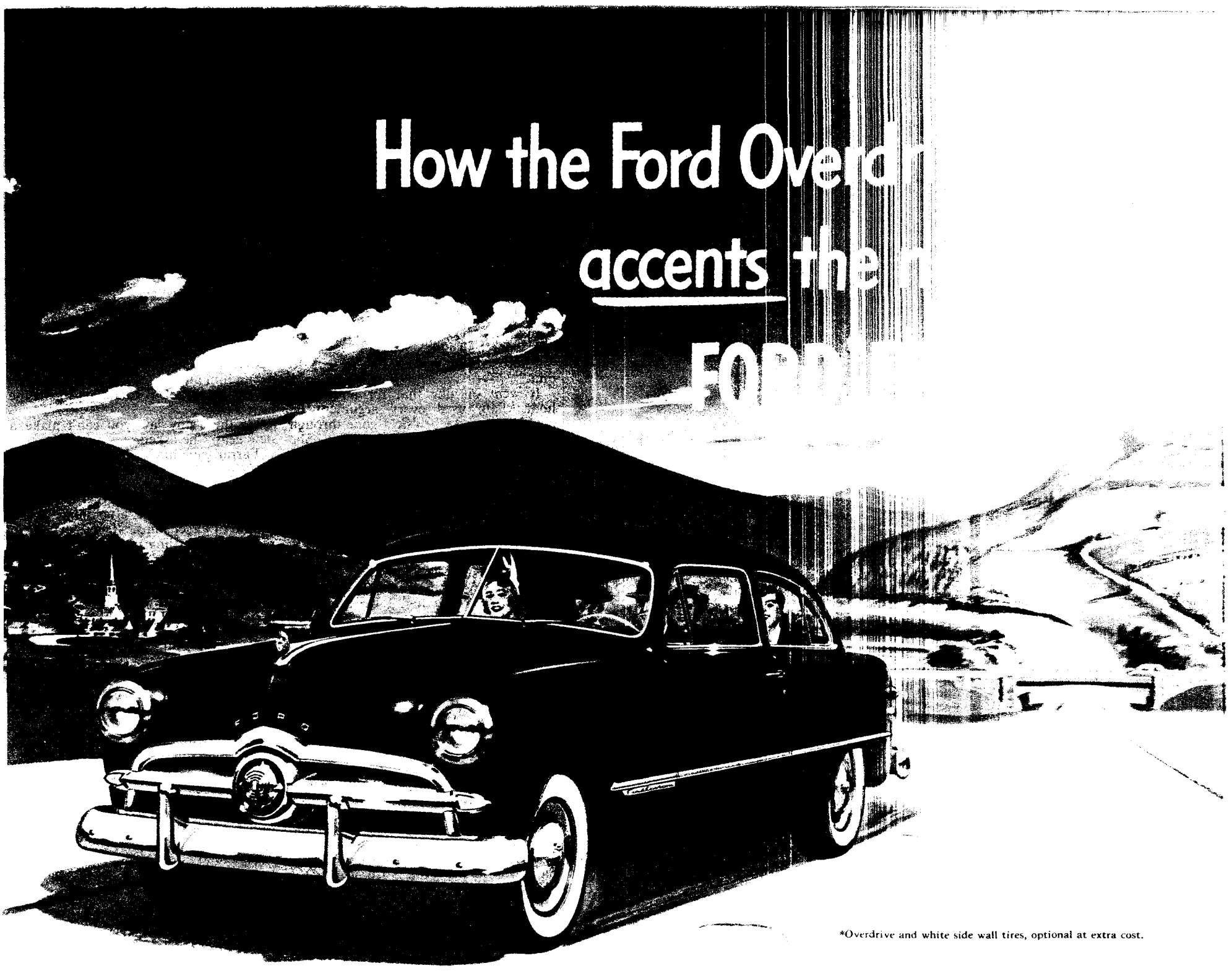
How the Ford Overdrive accents the FORD



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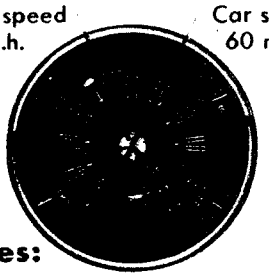
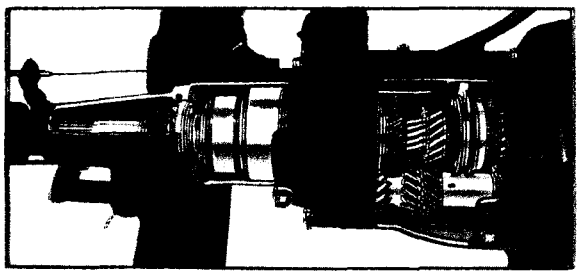
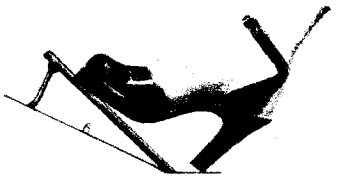


What it does: When engaged it provides an automatic fourth speed, or cruising gear ratio, which permits medium and high road speeds to be attained at greatly reduced engine speeds. You feel you're flying!



What it is: You'll call it a "tip-toe miracle." Engineers call it a "simple automatic planetary transmission, combined with the regular three-speed transmission as a single unit." But read what it does!



How it works: Let up on the gas pedal at any speed above 27 miles an hour and a miracle happens! You're in fourth gear for cruising! Engine speed drops 30% while the car speed remains unchanged! The Ford Overdrive* seems to give your car wings, it's so smooth, so quiet and so free of vibration!

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have to wait. No use telling her about his job until he was sure he had what it took to stay on the pay roll.

The twins had a different idea. A secret was okay, but there was a limit to what a pair of eight-year-olds could hold without busting. They knew he had the check, the size of it had them wide-eyed. They let it slip at the dinner table. When Millie heard what he was doing and where, her face lost all its color.

"After what happened to your father," she said.

"Don't get upset," Sam said. "You got to understand it's a man's job to earn a living. How he does it is up to him. Pile bucks don't all fall."

"No," Millie said. "You've got to quit."

It went on like that for almost an hour. Sam used every argument he could find, and when he'd gone through them once he tried them again. She wouldn't budge. "If you were older, Sam. If it were the only trade there was. But you're young and there are other jobs and I wouldn't have a peaceful minute knowing you were doing that kind of work. I'd worry myself sick. You can't do that to me, Sam."

He couldn't. "I'll quit Monday," he said. . . .

Monday morning he told Farrar. "My mother found out where I was working," he said. "Right away, she thinks I'm going like Steve did. And I can't talk her out of it, bad's we need the money."

"Tough," Farrar said, frowning.

Sam got an idea then. "Maybe you could," he said. "You're the boss. If you told her I wasn't going to get killed she'd believe you—" His face reddened.

Farrar's frown lifted. "It's a deal. Work in the bone yard today. Ride home with me tonight."

"I was spikin' braces—" Sam began.

"The bone yard."

Farrar said it flatly and turned away. He left no room for talk—it was the bone yard and Jake Reams, or nothing. Jake came up with his own idea why Sam was in the bone yard instead of spiking braces. "Couldn't cut it," he said. "Talked the boss into lettin' you deadhead."

"You wait," Sam said. "I'll show you yet."

Jake laughed. "You talk a day's work, but that's all you do."

SAM rode to town with Jim Farrar. They stopped at Farrar's apartment. "A man can't argue with a woman if he needs a shave," Jim said, and added, "with any hope of winning." The stop used up time and Millie was home when they got there. Waiting and worried. Relief flooded into her face when she saw Sam. Then she saw Farrar, big and brown. Her eyes became puzzled. Color touched her cheeks.

"This's Jim Farrar," Sam said. "The man I work for."

"Didn't you quit?" she asked.

"He quit," Farrar said. "But I let him get the day in on the ground."

"Do you do that for everyone who quits?" Millie asked.

"For Steve Nickson's boy, I do." Farrar's voice was gentle. "I knew Steve well. Broke into construction work with him."

Millie said, "Then you can understand why I can't let Sam—"

"Sure," Farrar said. "It's tough for a wife, worse for a mother."

The twins picked that moment to come scrambling in, slugging at each other in a running fight. Sam got a hand in the collar of each and hauled them out into the bathroom. He talked the fight out of them, but it took time. He missed most of what was said in the living room. When he got back Millie and Jim were talking about weeds in the lawn, the triple chore of raising twins, the cost of living. Finally, Farrar got up to leave.

"You're still on the pay roll, Sam," he said. "With one condition. No high work. You've got to stay on the ground."

"For the luvva Pete—" Sam began.

"On the ground," Farrar said. "That's the deal I made."

Sam worked in the bone yard throug the week, using a crosscut and an adz. He avoided Jake as best he could, pretending he didn't hear the digging cracks. "What do they pay a half a pile buck—half pay?" He was earning dollar for dollar with the best of the bone yard men. He knew that. But they were the old hands, not quick and spry enough to climb. Even so, they would walk a panel plank any time they were asked. Only Sam Nickson was tied to the mud, tied to the ground. With Jake Reams riding him all day, every day, it was too much. Sam took it to Farrar again the next Friday.

"Is there any law you can't make a new deal?" he asked.

Farrar gave him a slow grin. "I could try."

THAT night, he stopped at the house. The twins went after him like a couple of eager pups. They got him to referee a wrestling match, then an air-rifle contest. Jim finished the evening showing them how to whittle fans out of clear white pine. There was no time for talking to Millie. But Sunday was better. Farrar came to dinner. After dinner, Sam took the twins to a movie. Farrar and Millie had plenty of time alone to talk about deals. Sam was waiting Monday to hear the result.

"Well," Farrar said, slowly. "She said it was up to me."

That startled Sam. This was the first time Millie had given an outsider a say of any kind about her kids.

"Do I get to climb?" he asked.

"Not just yet."

"You and Millie," Sam said. "I don't know what it takes to convince you two I ain't a kid. It seems like I got to bust my—"

He found his face suddenly very close to Jim Farrar's. His feet were light on the ground; his overalls were biting him through the seat. Farrar had a double handful of the front of them, holding him up. Farrar's voice was bleak.

"Don't bulge your muscles at me," he said. "You're not a man until you've proved you are. Until you do, you'll keep a civil tongue in your head and show a decent respect for your elders."

Sam gulped. "Sure—Jim."

Later, in the bone yard, he thought about what had happened. He hadn't been caught up like that in a long time, not since Steve'd done it.

The days went by.

Sam stayed on the ground—and then edged off it. He wasn't chiseling. He did it where Farrar could see him, testing Jim out, waiting to get clipped and not getting clipped, then taking a little more. Twenty feet up one day, thirty another. Little jobs, where he could get up fast and down fast. If the job was higher or longer, Kelly or one of the older hands always beat him out. They did the heavy carrying on narrow walks, they spiked the high braces and drove the driftpins out there where the birds lived. When Sam got a high job, it was on a wide, safe walkway, a long skip and a jump from any likelihood of falling.

But he was encouraged. It seemed to him he'd come a way from the kid who'd frozen sitting down and who'd squeezed the sap out of a piling a short thirty feet up. He was doing better, but the real proof was still ahead of him. Neither he nor Jake was going to be satisfied until he walked out on a panel plank—a twelve-inch strip of wood a hundred feet in the air—walked to the middle of it, spat, watched the spit to the ground, and then walked back.

He thought about that at night, doing it over and over in his mind. Some nights he'd get the shakes so bad he had

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to hold on to stay in bed. Other nights it didn't bother him. So there it was—maybe and maybe not, and nobody was going to know until he'd had a crack at it. He watched the work every day, hoping for a need that would get him out before Farrar could say no. The day had to come.

It came late in the summer. The framing in the bone yard was done. The whole crew was out on the bridge, building, spiking or bolting up. Sam worked on the completed deck, as always, sending bolts down on a line through the ties to the men who were bolting braces that had been only spiked until now. There were two bents out ahead of the crane that had not yet been webbed into the rest of the structure. Wooden teeth in a giant comb, a hundred and ten feet high. Only panel planks—thin walkways—tied them to the rest of the bridge until the bracing gang could do their work. There was twelve feet of space between the bents and nothing in that space but

COLLIER'S "Thumb tacks" DEDINI

air and an occasional high-flying bird.

Kelly stood on a panel plank, acting as a signalman between the engineer in the crane and the bracing crew the engineer couldn't see. Jake Reams was astride the timber cap that topped the outer bent, a tape in his hand to give the men below a measured distance at which to spike the braces.

Kelly peered down into space as the hook was freed. Kelly's hand moved in a signal. The hook came up. When it reached his level, Kelly tossed it away so it wouldn't catch in his clothes as it went by. Sam had seen that done a hundred times: the hook tossed wide, then yanked high and clear by the crane operator. Kelly turned, and something missed—a faulty clutch, a slow reaction from the engineer, or maybe the hand of God reached out for another pile buck. The hook came back savagely, and rapped Kelly on the side of the head.

Kelly's tin hat went spinning into space. Kelly waved his arms, fighting for balance, his legs buckling. He went down on his knees. One leg slipped off the panel plank, one hip. Then he fell on his stomach, limply there, half on and half off, his head rolling.

Men yelled. Jake Reams yelled and sat there. Sam shouted, "Hold it, Kelly!" and went out across the panel plank. Kelly's need got him to the first bent without thought. Halfway. Then he realized where he was, how narrow the walk, how high, and it hit him like a club. He went down on his knees. He got his hands on the plank and crawled. He crawled the last four feet with his eyes closed. He crawled over Kelly's arms. He got an arm through the straps of Kelly's overalls and locked that hand to the plank. He locked his other arm around the plank, then his legs, scissor-fashion, and locked them, too. He was frozen there—frozen so hard they couldn't have bolted him tighter.

"Steady." It was Jim Farrar's voice. "You're okay." Then louder: "We need a line! Get it out here fast!"

A hand caught Sam's wrist, pulled.

Jake said, "He won't let go."

"He can't," Farrar said. "Wait'll we get a line on him."

"Froze," Jake said.

"What the hell were you doing?" Farrar asked. "You didn't move."

"It happened so quick, Jim. I couldn't."

"Time enough for the kid to run and crawl out here. You weren't more'n ten feet away."

The line came and was made fast to Sam's middle. Farrar's big hands caught Sam's wrists; his strength broke Sam's grip. The line bit into Sam tightly. He was lifted and swung through the air. The pain of the tightening line was lost to Sam. He had transferred his grasp to the line, was frozen to it with the same viselike grip. There was nothing he could do about it. The fear was bigger than he was. If he lived to be a thousand and tried a million times, he'd never lick it. He knew now that he wouldn't—couldn't ever try again.

The men got his hands off the line, finger by finger. They took him up to the tool shack. "Farrar says stay here," one of them said, his voice gentle.

Sam didn't know how long he sat with his head in his hands. Jake Reams came, got his tool box and carried it away. Without a word.

FARRAR appeared then. He sat on a box opposite Sam. "For a kid who couldn't climb a tree," he said, "you did a fine piece of work out there."

"Who told you?"

"Millie." Farrar found a cigarette and lighted it. "Me, I'm color-blind. I was born that way. You were born being afraid of height. You're stuck with it, like I am being color-blind, for the rest of your life."

"Yeah, I figured that out," Sam said.

"You'll get used to it."

"Not here," Sam said. "I earn my pay or I don't work. You ain't carryin' me a deadhead on the pay roll."

"I don't carry deadheads." Farrar's voice hardened. "I just fired one—Jake Reams. He could've got to Kelly, if he'd wanted to. But there was a chance he'd get dragged off. Gutless. That's why he rode you so hard—to cover up for himself. With you, it's different—"

"I'm still gutless."

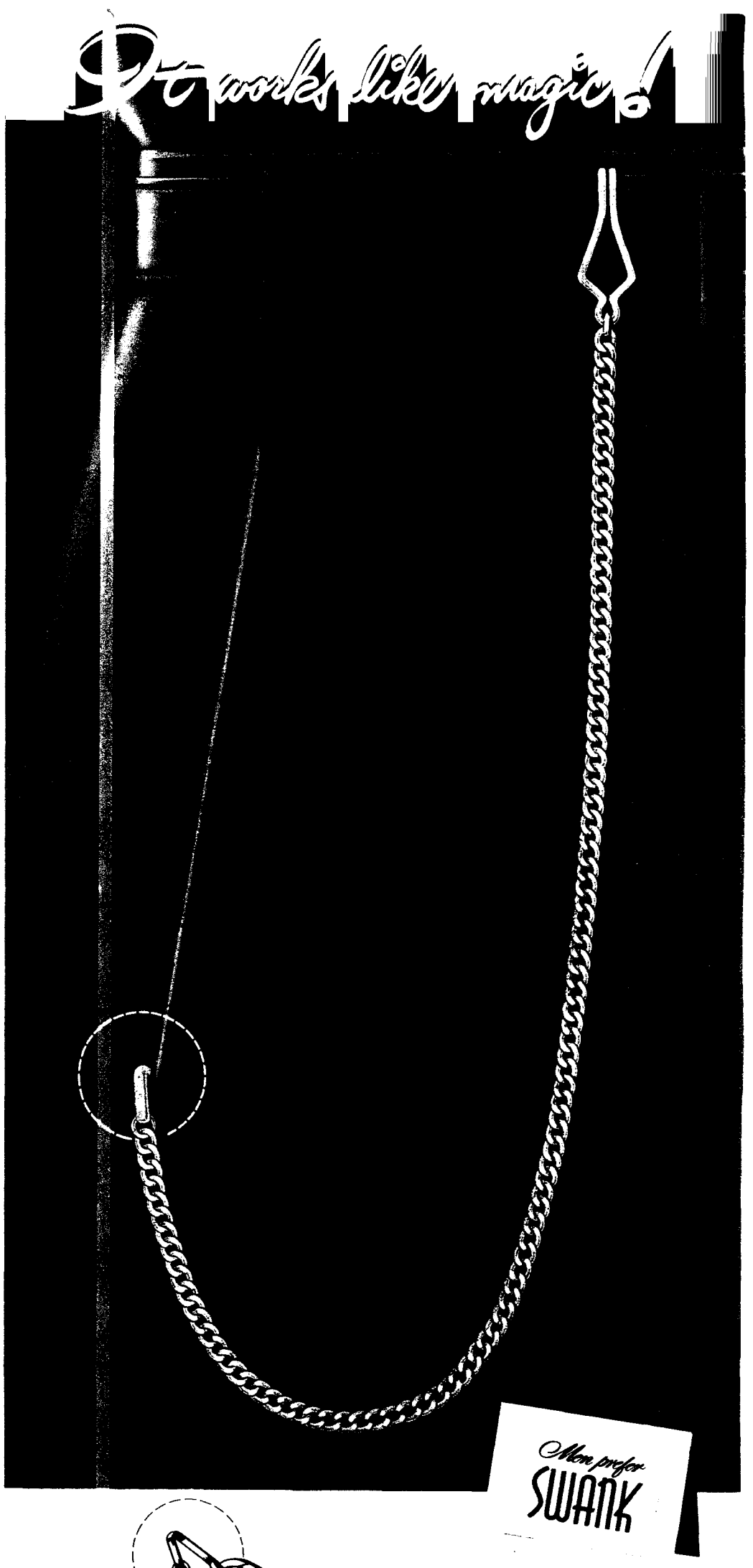
There was a half smile on Farrar's mouth. "Some things a man learns easy," he said. "Some he's got to have hammered into him." He flipped his cigarette away and left his box. His right hand came up, flat and open, and hit Sam a ringing bat on the side of the head.

"That's for feeling sorry for yourself," he said. "You don't tell any man you're licked—not ever." He batted Sam again. "Time you learned no man is all things. You've got guts and brains. You're goin' to use them. Not here. In school, learning to do with your head what me'n your old man had to do with our backs." A third slap stung Sam's cheek. "That one," Farrar said, "is for sittin' there with your mouth open, lettin' a man smack you around."

"I'm going to do some smackin' of my own," Sam said.

"I figured so," Farrar said.

He was waiting, smiling, when Sam came off his box. Sam got his head against Farrar's chest, butting and swinging, a hot mixture of anger and relief boiling inside him. Pounding Farrar was like pounding a fence. But the trying—the bruising contact—did a lot for Sam in a way he'd never guessed it would. The pressures inside were gone, as if a wall had fallen, and all the things



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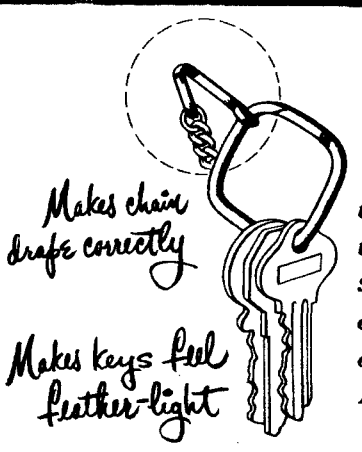

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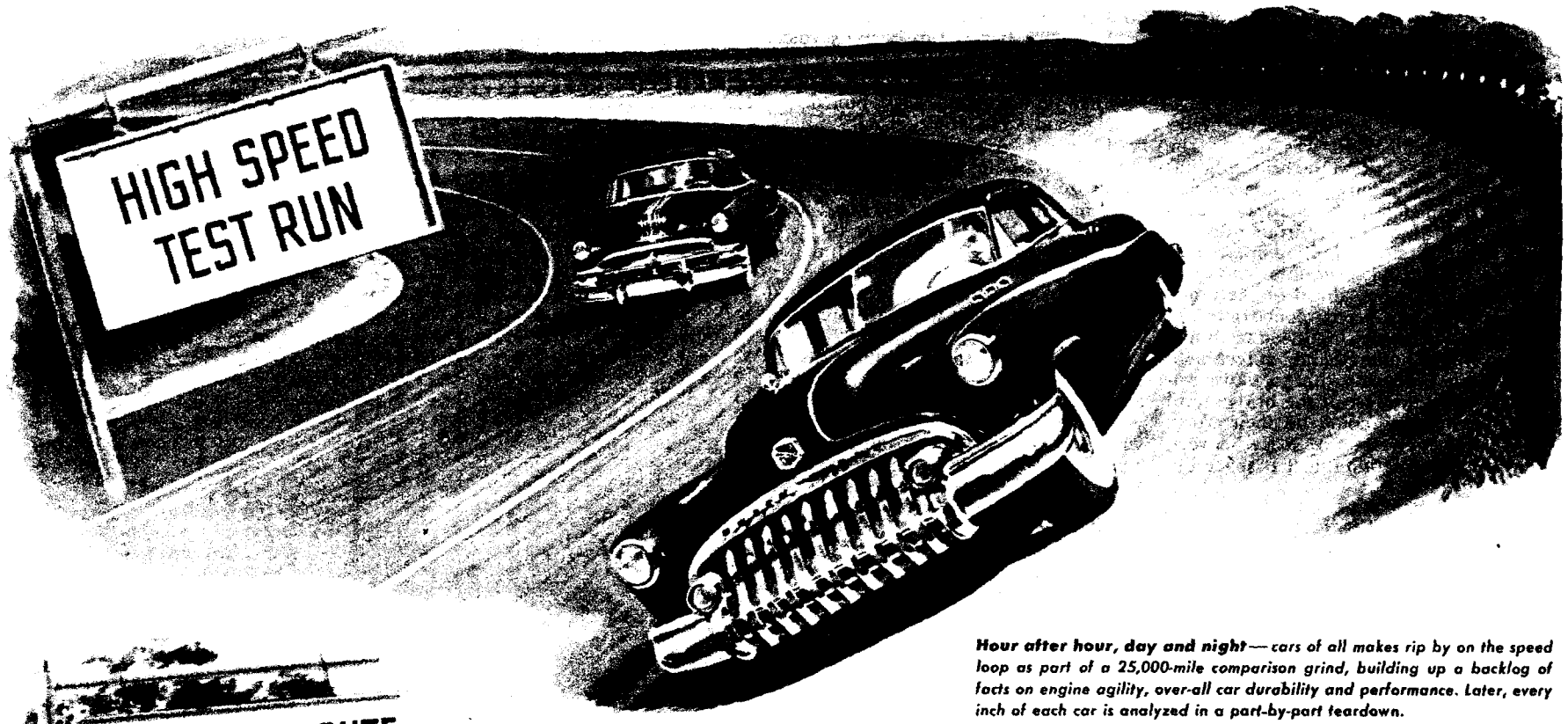

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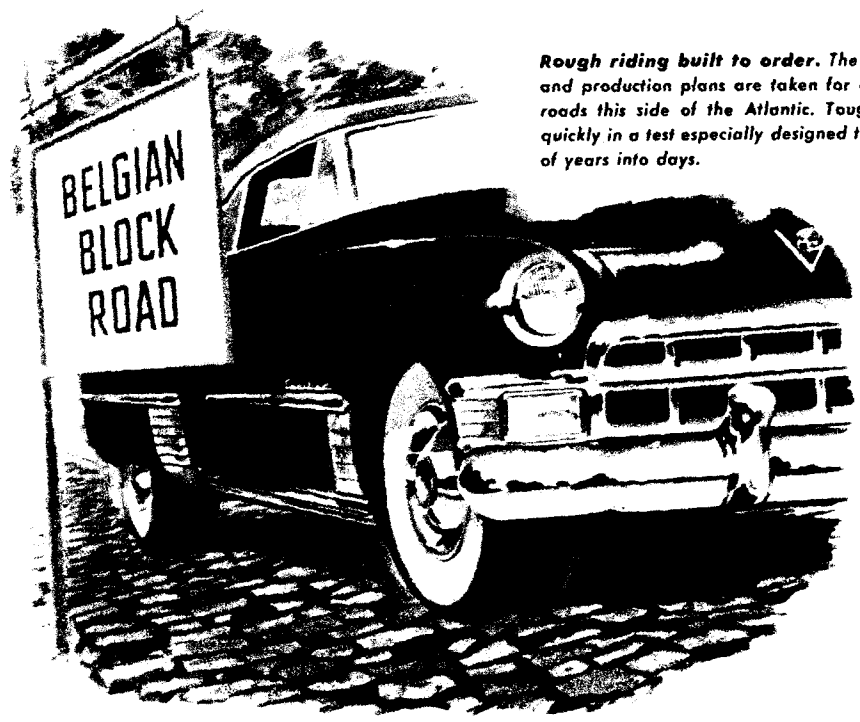

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he'd had bottled up escaped in a single breath of time. He went back against the wall, finally, his grin as wide as Jim Farrar's.

"That's better," Farrar said. "Now let's go talk to Millie."

Twice on the way to town the big man fumbled something he was trying to say. "I didn't plan to tell you for maybe another week . . ." His face was faintly red. "We've had it pretty well worked out, Millie and me, for a long time now."

"You want me to guess?" Sam said.

He didn't have to guess; he knew. Now that his trouble was out of the way he could see what had been right there in front of him all the time. Millie and Jim. From the first day. From the first visit. No wonder Millie'd let him have the say about the climbing deal. No wonder Jim had been around the house so much. Know—of course he knew. He turned to grin at Jim Farrar's look of sweating doubt.

"Man," he said, "this's wonderful. You think I'm kidding. You wait till you see the celebration start when I break the news to the twins." THE END

Where Else in the World?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

knew what Danasz was up to with the violin. Musicians were always doing it.

"Plenty of time," Danasz said. "We'll be through here before one. Rehearse a couple hours, then record an hour. Not much. Van Horn's coming over."

"What for?"

Danasz shrugged his big shoulders. "How do I know?" he said, peering into the violin case. "Why do directors ever come to hear they pictures scored? Close they eyes, listen to some music, tell me to change a coupla notes, go home and tell they wives about music. They got nothing else to do for a while." Danasz touched the face of the violin lightly with his third finger. "What do you think, Papa Amati, ha?" he said. "Pietro thinks he can change you into an American fella. I don't think so, though. What do you say, ha?" Danasz took the violin out of its case and began to tune it, plucking it lightly close against his face.

PETER watched him, smiling patiently. They always wanted to fool around with the Amati, even sousaphone players. Peter didn't mind so long as they were musicians. Danasz' big fingers held it as gently, as securely as a competent doctor's hold an infant. All his life Peter had seen musicians, from his grandfather onward, handle the Amati like that.

Danasz tucked the instrument under his chin and began to tighten the bow. "You know, Pietro," he said, "you know what was in Hollywood when Papa Amati made this fiddle, ha? A couple Indians. No more."

Peter laughed. "Hollywood! You know what was in New York City? Coupla more Indians."

Danasz nodded and stroked the bow rapidly across the strings several times. Peter closed his eyes, stuck out his tongue, and held both hands to his stomach. "Better you wave a stick," he said.

Whatever Danasz had been going to say went out over his head, his face broke into a quick smile and he called over Peter's shoulder, "Van. Hello, Van. They told me you might be coming around. Real nice to see you again." He stepped past Peter, holding out his hand.

Leslie van Horn, the director, took it. "I probably won't be able to stay through the whole session," he said, looking around him, "but I'll stay until my office calls me." He spoke precisely, with what would have been the residue of an English accent had he not been born in Michigan.

He was a foot shorter than Danasz, a chunky, heavy-set man with a big bald head, which he held tilted back as he talked. He wore a studiously mussy gray flannel shirt and a black knitted tie under a loose-fitting Norfolk jacket tailored of dun-colored corduroy. On his feet were extraordinarily thick-soled bluchers, which gleamed like a general's boots even in the dim light of the sound stage. Van Horn had been in Hollywood almost twice as long as Danasz and earned exactly two and a quarter times as much. "Well, are we ready?" he said.

"It's kinda early, Van," Danasz said. "Some of the boys aren't here yet." Van Horn looked at his watch. Danasz continued: "What do you say we sit down, Van, ha? I want to tell you about the music. I got some very terrific original music. You know, I ran the picture seven times all through, all alone in a room by myself, before I wrote down a single note just to get the touch of it, you know how I mean, Van? Seven times I watched it right through—"

Danasz led Van Horn toward some canvas chairs near the podium out of Peter's earshot. Peter bent over to close his fiddle case. "Yi, yi," he said to himself, "that's not so easy to be musical director. Seven times." Only the week before, he and Helen had seen Van Horn's last picture at their local movie house—an extravagant and somewhat independently conceived account of the life and times of Charlemagne—and both of them had later admitted to having been overtaken by a sort of gnawing drowsiness.

"That Danasz, seven times," Peter repeated. "Yi."

In the sort of time in which each man unconsciously waited for the next man to start something happening, ten minutes passed by. Then Danasz' huge voice rolled around the place. "Toscanini's a bum!" he shouted delightedly. "Looka that, just take a look, Van. Four concertmasters. Hey, Pietro! Murray! Where's that Schultz guy? Come on over!" Danasz, standing beside Van Horn's chair, was laughing and flapping his day's call sheet over his head. Peter, the other men Danasz had called and a dozen more moved in around Van Horn's chair.

"You talk about orchestras, Van," Danasz was saying, "where do you think you're going to find an orchestra like this one, ha? Just now I'm looking down the list of my first fiddle players for today and I notice—four concertmasters! Not one, four I got. Look, Van." Danasz waved his hand proudly from man to man like a prize-fight announcer. "Murray, concertmaster, Kansas City; Lencioni, Milan; Skillin, Pittsburgh; Schultz, Oslo. Where else in the world, Van, ha? Where you going to find a fiddle section like that in one orchestra?"

VAN HORN smiled, crossing his legs and leaning back in the canvas chair. "Yes, it's remarkable," he said, speaking to Danasz, "and you're right. I've spoken about it again and again. The best orchestra in the world, sure, here it is; the best musicians, the best writers, the best actors, directors, every kind of artist from every corner on earth—the best are right here. That's the way it seems to have turned out."

Danasz was beaming. "That's right," he said. "You right, Van. I thought maybe four concertmasters—you know, maybe we got a good story on the picture for publicity, ha?"

"Sure," Van Horn smiled, "none of

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a highball.

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it's bad, you know. Remember to tell Eddie Phillips when you see him."

"Maybe I'll call Eddie now, ha?"

But Van Horn held up his hand, shaking his head good-naturedly. "No, not right now. Eddie's busy on the press book. He'll be around after a while."

For an instant Danasz looked crestfallen, then his eyes fell on Peter. "And Lencioni here, Van," he said; "today he gets to be an American citizen, final papers."

"Well," Van Horn said, nodding. "Good boy."

"I'll tell Eddie Phillips about Lencioni too, ha?"

"Do that," said Van Horn.

"Lencioni's got an Amati fiddle, Van, you know?" Danasz continued. "They had old Pietro in a camp during the war, you know? And those dopes didn't know one kinda fiddle from another kind and they let him keep it."

Van Horn frowned. "Amati," he said, not permitting his voice to ask a question, "that's—ah—that's not truly comparable to a Stradivarius I—"

Danasz' big laugh interrupted him. "Excuse me if I laugh, Van," he said, "but you probably forgot. Nicolò Amati, he's the fella who taught Stradivari how to make a fiddle, you remember?" Van Horn said nothing. "You talk about fiddles, Van. These four boys really got some fiddles. I didn't think just like this before, but these four boys really got something to see. Murray's got a Strad, beautiful violin, Lencioni's Amati, and Schultz and Skillin both got Guarnieris. You probably know Guarnerius, Van, ha? He's a master fiddle maker the same time as Stradivari. Why, you know Paganini, Van, he wouldn't touch another violin but a Guarnieri. You want to see them?"

Van Horn didn't answer directly. "That's quite a collection," he said. "I suppose instruments like that must represent quite an investment."

It was Danasz who answered. "I'll tell you, Van," he said happily, "they don't give them away with a carton of cigarettes, I'll tell you that."

"No, I dare say not," said Van Horn. "What do you suppose they *are* worth, in the aggregate?"

"Worth?" Danasz repeated. "The fiddles? All four? Zzzz! Fifty-five, sixty thousand dollars."

Van Horn looked up at him quickly. "Sixty thousand?" he said.

"Sure, easy," said Danasz, whose estimate, at that, was probably off by no more than ten or fifteen per cent.

Van Horn then looked up at the four concertmasters for a moment, seeing what they looked like. Then he got up deliberately and walked to the telephone, set on a stand in the middle of the stage, and picked it up. "Publicity," he said, and after waiting a moment, he said, "Van Horn. Tell Eddie Phillips I want him on stage eleven. I've worked out an item for him. Tell him now." He hung up and returned, smiling, to the group around his chair. He didn't comment on his call. "Can't we start now?" he said to Danasz.

"All right, boys," Danasz called. "What do you say?"

AS PETER took his seat at the left of the podium and began arranging the music on his stand he watched carefully the faces of the other three concertmasters out of the corner of his eye. He was looking for something in their faces which he supposed must be in his own. But he was able to detect nothing in particular. They were Murray, Skillin and Schultz, symphony concertmasters, well-paid, busy violinists, preparing to do their job. Peter shook his head quickly, feeling foolish.

He looked at his wrist watch. Six hours before he would be an American. He found that he was able to put it out of his consciousness for the time being. He realized he had been a little childish about the ceremony itself. That wasn't the way a man became an American, all in a minute. It took time, like all good things.

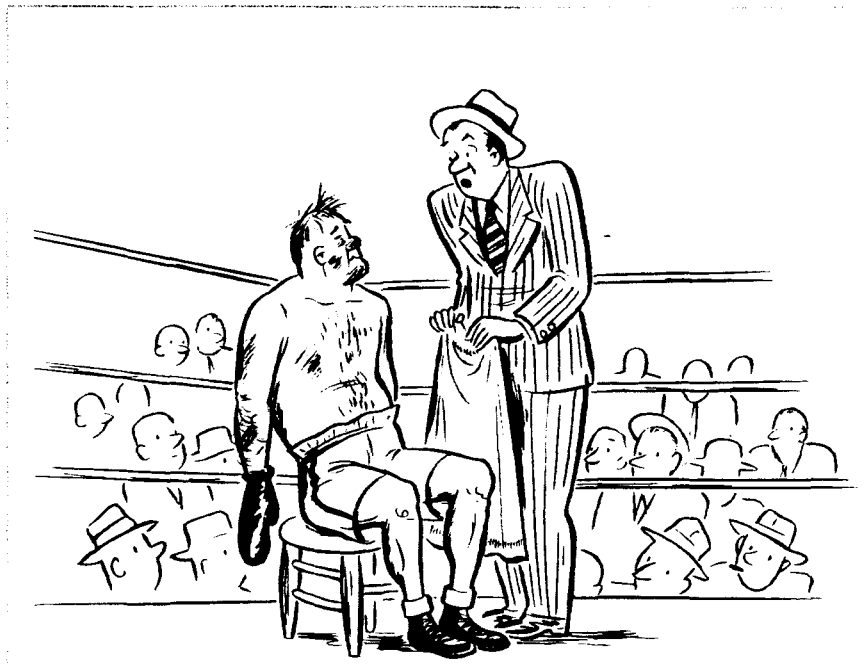
Danasz rapped his baton against his music stand. "Okay," he said, "let's go. Two flats."

"Wait," Peter said, looking strangely at his music. "I got four sharps. I got the wrong music for this thing—"

"You shut up, Lencioni," Danasz interrupted. "We know what to play. Let's go." Danasz brought down his baton, and the orchestra, the best orchestra in the world, smashed out the first bars of The Star-Spangled Banner. Peter found himself sawing out an independent, discordant melody in two sharps. The music of the eighty-man orchestra swelled in all its great force and echoed and hammered back again.

When Peter looked up, Danasz was shaking with laughter. *"Per voi, Pietro!"* he shouted above the din.

Then Peter saw that all their eyes were on him. It was an elaborate gag and one which had been well kept. In a moment, as they watched his face, the wind-instrument men started to break up, unable to blow their instruments any longer. Then Peter, too, started to laugh, and in no time he had found their key on his grandfather's Amati. THE END



"You got him making wild swings, all right, but try to keep out of the way of them"

COLLIER'S — DAVID HUFFINE

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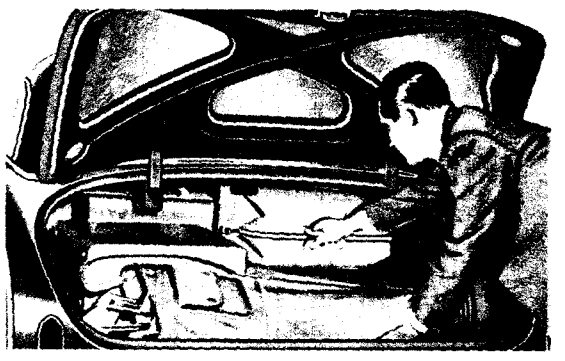

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The Case of the Negligent Nymph

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

"What do you mean?" she asked, startled.

"You're getting out of here," Mason told her. "Judge Lankershim admitted you to twenty-five hundred dollars' bail, and a surety company has put up the money."

"But doesn't the surety company demand money from me as collateral security, or something?"

"Oh, I have an arrangement with them," Mason said airily. "You can get your things together and go on home. Where do you live, incidentally? I may be able to drive you home."

"I live at the Monadnock Hotel Apartments."

Mason said, "I'm going to be busy. We stole a march on the newspapers. No one expected any fireworks. We walked into court, and gave Alder a very bad ten minutes."

"Did he say anything about the—"

Mason glanced significantly in the direction of the matron, and said, "He started to let the cat out of the bag, and then tried to catch himself in time."

The matron said with a laugh, "Don't mind me, Mr. Mason. I have one-way ears. Perhaps I'd better withdraw for a while. You have the bail bond and the order for release?"

Mason handed her the papers.

"Okay," she said. "I'll be back here when you're ready to go. Now, if you'll excuse me a moment, I have another matter to attend to."

She stepped out of the office.

DOROTHY FENNER said in a quick anxious voice, "Wasn't anything said about the paper?"

"Certainly not," Mason said. "He got excited and said something about a bottle, then he hastily tried to claim that you had a bottle to carry the jewels in."

"All fifty thousand dollars' worth of them, I suppose," she said bitterly.

"Well," Mason said, grinning, "that amount got whittled materially. It hadn't occurred to him that the insurance company might be interested in this. And then I dropped a bombshell by stating that we were going to sue him for defamation of character. I wouldn't be surprised if you heard from Mr. Alder and found that he wanted to patch things up."

"And what do I tell him?"

Mason said, "You tell him precisely this: 'See my lawyer.' That's all. Can you remember to tell him that?"

"Yes."

"And newspapermen may be calling on you," Mason went on. "I want you to tell them that you are not in a position to make any statement. Can you remember to do that? Can I trust you?"

"But, Mr. Mason, what are we going to do now? How are we ever going to get that paper that was in the bottle brought into evidence? It seems to me now that we're—well, we're doing all this fighting just to get back to where we started."

"And that," Mason told her, "is what comes of not doing what I told you to do at the start. However, don't worry too much about the evidence now. Alder is on the defensive, and I don't think he likes being on the defensive. Now let's get started."

"Where are you going to be?" she asked. "Can I get in touch with you later on tonight if anything should develop?"

Mason said, "If anything really important should turn up, ring up the Drake Detective Agency; that's a detective agency that has offices in the same building as mine and on the same floor. They're just to the right of the elevator as you leave the elevator. You ask for Paul Drake, and he'll know how to get a message to me, but don't call unless it's something very important, and don't let anyone stampede you into talking. They may try all sorts of tricks, but don't let them get away with it."

She took his hand in both of hers. "Mr. Mason," she said, "you . . . I can't . . ." Her voice choked up and tears were in her eyes.

"That's all right," Mason told her. "You just sit tight and carry on as though nothing had happened."

She blinked back the tears. "But, Mr. Mason, somehow—that paper."

"You leave all that to me," Mason said.

"But I don't see how you can—unless I make a statement now."

"You keep absolutely quiet," Mason warned. "Say nothing to anyone. Now we'll get the matron, have you released and I'll drop you at your apartment house after we get to the city." . . .

Mason found Della Street waiting in the private office.

"Well," she asked, "what happened?"

Mason chuckled. "Alder had to make *some* explanation to his guests. He said the unknown thief had broken into his house and stolen fifty thousand dollars' worth of gems. At the time he didn't realize that Dorothy Fenner had left a bath towel, bathing cap and a rubber bag on his property near the illuminated sign, so he embellished the burglary with a lot of lurid details.

"Then the police ran down the clue of the laundry mark on the towel and found Dorothy.

"Naturally, Alder is a little flabbergasted. Then when I pointed out to him that all of his jewelry was insured, and the insurance company would expect him to make a claim of loss—and he knew damned well that the insurance company would be suspicious of the whole setup—well, he began to lose his ardor very rapidly."

Della Street said, "You have a visitor waiting in the reception room, Chief. He said he'd wait until I closed up the office *no matter what time it was.*"

"Who?" Mason asked.

"Mr. Dorley H. Alder."

Mason gave a low whistle.

"He told me he simply had to see you tonight."

Mason, narrowed his eyes in thought for a moment, then said, "Try to fix the time when he came, Della. I want to find whether it was before or after George Alder began to realize he had a bear by the tail."

"It must have been before. He's been waiting since—oh, I'd say since quarter past four."

"Describe him, Della."

"So far as looks are concerned, that's a cinch, but on his character it isn't so easy. He's in the middle sixties, well-dressed and well-preserved, shaggy-eyebrowed and gray-haired. But there's something about the man which hits you with—well, not an impact, exactly. It catches you on your blind side. It's not exactly a benevolence. It's a quiet power—something in his manner and in the tone of his voice."

"Let's take a look at him," Mason said. "He sounds interesting."

"Definitely," Della Street said. "The man's interesting, but he's nobody's fool and I'll bet that this is the first time he's waited any length of time in anyone's reception room."

"Okay, Della," Mason said. "Bring him in."

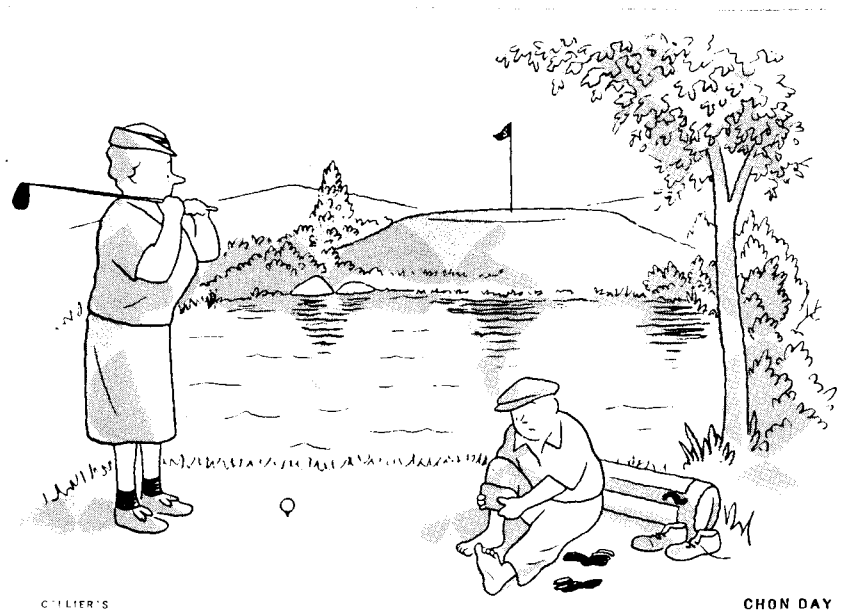
The lawyer seated himself at his desk, pulled some letters toward him which Della Street had placed on his desk for signature, and said, "I'll be signing mail when he comes in. It's the conventional thing to do, you know—appear busy."

"You just keep right on signing them," Della Street said, laughing. "I want them to get in the mail tonight. I'll bring him in."

Mason was signing the last of the letters when Della Street opened the door and said, "Right in here, Mr. Alder."

Mason blotted the signature, dropped the pen back into its holder, and looked up to met steady gray eyes, which were surmounted by shaggy eyebrows.

"Mr. Alder," Mason said, arising and extending his hand.



ALDER shook hands without actually smiling. His eyes softened into a twinkle for a moment, then were once more keen, hard and probing.

He was a thick, powerful man, and in repose his face had deeply etched lines which, together with the keen scrutiny of his eyes, gave an impression of calmness, and of poised power.

Dorley Alder seated himself comfortably in the big overstuffed client's chair and seemed to fill it completely.

That big leather chair was one of Mason's most subtle psychological weapons. The cushions were deep and soft. Clients who sat in it were inclined to relax physically and, in so doing, get off their guard, or, in more urgent matters, they would come forward to the extreme edge of the chair as if fearing to let themselves go.

Mason had worked out a system of card-indexing clients based upon the manner in which they occupied this chair. Some tried to hide from the realities of the world in its protecting depths; others squirmed uneasily; but there were a few people who could sit there comfortably and fill the chair. Dorley Alder was one. His powerful personality made the chair seem merely an article of furniture.

"I gather you wanted to see me about a matter of considerable importance," Mason said.

"Mr. Mason, are you familiar with our company—the Alder Associates, Incorporated?"

"I've heard something about it."

"Do you know generally about the setup?"

"Did you," Mason countered, "wish to consult me about that?"

"Not entirely," Dorley Alder said, "but I don't want to waste time telling you things you already know."

"You might assume that I know nothing," Mason said.

THE frosty gray eyes hardened. "That would be an insult to your intelligence and to mine, Mr. Mason," Dorley Alder said. "You are representing a syndicate which holds a rather considerable acreage adjoining some of our holdings."

Mason said nothing.

"And," Dorley Alder went on, "we happen to know the syndicate has been very anxious to sign an oil lease, but the drilling company will not go ahead with development work unless it can also control our acreage. Not only have we refused to consolidate our holdings with yours for the purposes of the lease, but, frankly, we were quite definitely manipulating things so as to force your clients to sell out their holdings for a fraction of their value. A little financial squeeze here, a little political pressure there. Under those circumstances, Mr. Mason, to think that you would be entirely ignorant of the nature of our little corporation would be a reflection on your own abilities as an attorney, and my perspicacity as an opponent."

"Go right ahead," Mason said, grinning, "it's your party. Start serving the refreshments whenever you get ready."

A twinkle of humor softened Dorley Alder's eyes. There was something almost hypnotic about the calm cadences of his voice. "I will assume that you have made such a survey, Mr. Mason; that you have probed for points of weakness, and that you may perhaps have found some. As you are probably aware, the actual control of the corporation is in the hands of my nephew, George S. Alder.

"George is relatively a young man, Mr. Mason. I am in the middle sixties. I am taking it for granted that you are familiar with the terms of the trust under which my brother left stock in the corporation."

"That trust covers all the stock?" Mason asked.

"All of it," Dorley said.

"Very well," Mason told him. "Go ahead."

"Corinne Lansing, George's half sister, had, of course, an equal interest."

Mason merely nodded.

"She disappeared."

Again Mason nodded.

"Under the circumstances," Dorley Alder said, "while there are some temporary expedients which we can resort to, we are advised that not until seven years have elapsed can we legally prove that she is dead."

"No comment," Mason said, smiling. "I have enough trouble advising my own clients without checking another lawyer's opinions."

"Of course," Alder went on, "that is true in case we have merely an unex-

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plained disappearance. If we can find circumstantial evidence to indicate an actual death, that would be another matter."

"I'm quite certain you didn't want to consult me about that," Mason said.

Dorley said, "I'm merely outlining a situation."

"Go on with the outline."

"In the event Corinne should still be alive, the situation in regard to the control of the company might change very drastically. At the present time under the trust, I am merely a minority stockholder so far as votes are concerned. If Corinne were alive, I have reason to believe she would, perhaps, see things my way."

"You had something specific in mind?" Mason asked.

DORLEY ALDER said, "Mr. Mason, you and I are businessmen. Why not speak frankly?"

"You're doing the talking. I'm listening frankly."

Dorley Alder smiled, said, "This little window dressing, Mr. Mason, this story about the stolen gems. That's all right for the public, but for you and me the situation is different."

"How different?"

"I have reason to believe that Dorothy Fenner entered that house. I think she entered it for the purpose of getting a letter. I am very much interested in that letter."

"How interested?" Mason asked.

"Quite interested."

"And precisely what do you know about the letter?" Mason asked.

"I know that a letter was found by a beachcomber. I know that letter had been written on the stationery of the Thayerbelle, which is George's yacht. I understand that it was written by Minerva Danby, a woman who was washed overboard and drowned during a sudden, very severe storm."

"And what else do you want to know?" Mason asked.

"I would like to know very, very much what that letter contained."

Mason studied the man thoughtfully. "Do you want to know the contents of the letter, or merely whether I know the contents of the letter?"

"I want to know the contents."

"And suppose the contents were significant, just what would be the advantage to us in communicating them to you?"

"You would have a valuable ally, Mr. Mason," Dorley Alder said.

"In this business," Mason said, smiling, "the difficult thing is to tell whether you're making an ally, or simply arming an enemy at your rear."

"You have my word, Mr. Mason—and I am very fond of Dorothy."

Mason took from his pocket the copy of the letter which had been made on Dorothy Fenner's portable typewriter. He handed it to Dorley Alder without comment.

The older man all but grabbed at the letter in his eagerness. He started reading rapidly, his eyes shifting back and forth from line to line. When he had finished, he lowered the letter to his lap, sat for a moment gazing vacantly at the opposite wall of the office. Then he said softly, "Good heavens."

Mason gently reached forward and, taking advantage of Dorley Alder's preoccupied concentration, slipped the copy of the letter from the man's lap, folded it and put it back in his pocket.

"Good Lord!" Dorley said, almost to himself. "I had suspected something, but nothing like that—nothing at all like that."

"It gave you a jolt?" Mason asked.

Dorley Alder said, "George is a peculiar boy—a most peculiar boy, Mr. Mason. The man will not permit anything to stand in his way. Once he makes up his mind to a certain course of conduct, I believe he would sacrifice his own life or the life of anyone else to carry out his purpose. Mr. Mason, I *must* see the original of that letter."

"I'm sorry, but that's impossible."

"Why is it impossible?"

"A copy was made of the letter. The original letter then disappeared."

Sudden anger diffused over Dorley Alder's countenance. "Good Lord, Mr. Mason, are you trying to play games like that with me?"

"I am telling you that this is a copy of the letter that was in that bottle."

"Stuff and nonsense."

"An exact copy," Mason went on.

"How do you know it's an exact copy?"

"I can assure you that it is," Mason said.

Dorley Alder said, "I'm afraid that you're either being victimized by your client, or that you're trying to victimize me. I— No, Mason, I'm sorry. That slipped out. I lost my self-control because I'm so bitterly disappointed. I was hoping you had that original letter in your possession or that your client did. I had every reason to believe such was the case."

Mason said, "This is a copy."

"Who says so?"

"My client."

"Poof!"

"And," Mason went on, "one other witness who compared it with the original, a witness whose name I'm not prepared to disclose at the moment."

Dorley Alder's face lighted up. "You mean there is a disinterested witness who can vouch for the accuracy of this copy?"

"Yes."

"That," Dorley Alder said, "is different."

"Quite different," Mason assured him.

"Does George know that letter was copied?"

"I don't think so."

"He may suspect it?"

"He may."

"Did George manage to get that letter back?"

"There's every indication that he did."

Dorley Alder sat in silent thought for several seconds, then he turned to Mason and said impressively, "Mr. Mason, I want you to keep away from George Alder. I want your client to keep away from George Alder. I am particularly concerned about her. If George has any idea that she has a copy of that letter she— Well, in the interests of safety, in the interests of preserving her life, I feel that she should take steps to safeguard herself. She is in custody now, and—"

"She isn't any longer," Mason said. "She was released on bail about an hour ago."

"She was?"

"That's right."

"And where is she now?"

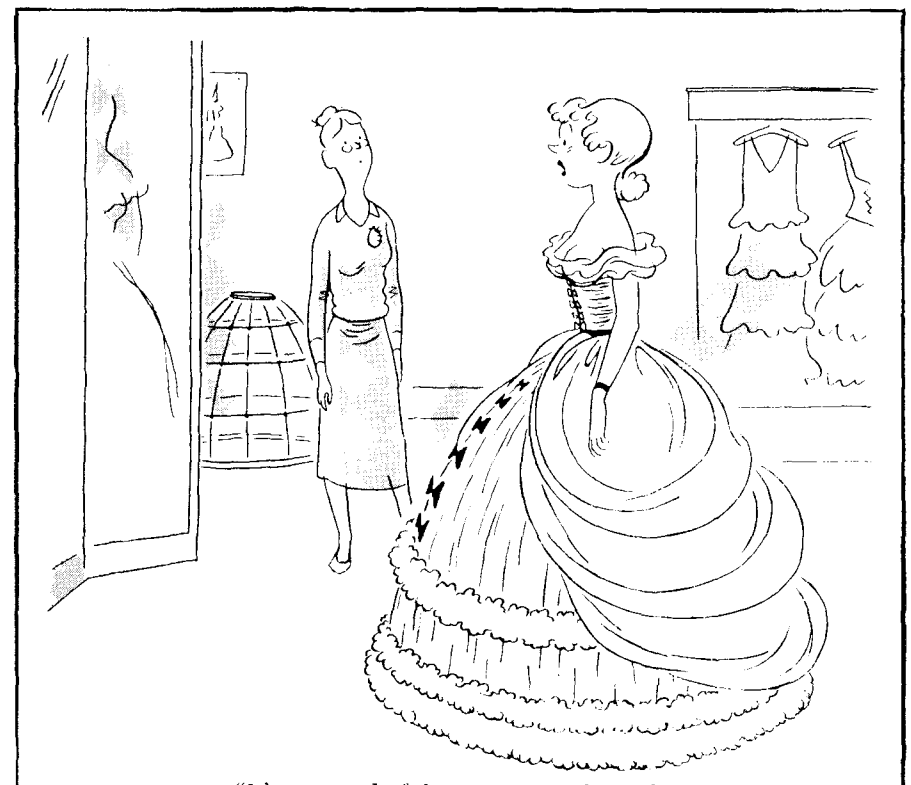
"At her apartment, I believe."

Dorley Alder pushed his way up out of the depths of the big chair, said to Mason, "Keep her away from George Alder. Stay away from George Alder yourself. Safeguard the copy of that letter. You may hear from me within the next day or two. Remember what I told you, Mr. Mason. You have made a valuable ally."

"Just a minute," Mason said. "There are two questions I should like to ask."

"What are they?"

"How did you learn about that letter in the bottle?"



COLLIER'S "It's a wonderful costume. The only trouble is, my feet don't reach the floor" NED HILTON

"Frankly, I learned as much as I knew from my nephew, George S. Alder. He started to confide in me, then changed his mind. I knew enough to know there had been such a letter.

"I wanted to find out more about it. I asked Dorothy if she had heard anything about it. She hadn't. I hoped my question would inspire her to make inquiries of Pete Cadiz.

"And your second question, Mr. Mason?"

"Why are you so afraid of George?"

"I'm not."

"But you've emphasized that I am not to go near him, and that —"

"Oh, that!"

"Yes, that."

"Well, Mr. Mason, I, personally, am not afraid of him. When he is crossed he has rages that are terrible. When Corinne disappeared in this fit of suicidal despondency, I fear it may have been caused in part by a difference of opinion she was having with him. He flew down to South America to get her to sign some papers. It is my understanding that she first turned him down, then refused to see him after that and—well, you know the rest. Frankly, I don't feel he ever forgave the poor sick girl for not yielding to his demands.

"However, I have answered this second question perhaps too fully. I must leave, at once."

He bowed to Della Street, shook hands with Mason, turned toward the corridor door and said, "I can get out this way?"

Mason nodded.

"Say nothing about my having been here," Dorley Alder said, "nothing to anyone."

He strode to the exit door, opened it and walked out without once looking back, yet managed to maintain the dignity and power of his presence even by the set of his shoulders and the lines of his back. It was as though some big grizzly bear, moving slowly yet with definite purpose, were brushing obstacles aside.

Mason and his secretary were silent for some seconds after the door had closed.

"Well?" Della Street asked at length.

Mason said, "Get Dorothy Fenner on the phone, Della. Tell her that I am anxious to have her keep away from George Alder, and for the moment not to be available to Dorley Alder."

Della Street raised her eyebrows.

"Anything that Dorley has to say to her," Mason explained, "can be said through me. You may or may not have noticed it, Della, but the man was careful to say that *all* the shares of stock were in the trust."

"And?" she asked.

"Carmen Monterrey is supposed to hold ten shares that aren't in the trust."

Della Street thought that over. "And could those ten shares be important?"

"They might be damned important."

"Then we didn't make an ally after all, Chief?"

"That," Mason said, "will be disclosed in due time."

"And what's due time?"

"Damn' soon," he said grinning.

THE knock on the door of Dorothy Fenner's apartment was quietly insistent, yet there was something almost apologetic in the gentle, steady tapping.

Dorothy Fenner walked to the door, jerked it open and said, irritably, "I wish you newspaper people would telephone before you try storming the door. I've been—"

She stopped in startled dismay.

"May I come in?" George Alder asked.

She stood to one side, without speaking, holding the door open for him.

"The newspaper people have been here?" he asked.

She nodded.

"That's good," he said.

"Sit down," she invited.

"Lock the door, please."

She hesitated an appreciable instant, then turned the knurled knob on the door, putting the bolt into place.

It was an old-fashioned apartment, with old-fashioned furniture, but there was a certain roominess about it, and the ceilings were high. Woodwork and furniture were dark, which by day made it gloomy and depressing, by night furnished an atmosphere of genteel respectability.

Alder said, "All right, what are your terms?"

"What do you mean?" she asked.

Alder settled himself in the straight-backed chair near the table. There was something in his pose which made it seem he was on the point of pulling out checkbook and fountain pen.

"I made a fool of myself," he admitted.

She watched him with outward hostility as her mind suddenly started adjusting itself to this new development.

"Why the sudden burst of conscience?" she asked.

"It isn't conscience, it's business."

"Any business can be discussed with my lawyer, Perry Mason."

"Don't be a fool!"

"What's foolish about that?"

"He's rich. He makes more every day than you do in a month."

"What does that have to do with it?" Dorothy asked.

"I'm prepared to be decent and rea-

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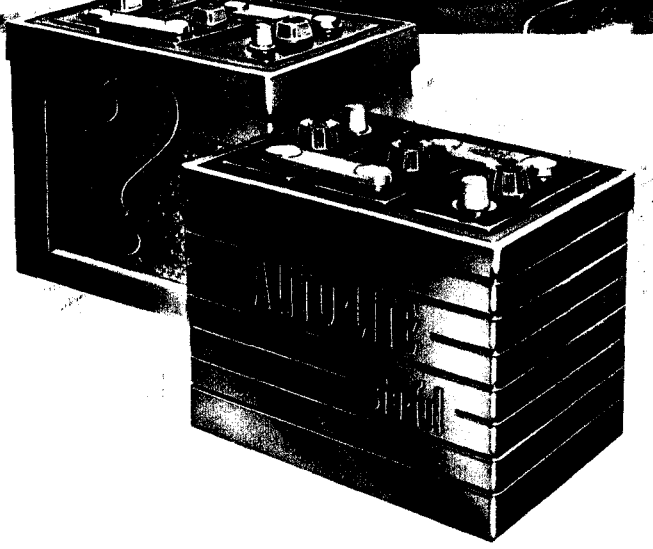
Which is really Irene Dunne?

STARRING IN
"I Remember Mama"
AN RKO PICTURE
(see answer below)



Batteries also look alike, but

AUTO-LITE

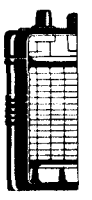
Sta-ful

needs water only 3 times a year*

*In normal car use

YES, batteries look alike, but you can score yourself 100% when you buy the Auto-Lite "Sta-ful," the battery that needs water only 3 times a year.* In addition, "Sta-ful" Batteries have Fibreglass mats for longer battery life. Score yourself 100%, too, if you picked the girl at the left as the beautiful Irene Dunne, star of RKO's "I Remember Mama." The girl at the right is Kay Smith of Port Chester, New York, who, on trips to neighboring cities, is often mistaken for Miss Dunne. Remember, car batteries may look alike, but be wise—buy an Auto-Lite "Sta-ful." Money cannot buy a better battery.

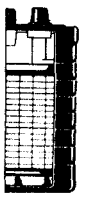
Toledo 1 **AUTO-LITE BATTERY CORPORATION** Ohio



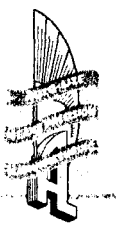
HERE'S HOW IT WORKS

Plates at right are kept fully covered because of the big liquid reserve in the AUTO-LITE "Sta-ful" Battery.

A large portion of plates at left are exposed and inactive because of the small liquid reserve contained in the ORDINARY Battery.



Liquid level shown in both batteries after equal evaporation.



TUNE IN "SUSPENSE!"...CBS RADIO NETWORK THURSDAYS...CBS TELEVISION TUESDAYS

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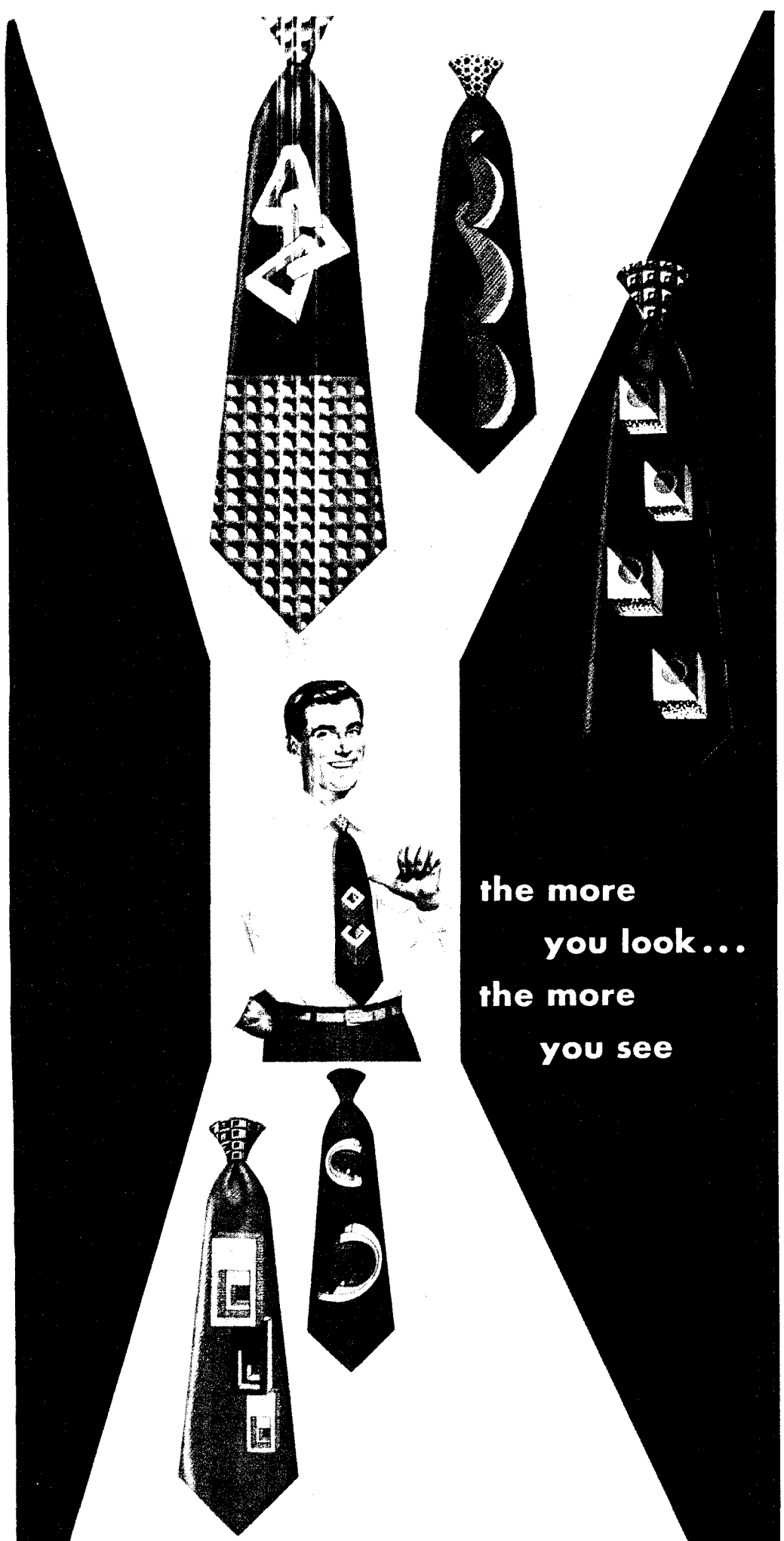

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Eye-teasing and eye-pleasing! Van Heusen 3-dimensional patterns are stand-outs in any crowd... add new perspective to your outlook. They're the perfect tie-up with new pastel shirts and stunning with white! Tailored with famous Van Heusen skill, in fine fabrics that stay knotable... stay in shape! Van Heusen 3-dimensionals are something extra for you, **$1.50.**

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sonable. All this newspaper notoriety has hurt you. You've probably lost your job. I'll compensate you for the damage I've caused, but there's no reason for you to pay Perry Mason part of your money."

"You'll pay him?"

"Don't be a fool. I'm not that dumb. I might be willing to pay you for the damage to you. I'll be damned if I support a lawyer with any of my money."

She had moved toward the telephone. Now she paused to think that over.

"You're a working girl," he told her. "You'd better start using your brain."

SHE walked back toward him and seated herself on the arm of a bamboo easy chair, one arm over the back of the chair, the other indolently at her side, her left leg crossed over her right knee. A movie star being interviewed for one of the fan magazines had assumed this pose and it had been extremely effective. Dorothy Fenner had tried it, liked it, and filed it away for future use.

"Let's be frank with each other, Dorothy," Alder said. "If Minerva Danby wrote that letter, it's absolutely false. Frankly, I don't think she wrote it. I think it's a forgery. I think that it's all either part of a hoax, or a trap so that someone can lay the foundation for blackmail."

Dorothy Fenner's pose remained unchanged.

"However, when that bottle came into my possession and I read that astounding letter," Alder continued, "I wanted time to think—and I wanted time to investigate. So I started an inquiry on that Los Merritos thing. It's absolutely false from beginning to end. And I want you to believe me, that I didn't see Minerva Danby at all that night. In fact, Dorothy, I just can't account for that letter."

He was talking earnestly now, apparently really trying to convince her. Dorothy Fenner had sense enough to realize that silence had so far been her best move. She merely watched him, letting him see she was listening, afraid to say anything lest he find out the cards she held were not as high as he had feared—interested now in just how far the man would go, just what sort of proposition he was prepared to make. After all there could be no harm in listening. She could always call Perry Mason after she had heard what Alder had to say.

"It's the truth," Alder said, pleading with her now for her belief. "I was detained in town. I had intended to shove off about eight o'clock that night, but I didn't get down to the yacht until after eleven. I gave the captain orders to shove off and I didn't check the weather or pay very much attention to it.

"About half an hour out, one of those terrific windstorms came swooping down and caught us out in the middle of everything. It was quite a blow. I was on the bridge with the captain nearly all night. I asked him about Minerva Danby. He said she was in one of the staterooms and had gone to bed.

"Well, you know what happened. In the morning, I waited for her to join me at breakfast. When she didn't show up, I sent the steward to her room. The room was empty, the bed hadn't been slept in. I thought for a while she might have gone ashore, but the crew told me she hadn't left the yacht. It had been a terribly rough passage going over, and we'd taken a bit of water, nothing too serious, but we'd had a few of them come over the lower deck. However, you couldn't possibly think that she could have washed overboard, and there doesn't seem to be any reason for thinking it could have been—"

"You mean murder?" Dorothy Fenner asked calmly.

He jerked himself more erect in the chair. His eyes rebuked her. "Certainly not. I meant suicide."

"I see," she said.

"However," he went on, "her body was found, and the autopsy showed death by drowning in salt water.

"Then, after all this time, Pete Cadiz rings me up to tell me he has a letter that had been tossed overboard from the Thayerbelle. I didn't think anything of it, thought it must have been some prank, but since he'd gone to the trouble of ringing me up I told him to bring it in and I'd pay him for the trip, and—well, there I was, caught flat-footed.

"I didn't know what to do. I'm about to launch an investigation—or I was. And then you came in and stole the letter. You can realize the position in which that put me. If that letter had been published in the papers— Well, I lost my head, I guess. You see, the guests had seen you jumping out of the window with something in your hand. They insisted that I must notify the police.

"I was desperately afraid that the police might catch you and find that bottle in your possession and yet I had no alternative. Hang it, I was in a position where I had to call the police.

"But first, of course, we tried to run you down. By the time we spotted that canoe, I had a pretty good idea what must have happened, and when we went down through the yacht anchorage and I saw your yacht there, I felt certain.

"I had to make up some story for the police, so I pulled the one about the gems, thinking I could perhaps work things out afterward."

"You got the letter back?" she asked.

ALDER'S face was grim. "You can thank your lucky stars that I got that letter back. Otherwise you might not have been alive the next morning. I am not accustomed to being pushed around, my dear—and on this matter my reputation is at stake."

She tried to keep fear from her eyes. "What do you want?"

"Only to know who your accomplice was, how you learned of the letter, and to insure your silence—by some of the more satisfactory means which are available—satisfactory to you, I mean."

His smile was ingratiating, but his eyes were cold and deadly.

"How did you know where I hid the bottle?"

He laughed. "The most simple of all places, my dear. During prohibition, we yachtsmen always hid our liquor in the fresh-water tanks."

"With the letter back, you didn't have to turn me in to the police."

"I didn't turn *you* in. I merely complained of a thief—which I simply had to do. I had no idea that the police could actually find anything that would lead to you. I thought you'd be too smart for that."

He said that last reproachfully and

Charcoal Charlie Chars Again!

No lamb patties, butcher man,
No cutlets, pink and round,
No pork chops, sweetbreads, liverwurst,
No pound of round steak ground;

Cleave me a two-inch sirloin, son,
And not a fraction thinner,
I'm cooking for myself tonight,
My wife is out to dinner!

—LOYD ROSENFIELD

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she, flaring to her own defense, said, "It was that dog of yours."

"I admit that was a mistake," he said. "I shudder to think what would have happened if he'd caught you."

"Well, that's the reason I had to abandon that bath towel," she said.

"There were too many witnesses to the burglary. I couldn't back up after I'd called the police. I had to go ahead. And that damn' lawyer of yours! Why did you ever get Perry Mason?"

"What's wrong with him?"

"He's too damned clever."

"That's why I got him."

"Well, he certainly crucified me this afternoon. Of course, those damned jewels—I didn't realize at the time they were all covered by insurance, but then as soon as Mason started asking me about the insurance I knew I was licked. If I made a claim that the gems were lost, the insurance company would start an independent investigation. If I don't make a claim against the insurance company, it's going to be a giveaway, and if I do, it'll be trying to get money by false pretenses."

"What happened this afternoon?" she asked.

"That deputy district attorney got hold of me after court, and told me he didn't like my answers, and that he would have to dismiss the case if I couldn't be more co-operative. So I pushed back my chair, managed to put on quite an act, told him I was entitled to more consideration as a taxpayer, but that so far as I was concerned, he could go ahead and dismiss the case; that I'd seen enough of his courtroom tactics to know that Perry Mason would tie him up in a knot and make me a laughing-stock instead of an aggrieved victim, so I didn't give a damn. Then I turned and stalked out of the office."

"And now?" she asked.

"Now, I want to come to terms."

"What terms?"

"As a businessman, I suppose, I should say that I want to do what's right and then try to keep the figure at the lowest possible point. But I don't feel much like a businessman now. I feel like a parent, perhaps an uncle who has harmed someone whom he really loves. How much money do you want?"

"For what?"

He held up his hands as he checked off the points. "For a complete release; for complete silence on your part so far as the press is concerned, for the name of your accomplice; and for completely forgetting all about that letter."

"I don't think I could do that. I don't think it's fair. And I really didn't have an accomplice. I just happened to be picked up by a casual canoeist."

"The letter," he said impressively, "is a forgery. You have my assurance of that. Will that make it any easier for you to promise to forget?"

"How do I know it's a forgery?"

"I'll prove it to you."

"Go ahead."

"Not here. I haven't even the letter here, much less the proof. But if you'll give me the chance, my dear, I'll prove the forgery, the complete spuriousness of that letter. Then there will be nothing to prevent your being reasonable with me."

DOROTHY FENNER thought over what he had said, her eyes speculative. "And you'd give me money?"

"Of course, my dear, a large—well, shall we say an adequate sum?"

She turned her eyes to get away from his probing scrutiny. The telephone caught and held her gaze.

George Alder said, "Look, you're nervous, you're upset, and you're a little frightened of me, aren't you?"

"I think you have some ulterior motive, or you wouldn't be—"

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed impatiently. "I don't want notoriety. And I'm trying to do the right thing—"

He got to his feet.

"Dorothy," he said, "I'm going back to the beach. You think this over. Then, when you've seen the logic of my position, when you're ready to accept a very adequate cash payment and be relieved of this criminal prosecution, you will come to me and I'll prove to you that this letter is a complete falsification."

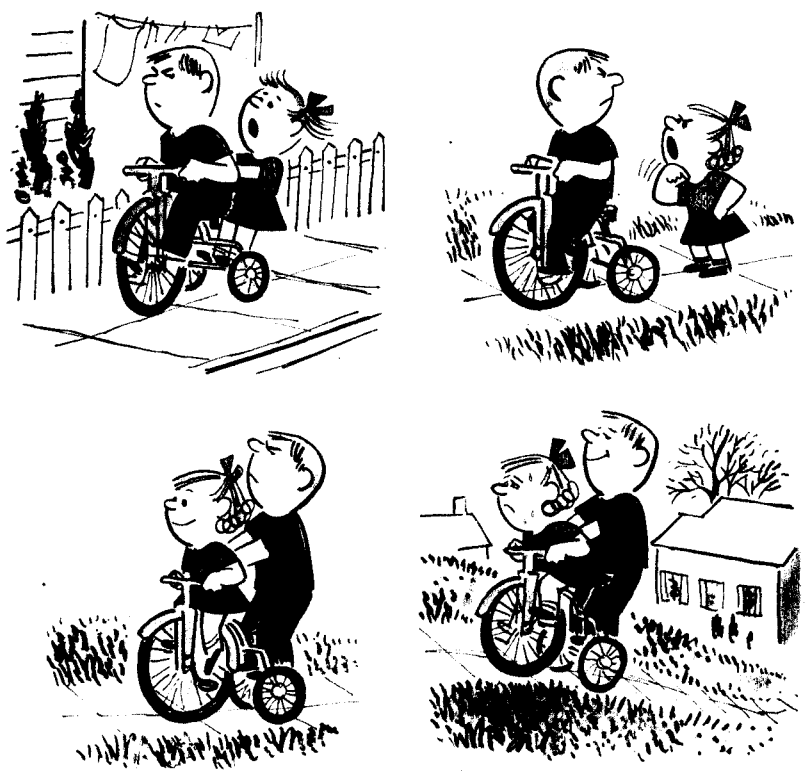
"When?"

"Any time tonight, dear. The sooner the better. I'll let the servants go and the dog will be shut up in his closet."

"Not tonight. I—"

"Tonight," he interrupted with firm

SISTER



COLLIER'S

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They feel like this
...and look like this
Your feet will get the surprise of your life! Husky, handsome, *new* shoes that feel as relaxed as *old slippers!* Soles fully flexible yet supporting your arch. It's our exclusive Vel-Flex* construction. Ask your Walk-Over dealer for a demonstration.
*Trade Mark
PENN, $17.95
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Walk-Over prices from $12.95. Higher West
Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.
75 years of fine craftsmanship, 1874-1949

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NEW YORK CITY — "Our new Dodge has such beauty, so much style, is so luxurious inside! And it cost even less than we thought!"

—Mrs. Robert S. Dennis, 148 East 48th St.

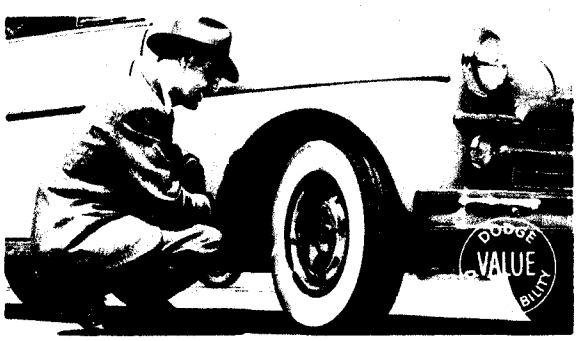
BALTIMORE, MD. — "I like the idea of my Dodge having separate fenders — easy and inexpensive to repair if bumped and damaged."

—Frank T. Scarborough, 807 East 34th St.

LOUISVILLE, KY. — "I wanted a car with plenty of head and leg room. So I shopped the market—and bought the new Dodge!"

—Carl T. Fischer, 1860 Mellwood Ave.

LISTEN! THE HOTTEST VALUE TODAY'S BIG RUGGED



MORE! Double-Life Brakes . . . Cyclebonded brake linings last up to twice as long. Wider safety-rims hold tires on wheels in case of sudden tire failure...you retain steering control. Super-cushion tires ride softer.

MORE! Master-Styled Instrument Panel . . . rich in beauty. Rotary-action controls . . . clear-view dials grouped in front of driver. A turn of the ignition switch key starts motor . . no buttons or pedals to push.

MORE! Giant Luggage Compartment . . . specially designed to add to *usable* space. Effortless spring-balanced rear deck lid—"no rattle" tool storage.

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HOUSTON, TEXAS — "If you're looking for a car that costs but little to run — take my tip, partner, and settle on Dodge like I did!"
—Shirley Helm, 1547 Kirby Drive

HOLLYWOOD, CAL. — "At last a car that makes it easy for a woman to step in and out of gracefully! That's my new Dodge!"
—Miss K. Roberta Williamson, 4451 Simpson Ave.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. — "It's a great advance in car design — the way the Dodge is bigger inside, yet more compact outside!"
—Gerald Hyde, 107 Topia Drive

FROM COAST-TO-COAST IS LOW-PRICED DODGE!

"WE'RE A DODGE FAMILY"
—say Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Oettler
Greenwich, Connecticut

"Our beautiful new Coronet is our sixth Dodge—and it's the best Dodge we've ever owned!" Mrs. Oettler is enthusiastic about new Dodge beauty and ease of handling. And Mr. Oettler remarks, "Dodge is amazingly low in price—and an outstanding value for the money."

You could pay a thousand dollars more for a car and still not get all the *extra room*, ease of *handling* and famous *ruggedness* of this beautiful new Dodge

THE BIGGER Dodge dollar buys a far bigger value! From bumper to bumper, Dodge gives you more for the money. *Yet Dodge prices start just a few dollars above the lowest-priced cars!*

Dodge is HIGHER ON THE INSIDE—so you won't knock your hat or head. Dodge is *lower outside* for a road-hugging ride. Dodge is LONGER ON THE INSIDE — so you can stretch out and ride in comfort. Dodge is *shorter outside* to make parking easier. And the big new Dodge is WIDER ON THE INSIDE — to give you welcome elbow room in both front and rear seats. Dodge is *narrower outside* so it fits your garage with room to spare!

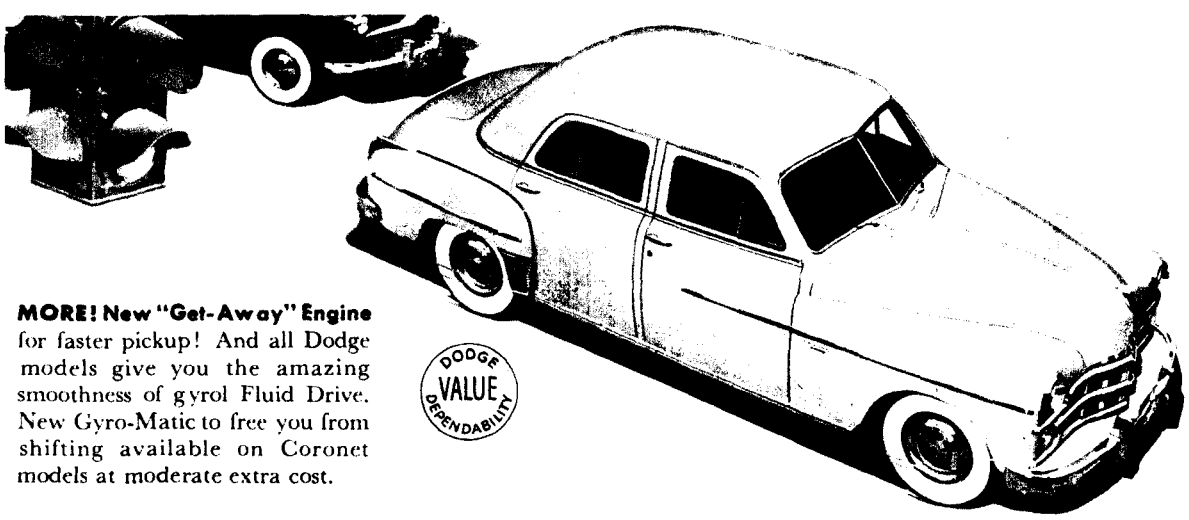
Yet this is only the *beginning* of Dodge value! Dodge gives you one feature after another to make your Dodge ride smoother, handle easier, get away faster, perform better.

See and drive today's big rugged Dodge. Learn what Dodge value and DEPENDABILITY mean in terms of long car life and low cost of upkeep.

MORE! Room For Your Head . . . and for your legs . . . for your elbows! Dodge seats are many inches wider . . . "knee level" for restful support when you ride.

MORE! Doors Open W-i-d-e! You don't have to be a "contortionist" to gracefully step in or out of a Dodge. Door-checks hold doors open until you close them.

MORE! Dodge Fenders merge into flowing lines . . . yet they are bolted on, not welded. Easy and inexpensive to repair or replace if damaged.



MORE! New "Get-Away" Engine for faster pickup! And all Dodge models give you the amazing smoothness of gyrol Fluid Drive. New Gyro-Matic to free you from shifting available on Coronet models at moderate extra cost.

The Big Rugged

DODGE

Just a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars!

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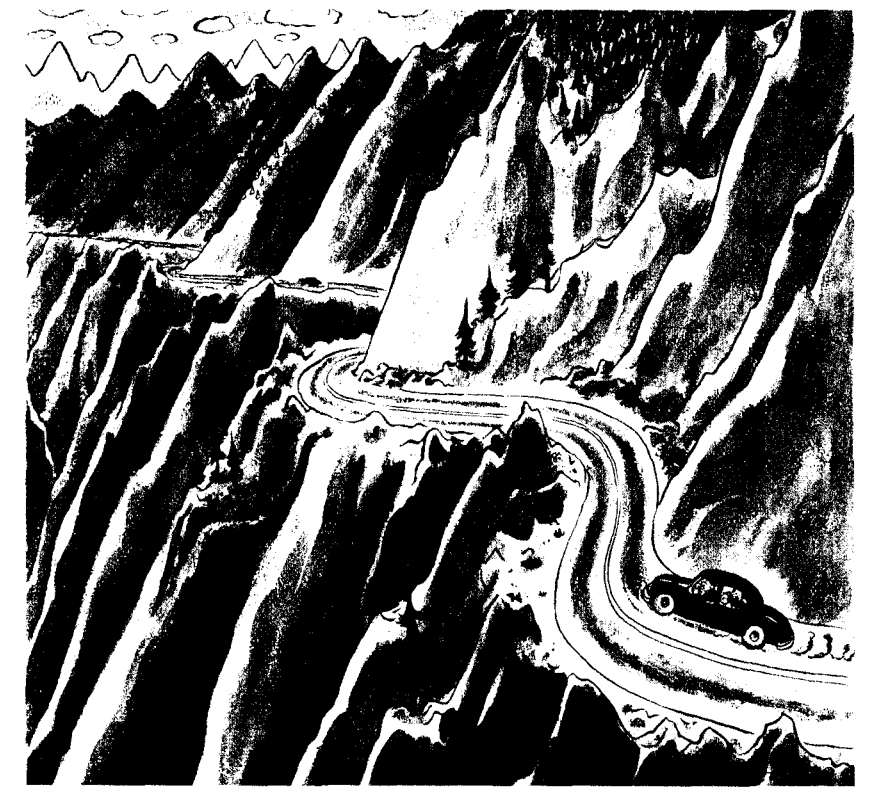
$8.95 to $15.95
(Some Higher)
Winthrop Jrs. for Boys
(Sizes 1 to 9)
$6.95 to $8.95

*Periodical brushing with an old toothbrush keeps them looking "right". Think of the time and money you save thanks to the shines you don't get.

WRITE DEPT. "J" FOR DEALER'S NAME

WINTHROP SHOES

Winthrop Shoe Co. • Div: International Shoe Company • St. Louis



COLLIER'S

"These are what prices are slightly higher west of, dear"

ROBERT DAY

insistence. "I have plans of my own to make. And remember, my dear, you're still guilty of breaking and entering, and even though you're out on bail, you're still the defendant in a criminal action. *Say nothing to anyone.* Just come and let me show you the real proof of the falsity of the charges made in that letter, and then you and I will come to a complete understanding.

"I'll be waiting, my dear, but say nothing to anyone. And it would be better if you left this hotel—shall we say surreptitiously? Your lawyer, you know, would want to have a hand in this settlement, and we don't want him to have any of *your* money. Do we, Dorothy?"

He walked rapidly to the door, paused in the doorway, and said, "Remember, I'll be there at the beach, waiting. The dog will be shut up and the servants absent. Just walk across the bridge and then around the walk to my study door. You know the way.

"Good night, Dorothy."

He closed the door behind him.

PAUL DRAKE, seated in his cubbyhole of a private office, a green plastic eyeshade pulled down over his eyes, studied a series of reports. Telephones on his desk kept him constantly in touch with the men who were out in the field. On the wall an electric clock silently paced the seconds.

Perry Mason and Della Street, using the prerogative of long friendship and the relationship of steady employers, marched unannounced down the narrow corridor, tapped perfunctorily on the door of Drake's private office, and then Mason held it open for Della Street.

Drake looked up from his reports, grinned, glanced at the clock, rubbed his eyes, and said, "I was just getting ready to knock off and go home. Where have you folks been?"

Mason slipped his arm around Della Street's waist. "Dining, dancing and relaxing, Paul. At this stage we're hiring you to do the work."

Drake said wearily, "Maybe you think it isn't work! These birds who think a private detective has glamorous adventures, plays tag with cops, spends his free time fighting off beautiful babes, should try keeping two dozen operatives working so they get results and don't fall all over one another's feet."

"What's new?" Mason asked.

"Lots of things. Nothing startling, just a lot of details that we can button into a package by morning."

"You find out anything about Corinne?" Mason asked.

"Evidently she was despondent because a close friend had walked out on her. That friend, incidentally, was Minerva Danby, who was washed overboard from George Alder's yacht.

"George Alder flew to South America when he heard his half sister was mentally sick. He arrived the evening of the day she disappeared. Circumstances indicate suicide over despondency, but her body was never found.

"Carmen Monterrey, Corinne's maid and companion, is back in this country somewhere. I've put ads in all the papers —routine wording—'If Carmen Monterrey will communicate with the undersigned, she'll learn something very much to her advantage.' I've had a blind box number on the ad, so—"

The right-hand phone on Drake's desk rang insistently. The detective motioned excuses to Mason, picked up the phone and said, "Hello . . . Okay, go ahead. What? . . . The hell you say! Okay, give me the details . . . All right, get the details and feed them in here as fast as you can. I'm sending a couple more men down to help you get the dope. I want the facts—not just what the cops say . . . All right, I'll be right here. You start digging. I'll have two men down there within half an hour."

Drake slammed the receiver, and before Mason could ask any questions, the detective held up his hand. "Just a minute, Perry," he said. "Hold everything." He grabbed the phone on his left and snapped an order to someone in the office. "Get two men down to the Alder residence on the island. I want them to help Jake. Get them started fast . . . No, I don't care what two men you take. This takes precedence over everything. Only get *good* men. This is hot!"

Drake dropped the receiver into place, pushed the green eyeshade up on his forehead and said, "George S. Alder has been murdered."

"The devil he has!" Mason said. "When did it happen?"

Della Street saw the mingled tension and irritation in Mason's face as he waited for Drake's answer.

(To be continued next week)

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Always Heading for Salt Water

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

liked it, right off, when they moved there from New York. His father taught him to sail an 11-foot catboat the first summer. Two years later Bob and his inseparable cronies, Walt and Leif Nelson, were sailing any small craft they could lay their hands on, including an old tin trough they found in the woods and rigged as a schooner. That persuaded his father to give him his first boat, a catboat he named Sneaky Joe.

From then on, the sound was Bob's home. He and the Nelson kids barged into just about every resort race in eastern Connecticut, sailing the courses without invitation or standing, and sometimes coming in first.

Talent Revealed Itself Early

By the time he was ten, Bob's model-building ability was something of a local legend. His work was correct in every detail because he read almost nothing but the histories of ships and shipbuilding. The Boy Scouts put his entire collection on exhibition at the New York World's Fair.

Bob was on the water before school and after school. Even in school he filled his textbook flyleaves with boat designs, calculations, sketches of old American ships and itineraries of projected cruises. In his love of sailing he was not unlike thousands of other American youngsters; the difference was that almost without knowing it he had become a true mariner, professional in his seamanship and in the fashioning of boats, and single-minded in his devotion to the water.

When the last of the old American whaleships, the Charles W. Morgan, made its final voyage from Round Hill, Massachusetts, to Mystic, Connecticut (where it now rests as an exhibit of the Marine Historical Society), Bob Lane was in the crew. He piloted the old whaler up the Mystic River, and later assisted in re-rigging the vessel with amazing historical accuracy.

War came soon after that, and Bob was a sure bet for the Navy. Sure, that is, until the Navy found that he was color-blind. The Coast Guard and the Merchant Marine wouldn't take him either. So he ended up as a sailor for the Army.

The Army Transport Service was the one seagoing outfit that didn't seem to care whether a man was color-blind or not. Bob joined up as first mate on an English tug at the age of eighteen. This dumpy little craft, the ST-480, turned out to have a vital role in the invasion of France. It towed across the Channel one of the 1,000-foot segments of prefabricated harbor on which the ultimate success of the Normandy landings depended.

Bob was captain of the ST-480 in time to enjoy the excitement. He churned his dinky command off the beach at Aromanches for a week without relief, feverishly piecing the harbor segments together and fighting the storm that nearly destroyed the invading fleet. The ST-480 was hit twice, and was almost driven aground. But the floating harbor had largely been put together by then. The little tug rode out the storm moored to the fabricated miracle she had helped put together, her engines roaring full speed ahead to hold her in place against the driving gale.

For the next year and a half the ST-480 performed prosaic harbor and supply duties in the French and English ports. Not once was she laid up for repairs. During those 18 months Bob did a lot of thinking about the future.

"I figured that if I still liked the sea after all that time afloat," he says, "I might as well stick to boats, one way or another."

He got home on December 17, 1945, but he couldn't settle down; and when summer came and his father found a summer cottage in Friendship on the Maine coast, Bob decided to join the family. If they were heading for salt water, he was going along.

"I guess I knew I wouldn't go back to Connecticut," he admits. "I wanted to get into something for myself, quick."

He found that something in Friendship. Soon after arriving there he used part of his saved-up Army pay to buy an old Friendship sloop, one of the stanch, all-purpose boats that for 50 years had given the village a deserved distinction among boatsmen and boatbuilders. He began restoring the beautiful craft. That is how he came to seek out Carlton Simmons, the Friendship boatbuilder.

At Work in a Real Boatshop

Bob began haunting the shop; and the older, taciturn Maine man and the footloose youngster who turned twenty-one that summer became close friends. They sailed together, compared boat designs, swapped boat stories. Bob worked as a part-time volunteer in the shop; and the more he worked the more convinced he was that he had found what he wanted to do.

He and Carlton Simmons talked things over. As partner, Bob could operate the shop full time. Carlton would act as general manager. They could greatly expand the output by hiring carpenters and developing a boat of their own design. At summer's end Bob used most of the rest of his wartime savings to buy a modestly priced half interest in the shop. And when the Lanes left that fall, Bob moved into the Simmons home. He moved a year later into a home of his own, for he met and soon married Esther Lash, granddaughter of a windjammer captain and daughter of a deep-sea fisherman.

And that's why you'll usually find Bob Lane in the barn behind the Friendship post office these days, the sawdust and shavings clinging to his dungarees and shoes, a new boat coming to life beneath his hands. Outside the shop, the cool tang of salt air blends with the odor of the Maine fir and spruce and pine. The village of Friendship, fresh and serene in the autumn afternoon, seems quite a long way from a world of uncertainty and crisis.

Here in this quiet land a boy who was always heading for salt water has found success and contentment. THE END

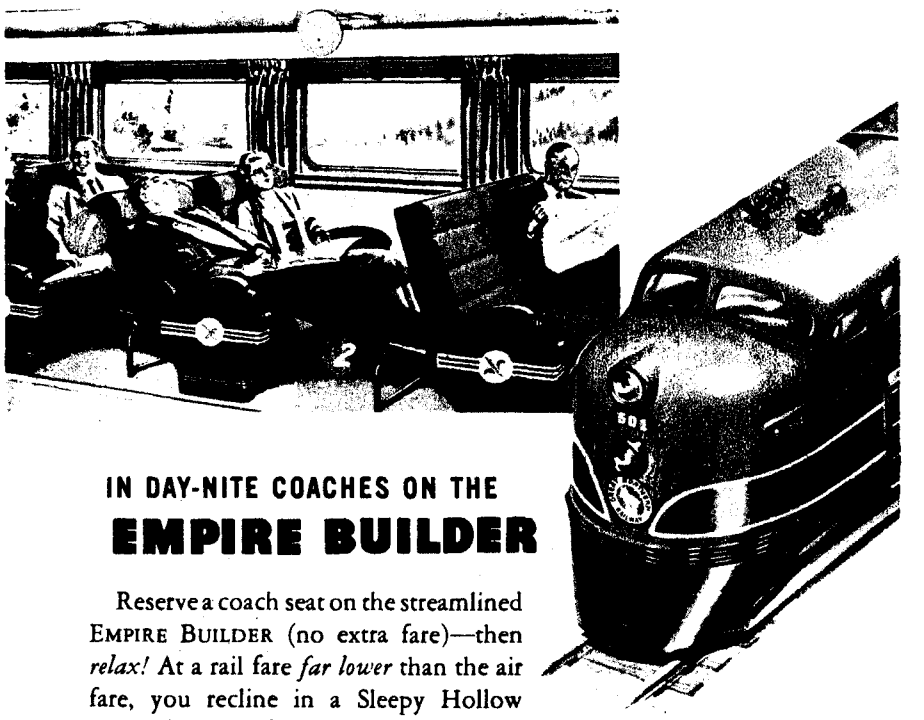
Repeat Performance

A woman never tires of hearing
"I love you" said in tones endearing.
She'll hear it when she first gets up,
And then above the breakfast cup,
And yet again, of course, at noon,
And also underneath the moon.
Although she hears it day and night,
She never comes to think it trite.

A man, however, finds this hokum.
Why speak the words, when he just spoke 'em?

—RICHARD ARMOUR

You go great when you go
Great Northern



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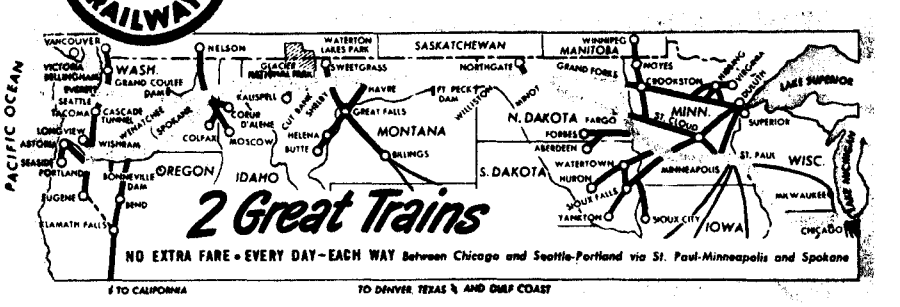

Write P. G. HOLMES, *Passenger Traffic Manager, Great Northern Railway, St. Paul 1, Minnesota*

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Fabulous Jacques Fath

By EARL WILSON

A SLIM, handsome 34-year-old Frenchman, Jacques Fath, has a great many designs on American women. But it's fashion, not romance, that keeps him busy.

The blond Parisian couturier, who designed Rita Hayworth's entire trousseau for her marriage to Aly Khan, says, "The American woman inspires my creative talents. She has a fine sense of appreciation. She radiates in clothes. And besides, she has long legs. Long-legged women always look especially stunning in my creations."

A somewhat eccentric genius, Fath has become fashion's favorite showman. His behavior is sometimes bizarre even for a Paris dressmaker. But then widespread comment has never done a salon any harm, *n'est-ce pas?*

I first saw him at his "house"—in Paris, it's never called a shop—at Avenue Pierre I de Serbie, just around the corner from the Hotel George V where the wealthy Americans stay. Jacques darted into the room where I was waiting to interview him. He wore slacks and a turtle-neck sweater. As he passed me, he paused on impulse and plucked an atomizer from a near-by counter. He squirted perfume on his cheeks and into his ears. Then he handed the atomizer to an attractive girl employee with instructions to squirt more onto his hands. He bathed his face with it.

"Encore!" he exclaimed, and she repeated the treatment, after which he sighed happily and bounded upstairs.

Those of us who were privileged to witness the performance for our benefit were properly impressed. It obviously had been done ad lib, conceived on the spot by an uninhibited soul in a creative moment. (Ah, Paris!)

A sun-tanned, smiling genius who enjoys the outdoors and loves to fish, Fath has youth and fire, plus astonishing amounts of color. And from Paris to Paducah for the next few years, he should be the most potent single influence on milady's wardrobe. So if you gentlemen will wait for us with your

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ROGER COSTER

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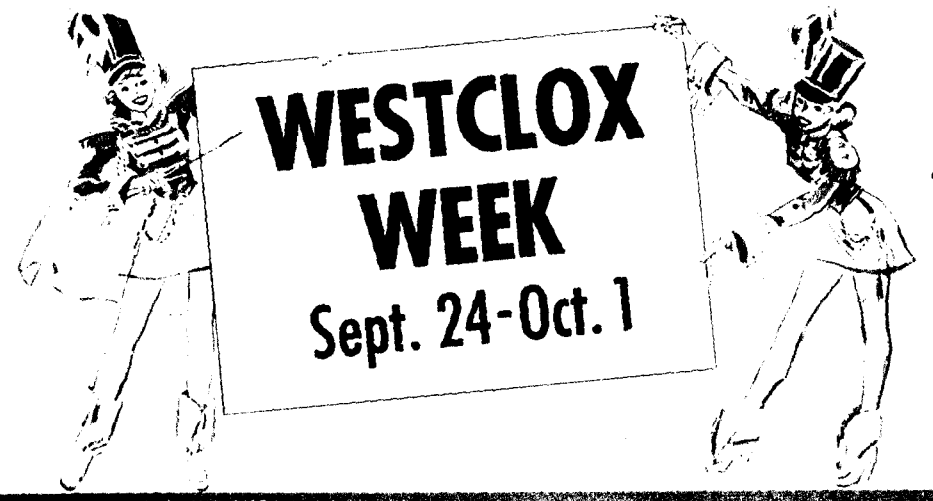

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Sept. 24-Oct. 1

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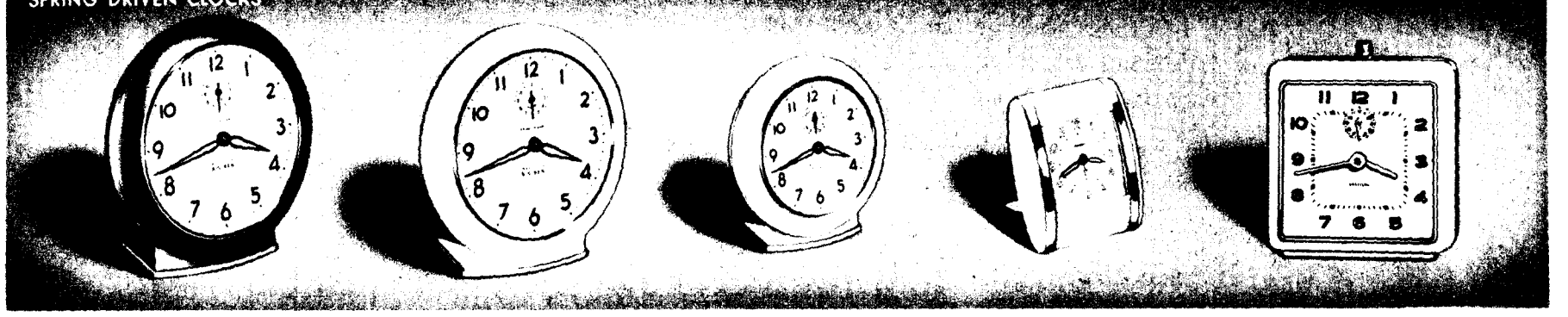

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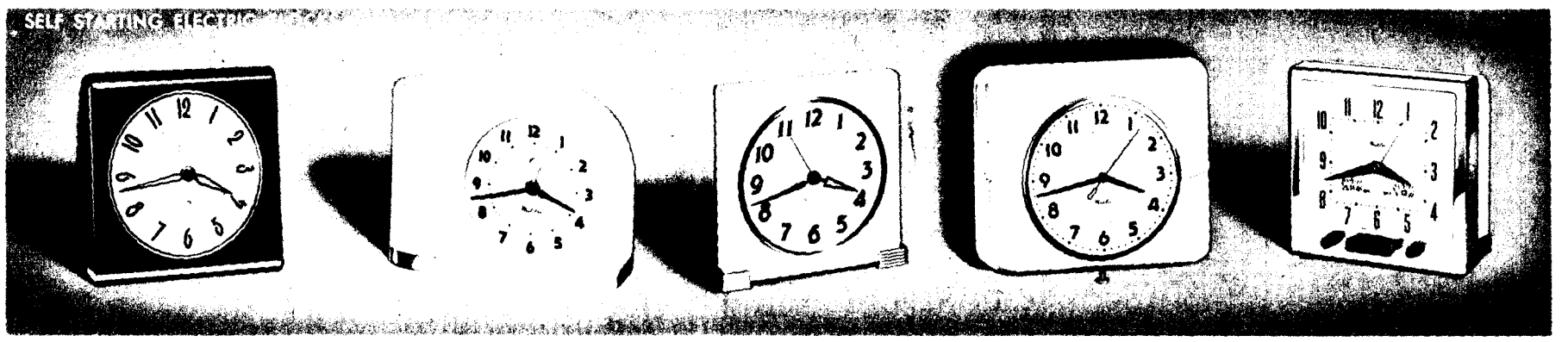

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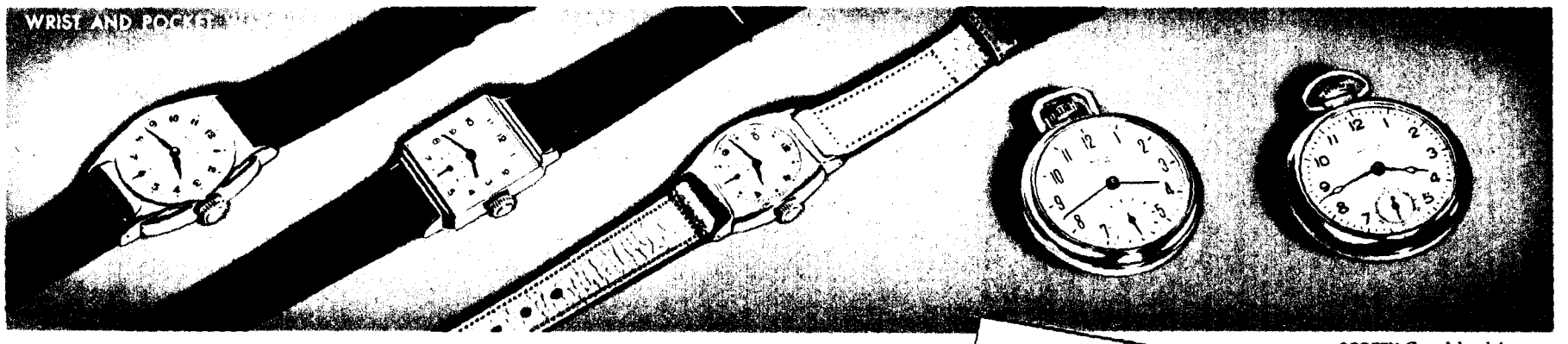

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checkbooks handy, I'll gab about garb with the ladies.

Through 1951, according to Jacques, madame may anticipate garments that are giddily feminine. Necklines, at times, will seem to plunge almost disastrously. And the emphasis on bustles has been decreased. Yellows and maroons will dominate, though black, too, will get a big play. Skirts will be narrower.

"Incidentally," I said to Fath, "when is the New Look going to become the Old Look?"

Fath's eloquent shrug and a few words of French told me that it may be years before we ever see another kneecap—unless we peek. Paris designers prefer the present length, especially Jacques who thinks a skirt 13 to 14 inches from the floor is about ideal for most women. Fath's Paris rival, Christian Dior, told me later that he didn't think that skirts ever would rise again.

The Wrong Type of Kneebone

"You see," Dior said, rolling up his trouser leg, "the bones of the knee are ugly. You must hide them always. Only the bottom of the leg must show." I didn't have the heart to tell him that his knee wasn't the type we used to see on a windy day along Fifth Avenue.

Fath feels that he—not Dior—created the New Look for which the latter usually gets credit. They lunch together often. But business is business. Jacques feels that he was a year ahead with full skirts, and also a year ahead of Dior with the narrow, straight dresses of last season.

Fath, Dior and the rest of the Parisian couturiers are as secretive as Soviet spies about their fashion schemes. I was told that you can never revive a really recent fashion. Styles of 1890 and 1910, with high waists and narrow lines, are adaptable today, but the Clara Bow and Alice White flapper styles of 1925 still are "too new."

Dior added, "Maybe in 1975 they will be beautiful again." Beyond that he chose to be mysterious.

Madame Schiaparelli—"Scap" to the knowing—is a champion at preserving the sort of secrecy which couturiers insist upon. I cite the following conversation between us as proof:

"Are skirts ever going to get any shorter?"

"Well, yes and no."

"Is the neckline going to change?"

"Maybe."

"Is the back going to get any barer?"

"I wouldn't be saying."

"You're not giving out much information, are you?"

"No comment."

Pierre Balmain, another Fath friend and competitor, is a husky, American-looking type who was working on a "plunging back" when I saw him. He favors high necks and low backs.

However, when I asked Fath if *he* thought necklines would go up soon, he exclaimed, *"Pas du tout!"* I'm delighted to relate that on page 16 of my book How to Master French in Six Easy Lessons that was translated as "Not at all!"

"Anyway," I remarked, "isn't it true that no matter what you bring out, it's the buying public that sets the style?"

"Pas du tout!" he said again. "The public has nothing to do with it. The public must follow the styles we set."

Because he is so colorful, and because of his brilliant designs for Princess Rita's wardrobe, Fath is sometimes more talked about in the snooty Paris garment district than the fabulous fashions themselves. All the women I met in Paris seemed to be entranced by his great personal charm. He has enough to supply a dozen all-night disk jockeys and three insurance salesmen.

So I went to his salon, which like so many business buildings in Paris looks from the outside like an ancient Ohio livery stable. A man of medium height who weighs about 150 pounds, Fath had his secretary, Charlotte, on hand to translate. He speaks English pretty well, although he likes to pretend he can't.

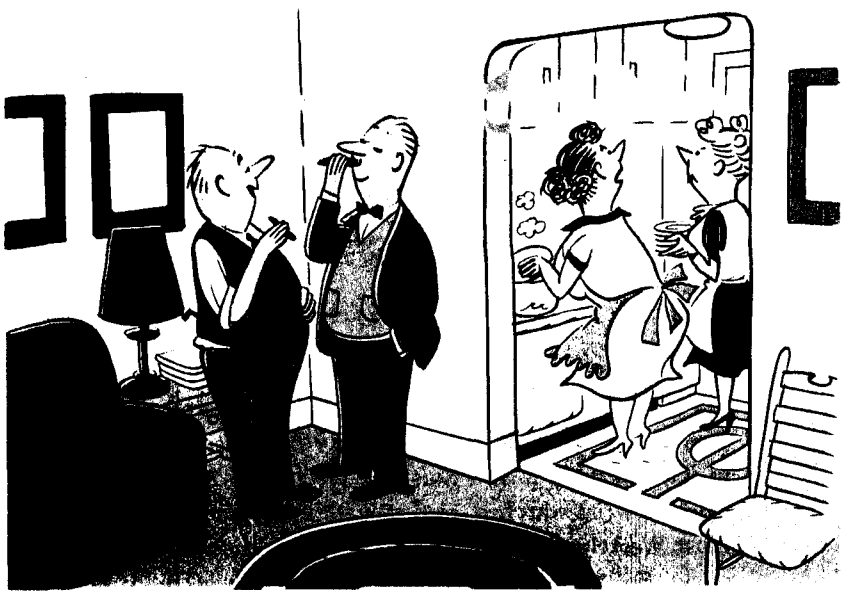
He confirmed the story that his biggest coup—snaring Rita Hayworth as a customer—traces back to an incident which occurred a few years ago when Rita's marriage to Orson Welles was breaking up. At an enormous Paris benefit show involving many movie stars, Rita was wandering about somewhat lost and lonely. She was taken in tow by Jacques's pretty wife Geneviève, a former French movie star who is as charming and friendly as her husband.

Time passed and Rita became a prince's fiancée and therefore page-one wedding news.

Elsa Maxwell, who introduced Aly Khan to Rita, quotes the prince as saying to his bride-to-be, "Whom shall we get to do your trousseau?"

"Let's get Madame Fath to help us," Rita answered. "I know her."

VIEWPOINT



"How do you like that aroma? It's a custom-made cigar—I get 'em from a dealer who has them especially made"

COLLIER'S

"No it's not on the stove. Just step outside and see if the Sommers are burning their trash"

DAVE GERARD

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COLLIER'S

"You're out of condition, Cooper. Whatta you been doing; studying?"

HERB WILLIAMS

And as Elsa says, "Naturally, Madame Fath didn't take Rita around to Christian Dior!"

The one provision on which Rita insisted in contracting with Jacques to do her trousseau was that none of the creations he made for her could be copied later and sold commercially for his own profit.

Jacques and Geneviève have been married for 12 years and they have a young son named Philippe who is, according to Fath, "half-pahst seex." Geneviève herself often models her husband's flamboyant creations. Last year when they came to America for fashion shows in seven U.S. cities, Madame Fath brought 12 large trunks filled with $12,000 worth of clothes, including 35 dresses of all types, 17 hats, 16 pairs of shoes, 10 handbags, four umbrellas and elaborate accessories.

The Faths live in a spectacular home and entertain quite a bit. At one of their cocktail parties I met the Edgar Bergens, Mrs. Larry Adler, the Grover Magnins (he being the merchant prince of California), and Mrs. Henry Ginsberg, wife of a Paramount Pictures chief—not to mention many other potential or actual customers.

As I startle easily and am also rather clumsy, I half stumbled over a white bearskin rug as I entered the Fath home. Later I decided this was because I had been preoccupied with staring at a dazzling portrait of Jacques. It commands the very entrance to the house.

Favorite American Products

The designer offered his guests American cigarettes which he always has in abundance because he smokes them himself. He drives a 1949 sea-green automobile made in the U.S.A. As a matter of fact, he is partial to Americans and American products in general.

"Fath is very fond of everything American," a jealous Parisian once remarked, "especially American customers."

Draping is the big thing in dress designing and Fath is a master at it. Just before an opening he works on each collection secretly and with great concentration at his country place outside Paris. He swirls bolts of cloth around models, humming or singing as he works. He prefers to knot the material, rather than resort to pins or stitches to hold it in place. A radio or phonograph usually is playing, mostly popular tunes, as the drapes of Jacques Fath take shape; and frequently, he will seize a model and whirl her around for a few dance steps to break the monotony of strenuous posing.

Fath enjoys performing before an audience and pauses in acknowledgment of their sighs and applause as he creates a new style in a matter of minutes.

"Why the raves over this routine?" I asked the person seated beside me on the side lines.

"Because he's a genius," came the reply. "It takes him 10 minutes to do it, yes; but it took him 10 years to learn *how* to do it."

To buy Fath's Paris creations you will have to pay $350-and-up per copy. But the designer has contracted to create a separate line of more popularly priced clothes in New York.

Dress Designing in New York

Last year Fath signed with a New York dress manufacturer to come to America for "seven collections"—trade talk for seven trips to design a series of dresses. On each visit—two are made a year, in February and September—Jacques spends four to five weeks in the New York office, working as much as 12 hours a day turning out some 40 seasonal styles. The designs include dresses for daywear to dinnerwear. Then the Manhattan firm copies each creation for distribution to major department stores throughout the United States.

These clothes, which are sold through exclusive franchises to fashionable stores in some 200 U.S. cities, retail at from $75 to $250—about one-third less than Fath's Paris offerings. Labels in these clothes give prominent credit to Jacques Fath, and retailers report booming sales. Fath is paid on a guarantee-royalty basis and it is estimated that he clears about $50,000 per year from the deal.

Is Fath worried that this line will cheapen his Paris shows?

Not on your hip-hugging silhouette. He's enthusiastic about the new scheme to bring his creations to more American women. His last Paris showing in August attracted larger crowds than ever.

Americans are frequently amazed by Fath's weird antics as he works. "Would you believe it?" one of them asked me. "I have seen Jacques crawling around the floor watching how a particular bolt of cloth hangs on a model. And while he is doing it he eats—of all things—jelly beans."

"Why not?" Fath said later. "They're my favorite American confection."

Fath is the couturier who will be watched most closely by the trade during the next few years. But a friend of his says that the real secret of Jacques Fath's success is the secret of any couturier's success.

"Unlike other men," this friend insists, "a designer dreams of *dressing* women."

THE END

The author, Earl Wilson, is a syndicated columnist of the New York Post Home News

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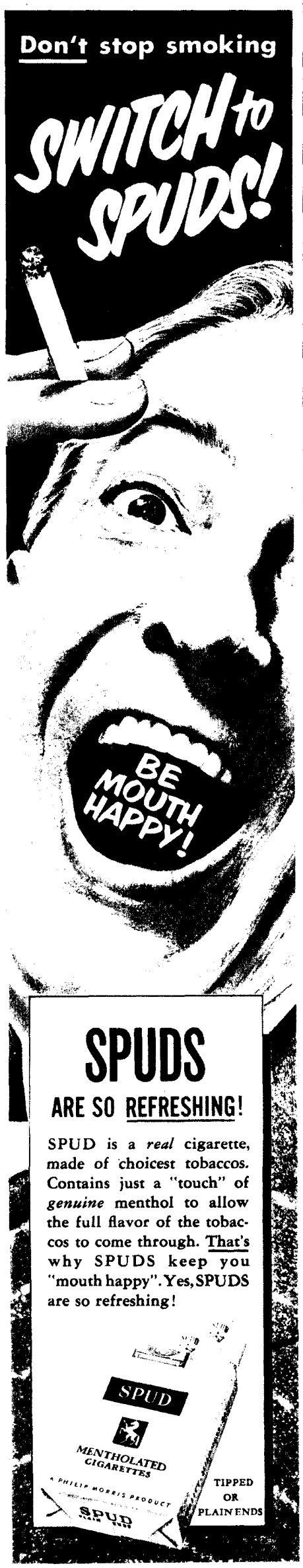
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Saturday Afternoon Meat Grinders

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

opponent with a numerical edge in personnel. But in these days of two platoons, unlimited substitutions and squads totaling 60 or 70 large loogans, an undermanned team hasn't a prayerful chance. Its brains, breath and ardor will be belted out of it by the other side's endless parade of fresh players.

Crushing physical superiority tends to increase in geometrical, instead of arithmetical, progression. If Team A has 50 good men to Team B's 25, A's advantage in man power is closer to four-to-one than two-to-one. The reason is obvious. Regulars are inclined to ease up after establishing a safe margin. The second-stringers and third-stringers are the bully boys who inflict large lumps, welts and abrasions on their rivals. Trying to impress the coach and gain promotion to the varsity, they proceed to pound the meatballs who have already been softened up by the starting players.

No matter how good or rugged a boy may be, he will be worn down to the nub by successive doses of that treatment, until he is no match for an overgrown oaf whose only recommendation for a uniform is heft on the hoof. That is when the incidence of injury rises sharply and scores soar out of all proportion to the relative merits of the teams.

Stanford, for example, was not nearly as bad last year as the 43-0 rout by Army indicated. Although it dropped six of ten games, two were lost by single touchdowns and two more by a single point, against USC and California, the latter being Pacific Coast champion and Rose Bowl nominee. Army unquestionably would have won even if the number of players it was permitted to use had been restricted. But the fans would have got a better game for their money, Stanford would not have been mortified and Army would have derived more satisfaction from its triumph.

The same holds true for such lopsided contests last season as Michigan 40, Purdue 0; Georgia 35, Alabama 0; Cornell 40, Harvard 6; Tulane 46, LSU 0.

Lou Little Favors New System

The dangers inherent in the two-platoon system, both to the players and college ideals, have split football into conflicting camps. There is a typical difference of opinion at Columbia between Lou Little, the coach, and Ralph Furey, the graduate manager of athletics. Little, who made his reputation with small squads and enriched the towel industry whilst bemoaning his scarcity of material, is a stanch advocate of mass production football.

"Strategy has developed in the last ten years to the point where eleven boys just can't play the game and get the most out of it," Little argues. "The attacking front is so much wider and tactics are so diversified that you've got to have eleven good men on the field in the best possible condition at all times. Players are hitting with harder impact these days because they're meeting with more speed from greater distances. You need fresh players in there to relieve tired boys. That's when they're susceptible to injury."

Suppose one team cannot substitute as freely as the other? Doesn't that increase the injury hazard?

Little shrugs. "If you can't have two platoons, you've got to drop back and play in your own league. You can't handicap the strong to help the weak."

Furey demurs strenuously. "I don't like two platoons and I'm not at all convinced the players like it. Although an informal poll last season showed they were in favor of it, it's easy to understand why the kids voted that way. Two platoons give more fellows opportunities to play. I believe the boys' reaction will change this year as the psychological implications are felt.

"Any back who makes a college team probably was a hot-shot in high school. He attracted attention by getting away on long runs or throwing touchdown passes. It's natural for a boy to want to score touchdowns, but what happens if he's assigned to the defensive group in the two-platoon system? He may finish his college career without ever carrying the ball. He'll do the dirty work and someone who's never made a tackle will get his picture in the papers. The coach can give him all the pep talks in the world, telling him how indispensable he is to the team, but that kid still will feel frustrated.

"I think the offensive players will sour on the idea, too. Making the varsity will carry less prestige with two full teams functioning. That won't do morale any good.

"I have another reason, a personal one, for opposing two platoons. It puts the severest pressure on teams in the median group, like Columbia. We have a pretty good football tradition here, but we don't care to lower our standards and accumulate the big squad we'll need to maintain our position."

What Furey diplomatically says is that the two-platoon hipper-dipper wraps up all the abuses of college football in one untidy package. Since more players are needed to make the thing work, more intense proselyting is required. Keener competition for talent boosts the "inducements" given to some very odd, road-show scholars.

Before the war, the traditional B.R.T. —board, room, tuition—was the standard offer that sold high-school stars on the educational advantages of the colleges they selected. Occasionally an unusual prospect was given pocket money for turning out the lights in the gym or dusting illuminated manuscripts in the library, but the cash handouts rarely exceeded $15 a week.

The G.I. Bill of Rights created a football black market that completely disrupted recruiting methods. With the government footing the bills and the living expenses of former servicemen who had gone back to college, players were in a position to demand, and get, real cash on the line for their exertions on behalf of anybody's alma mater. Schools that had dropped or curtailed football during the war were anxious to cut themselves a piece of the sports boom; and institutions that had won national prominence with Navy and Marine V-12 trainees wanted to stay up there in the bright lights. In the confusion, bidding for players hit fantastic peaks.

Inducements Were Generous

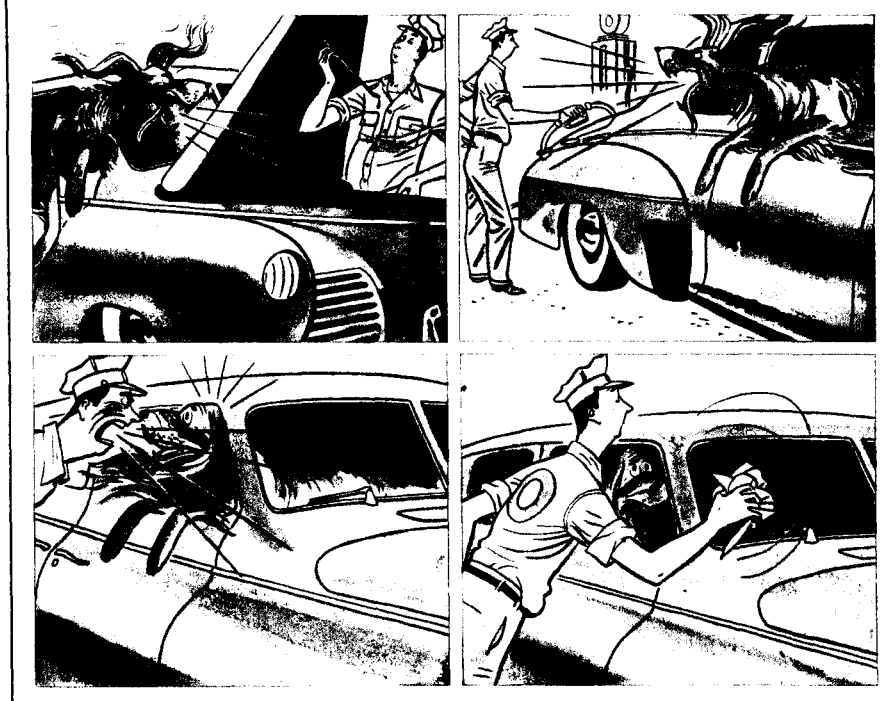
Was a boy wavering between returning to his old college or going halfway across the country in search of broadening culture? The distant school was very happy indeed to move his family into a rent-free home, get his father a job and throw in a convertible as a gesture of good will. If the support of a wife and child tempered a youth's enthusiasm for playing a mere game, a rich alumnus fixed him up with a soft, part-time job that relieved him of the necessity of going to work for a living. One college star of this inflationary period blandly admitted he couldn't afford to turn pro—and he hardly was an isolated case.

Postwar extravagances were tapering off when the two-platoon business popped up last year to give renewed impetus to queer campus capers. Evidence that it is fomenting widespread fracturing of the amateur code is turning up constantly.

In May, the National Collegiate Athletic Association threatened to expel 20 unnamed colleges—mostly in the South —for violating regulations governing recruiting and scholarships. Skulduggery in the Pacific Coast Conference was held to a minimum for a decade after Roy Atherton, a former F.B.I. man, was hired in 1939 to keep the lodge brothers in line. In July, however, nine of the ten conference members were fined for "compensation to student athletes in excess of monthly allowable maximum and excessive entertainment of prospective students." The University of Washington was slapped with a $5,500 fine by the Pacific Coast Conference.

Among other evils, the two-platoon

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

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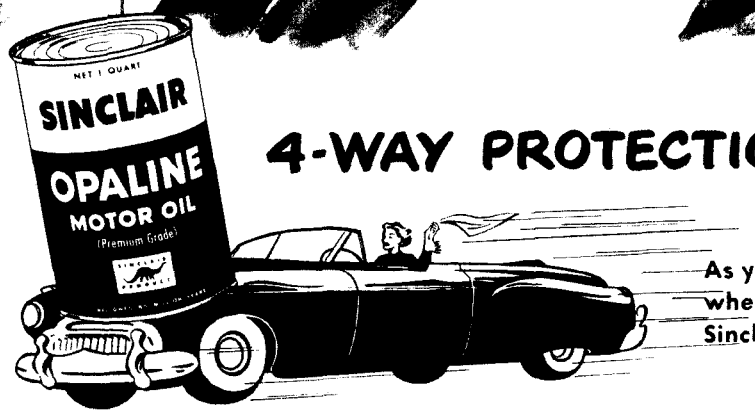

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Blended Scotch Whisky • 86 Proof • Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow
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system and its attendant trimmings force colleges to schedule games strictly for the box-office potential. They have to meet the rising costs of more scholarships, larger cash payments to players and expanded coaching and scouting staffs. The dead aim taken on postseason bowl games to balance the overhead further exploits the players for the greater glory of promoters who have no connection with the participating colleges but get an equal share of the loot.

Bowl games are ostensibly conducted for the benefit of local charities, but a special N.C.A.A. committee reported last year: "Other than the East-West game" (which has raised close to $1,500,000 since 1925 for the Shriners' hospital for crippled children in San Francisco) "the contributions to charities are inconsequential." Figures revealed that only $5,000, or .003 per cent of the gross receipts, had been donated to charity by 16 bowl games in 1947. Sponsors of 17 others refused to submit financial statements for audit.

Football Grief at Fordham

Football has not conferred enduring benefits on any college except Notre Dame. Fordham is the classic example of a school going off the deep end for football and landing with a severe jolt. For 15 seasons Fordham thumped all comers, drew big crowds to the Polo Grounds, developed great pro stars and wound up with a flourish by getting successive bids to the Cotton and Sugar Bowls in 1941 and 1942. Football was suspended during the war and when it was revived in 1946, the Reverend Robert I. Gannon, then president, issued a remarkable statement:

"Fordham does not ever again want a football team rated among the nation's ten heaviest. One of the things I learned in the last decade was that a top team doesn't do Fordham any good. It doesn't do us any good financially, scholastically, socially or athletically. When you have a top team, no self-respecting colleague will play you. In our heydey we had to fan out as far as Hawaii to get a game."

Father Gannon wasn't kidding when he said Fordham was soft-pedaling football. The Rams won four games during the last three seasons.

The University of Chicago demonstrated that it could get along famously without football after Chancellor Robert Hutchins, fed up with the hypocrisy rampant in the game, abandoned it in 1939. The Chicago of Amos Alonzo Stagg, Walter Eckersall, Wally Steffen, Clarence Herschberger and John Thomas had as illustrious a football tradition as any college in the country. It was inconceivable that the alumni would not raise an awful howl over Hutchins' drastic action. So what happened? Nothing. Hutchins was not hanged in effigy, student enrollment continued to climb and Chicago's academic prestige is loftier than ever before.

Close competition is the lifeblood of sport, but the masses of players in vogue today have undermined the element of equality to an extent that even has some coaches alarmed. Jimmy Phelan, who was elected president of the Football Coaches Association when he was at St. Mary's in 1948, pulled no punches in attacking the two-platoon system last year.

"I went to the Columbia-Cornell game to get the fans' viewpoint on unit substitutions," he told his former colleagues. "The reaction was bad. The fans are confused by the terrific numbers of men you're using. It detracts from the game. I met a fellow who was keeping track of Cornell and he counted 292 different individual substitutions. It's time to stop such methods. They're making a farce of the game. Three substitutes at a time should be the limit."

Although Phelan's proposal was modest enough—it still would allow an entirely new team to be put in during one sequence of downs—and the need for reform was urgent, the coaches did nothing beyond one weaseling change in the rules that will be as effective this season as a straw tire. In 1948 one new man was permitted after each play while the clock was running, but unlimited substitutions were legal whenever the ball changed hands or the clock was stopped for incomplete forward passes, out-of-bounds kicks and runs, and time-outs. The sole amendment this season prohibits only that one new man after each play while time is in; when the clock is stopped or the ball changes hands, a fresh mob can be turned loose to gang up on the opposition.

This failure to protect boys on undermanned teams from punishment was all the more flagrant in view of the fact that officials merely had to revert to 1940 for a perfectly good, workable substitution rule that was eminently fair to everyone. Then, a player withdrawn from the game could return to the field only after the period in which he had been replaced was completed. The rule was simple and sporting. A breathing spell for the players was provided. Dangerous differences in man power were kept under control.

By failing to readopt the 1940 rule, the brass hats have laid themselves wide open to demands for radical reform. One of these is the suggestion that legislation restrict squads to a specific number of players; 33, or three full teams, is the figure usually mentioned. It's a good idea, but it has one drawback. It would discriminate against students who attend schools with huge enrollments and, as a consequence, would be deprived of chances to win prized varsity letters. More than 2,000 boys play class and dormitory football at Notre Dame in the hope of going up to the varsity. Other colleges use the same incentive to encourage participation in intramural athletics.

Some visionaries urge the colleges to adhere to a gentleman's agreement under which they would accept games only with opponents in their class. Anyone who believes colleges will voluntarily pass up cushy gate receipts to observe such a code is too naïve to be trusted out alone at night.

Yet something must be done to put an end to football games that are throwbacks to Roman circuses. A brief review of the substitution rule—the crux of the current trend—forcibly illustrates how far the sport has strayed from the original concept of balanced, stand-up competition.

At the beginning, substitutions were practically unknown because a man could be replaced only in the event of injury, and then could not return to the game.

Curbs on Substitutions

It was not until 1910 that a player who had been taken out of a game was permitted to return—just once—in a subsequent period. Big-time football and big gates had burgeoned by 1922, but even so a withdrawn man could not re-enter the game during the same half. If he was taken out in the second half, he was through for the day. As late as 1932 a player could not leave the game and go back in the same quarter, and substitutions were allowed only when the officials took time out.

The present mess began in 1941. That year the rules said a man taken out of a game at any time could return after one play had been run off. Games began to drag. Players became mere numbers on the program as they ran on and off the field. Coaches did not even have to go through the motions of signaling from the bench. The quarterback was reduced to an errand boy for the coach. Despite all sorts of trick, slick stuff that was introduced with the T formation, basic strategy was built on the proposition of wearing out the opposition with a continuous stream of new, strong players.

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And how do the boys on the receiving end feel? Lou Little unconsciously tore down his defense of the two-platoon system by recounting his own experience. He started his football career at the University of Vermont in 1913 and absorbed a pair of 33-7 and 42-0 thumpings from Dartmouth as well as a 41-0 defeat from Colgate. No one ever accused Little of being a pantywaist, but he admits he was shocked by the manhandling he received.

"In that 42-0 game we lost to Dartmouth," he recalls, "one of our boys took such a beating that he threw an epileptic fit on the field. Those terrible lickings made us so low, mentally and physically, that we weren't any good when we got back to games in our own class. The worst thing was the blow to our pride. I'll never forget how disgraced we felt when Larry Bankhart, the Colgate coach, kept his varsity squad, which had just whopped us 41-0, on the field for a scrimmage with the freshmen."

Although Little was elected Vermont captain after his sophomore year, he was so disgusted with playing patsy that he listened to the blandishments of Penn. At Penn he was on the other side of the fence as a member of the 1916 team that went to the Rose Bowl. But taking pot shots at sitting ducks was no fun, either.

"We felt cheap," Lou says, "pushing around nice kids who didn't have a chance to win."

Gene Rossides, Columbia's star halfback, was asked what the players' reaction today is to games that hold no prospect other than a severe drubbing.

"The fellows I know on small teams don't like to talk about it," Rossides answered. "A good competitor believes he can win any game. He hates to think he's used as a sucker. Personally, I wouldn't know because I've never been in that spot. Sure, we were kicked around occasionally, but teams on the upbeat happened to catch us in off years. In 1946, Army shellacked us, 48-14, but the next year we bounced back and gave Army its first defeat in four seasons. I know this, though: I wouldn't respect my school if it put me on the field to have my brains knocked out."

Harold Lowe, professor of physical education at Columbia, who played football at little Western State College in Illinois in the 1920s, elaborated:

"Kids don't realize they've been exploited until they're through playing. We were dumb enough to think we had a chance against anyone—or the coach was smart enough to convince us we did. The two-platoon thing is dead wrong in principle because it takes callous advantage of gullible kids."

The Case of Tiny Maxwell

Excessive brutality once brought the threat of football's abolition by Presidential edict. In 1905, Penn saw clear sailing to a perfect season if it could get by Bob "Tiny" Maxwell, Swarthmore's formidable, 250-pound lineman. Penn accordingly went right to work on Maxwell. President Theodore Roosevelt, an ardent sports enthusiast, was so outraged by a picture of Maxwell's bloody, battered face after the game that he swore to bar the sport unless rough, dirty stuff was curbed immediately.

In these times of daily crisis, intervention from the White House cannot be expected. But if the two-platoon system is carried to its logical extreme, the players, coaches, litter bearers and handmaidens on the field will outnumber the customers in the stands. Football factories masquerading as colleges then will express pious concern for the welfare of the students and call a halt to the nonsense. There is nothing like the box-office miseries to give sports promoters sympathetic twinges for the meatballs who nourish them. THE END

COLLIER'S "He writes a nice incriminating letter" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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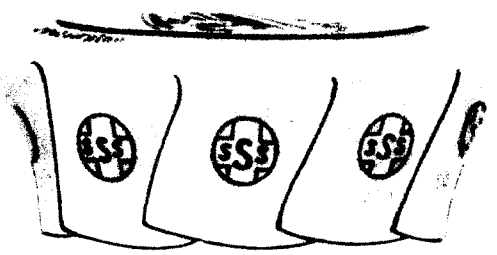

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SPECIALISTS IN SANITARY PACKAGES FOR FOOD PRODUCTS

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Cat's Cradle

By BERT K. GILDEN

Everyone has known a Louise Ingram, a woman whose life is empty except for small jealousies and petty revenges

IT WAS a good blueberry pudding, spongy and light gold and richly freckled with berries, drenched in cream from the top of the bottle. Nobody at the supper table mentioned how good the pudding tasted. The spoon flicked in and out Louise's crinkled lips, quickly as though the food had no savor. Alec ate as quickly, digging his spoon in with a six-year-old's gusto, while the long-boned father and the daughter took their time and swallowed each mouthful uncertainly before they lifted the next. The heavy acrid odor of spruce pulp, drifting in on the south breeze, filled the rooms.

The whole meal had been eaten in silence. Outside, crickets drilled. The rasp of steam shovels excavating for the new mill annex sounded nearer than yesterday. Patsy, the canary, twittered once or twice in his cage in the parlor.

Tim Ingram finished last. His glance rested on the little girl, already beginning to sprout up; then it passed to the younger child, the boy, green-eyed and sparkish like his mother, with the same three-cornered mole on his temple that had all but disappeared from hers.

Tim sucked his cheeks in, clearing his mouth of stray bits of food. That sure was a fine pudding, he wanted to remark; hit me just right; always was partial to blueberry pudding. His wife's look of indifference stopped him. He scraped his chair back and reached up for his cap on the wall rack he had carved himself with his big craggy hands. Martha watched him, eager to break away from the table. He slapped the cap over his fair hair carelessly and strode to the door.

"That's right—take off!" Louise's cup clanged down on the saucer. "Maybe I'd like to get out of here myself once in a blue moon—ever think of that?"

"Look, Louise—" he stopped short. "I asked you last night if there was anywhere you wanted to go, anything that makes sense. I'd take you or sit with the kids—"

"Uh-huh. I know. A rathole movie. Over to Mama's to get an earful of her troubles. Hand me my wraps, James, on to the opera!" She sat back with arms akimbo, her eyes daring him to leave. She knew where he was going well enough. The union always held meetings early so the men could be home by nine at the latest. It wasn't that she had anything against the union. It was simply that she set herself against anything—even the evening paper when he sat in the *(Continued on page 69)*

Tim waited till Martha slipped up under his arm, a glow on her placid face. "What is it, honey?" He could see she was churning with excitement inside

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"I was curious...

I tasted it...

Now I know <u>why</u> Schlitz is...

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous!"

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A pipe-smoking man scores a hit with the ladies. And Prince Albert—America's largest-selling smoking tobacco—scores with pipe smokers who demand a mild, rich-tasting tobacco. P.A.'s choice, crimp cut tobacco is *specially treated to insure against tongue bite.* Get P.A.!

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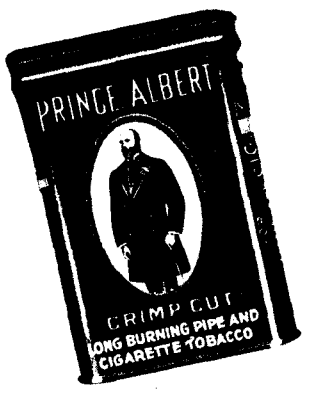

The National Joy Smoke

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Gentleman of the Press

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

Medica" and made this patronizing observation: "Yes, the atmosphere is entirely medical. But the men in white move in their sanatorium setting with such sincerity and earnestness that the humanitarianism of their purpose makes them acceptable."

In reviewing Dr. Kildare's Wedding Day, the Monitor noted that, "There are no operating-room scenes in this picture and there is considerably less clinical detail than usual."

Such prissy reservations are not too alarming, but where the Monitor does expose itself to grave doubts is in its failure to acknowledge even the existence of certain drugs which are looked upon by non-Christian Scientists as blessings to mankind. Only once, for instance, has the word "penicillin" ever appeared in the Monitor. This was on October 21, 1945, when the paper could not have reported the Nobel prize winners without admitting that one of them had been honored for his discovery of something called penicillin. Beyond that, however, the Monitor did not elaborate.

To the mind of a devout Christian Scientist, there was, of course, no questioning the propriety of such neglect. The Monitor itself, however, professes to be anxious to attract readers who are outside that faith.

"We make every effort to edit this newspaper for a nondenominational readership," insists Erwin Dain Canham, the editor. This being so, the Monitor's complete omission of medical news is puzzling.

Refusal to acknowledge the existence of diseases and their remedies explains the skimpy, almost secretive obituary notices which the Monitor accords people whom it considers newsworthy enough to justify the concession. In the 40 years of its publication, the Monitor has not often admitted that a person died. An exception occurred in the issue of April 13, 1945, when Washington correspondent Roscoe Drummond began a dispatch with the words, "Franklin D. Roosevelt died facing the future . . ."

Discreet Editing of Obits

Besides preferring to eschew the word "death" and its variants, the Monitor refrains from attributing a cause of death and from describing any of the circumstances attending it. Just how the paper goes about this may be judged from the obituary it printed on A. F. Whitney last July 16th. What makes this a particularly illuminating choice is that it was edited from what had come over the wire of the Associated Press, which, along with Reuter's, is one of the two news services to which the Monitor subscribes.

Date-lining its story from Cleveland, the A.P. reported: "A. F. Whitney, seventy-six, president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, died today . . . of a heart attack." The Monitor fixed this to read: "A. F. Whitney, who passed on here July 16th . . ." It completely omitted the following A.P. details: "His wife . . . said he awakened her with calls that he wasn't feeling well . . . Mrs. Whitney said he had a temperature and she called the brotherhood's vice-president . . . Whitney was dead when she returned to his side."

The Monitor has made only one exception to its firm rule against specifying the natural cause of a death. Here again it concerned Franklin Roosevelt, who died, it stated, "from a cerebral hemorrhage after a fainting spell."

One of the most persistent legends about the Monitor, incidentally, is the one which claims that it circumvented mentioning Roosevelt's death by announcing that Truman was the new President. This is only fractionally true.

Inasmuch as Roosevelt died after the paper's last edition had gone to press on April 12th, the Monitor had—according to its own line of thinking—two reasons for not headlining the death and for stating, instead: "Truman Pledges U.S. to Roosevelt Policy." One is that the demise was no longer the big news. The other, and more valid one, is that the paper always prefers to emphasize the hopeful aspects of a situation, i.e., the new President's high purpose rather than the saddening report of F.D.R.'s death.

Never, except in the case of historical figures, does the Monitor run a picture

BROWN BROTHERS

Mrs. Eddy posed for this photo in 1886, 20 years after her Lynn fall

of the deceased or mention any of the surviving relatives. This rule is not waived even when one of its own staff is killed in the line of duty. Although one of the 14 newspapermen aboard the KLM plane which crashed in India last July 12th was Charles Gratke, the paper's foreign editor and one of its most affectionately regarded employees, the Monitor was practically the only paper in this country not to run his picture and name his survivors. (Christian Scientists have an abiding conviction in immortality. They do not "make a reality of death." They believe it is possible to see death as a door opening on a new experience, not as an end.)

The Monitor's handling of the KLM crash provides an excellent example of the secondary role it accords a tragedy of this kind. Every other daily newspaper in the United States treated the accident as the number one story in their afternoon editions of July 12th and the morning ones of the 13th. Page one of the Monitor for July 12th, however, accorded much more prominence to four other stories—"London Acts to End Dock Strikes"; "Congress Perils Aid Program"; "Steel Crisis in Truman's Lap"; and, for some mysterious reason, "Big Liner's Keel Laid at Quincy Yard."

The most significant deletion from the A.P. dispatch on the crash was, curiously enough, the scantiest. This was the adjective the A.P. had seen fit to apply to the plane: "ill-fated."

An expurgation such as this is a manifestation of the Monitor's determination to avoid a pessimistic outlook. Another example occurred last July 5th, when every Boston paper but the Monitor announced that the day before had been one of the most disastrous holidays of all time. The Monitor took the stand that that particular Fourth had been the safest and sanest in history. There was substantiation for both views, since the Monitor had based its conclusions on national statistics while the other papers had relied solely upon what had transpired in New England.

The Monitor endeavors to report even the most overwhelming tragedies in such a cushioning manner that the dominant thought conveyed is one of relief.

Two Reports on a Tornado

In March, 1925, a tornado in the Middle West was so destructive that one paper carried the headline: "Tornado Area Like War Zone Torn to Shreds in Big Battle. Whole Towns Wiped Out, Buildings Razed by Wind and Fire While Thousands Stand By Numbly Watching Destruction of Homes." The Monitor headed its report: "Relief Calls From Tornado Area Answered. Radio Plays Rescue Role."

Inasmuch as the Monitor rarely withholds many pertinent details in instances like this, there can be no serious objections. There have, however, been plenty of occasions when the paper concealed information which, while not indispensable, was, nevertheless, information.

Treatment of news touching on the use of tobacco is a case in point. The Monitor never refers to it. Although it

The managing editor Paul Deland *joined the Monitor forty years ago*

is a historical fact that Franklin Roosevelt smoked cigarettes and Winston Churchill enjoys a mild Havana filler, Monitor readers would not know it unless they happened to see the picture the paper ran on the signing of the Atlantic Charter. In this photograph the two statesmen were quite plainly enjoying a smoke. "That picture was of such historical significance," explains Editor Canham, "that we did not feel privileged to retouch it."

In every other instance where a photograph showed the use of tobacco, the Monitor either found a substitute shot or, failing that, snatched the tobacco right out of the subject's hand by painting it out. So far as the constant Monitor reader knows, Bing Crosby never owned a pipe in his life.

And the Monitor still hasn't let its readers in on the fact that Churchill, besides being something of a chimney, is also authoritatively reported to take a friendly glass.

Despite a still lengthy list of taboos, there are indications that the Monitor's tight restrictions on news are gradually loosening up. Read the concluding installment of this three-part article in next week's Collier's

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The Germans Wait Only for a Leader

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

the United States would exhaust themselves, and Germany would rise again, and rule the world.

We dismissed this spontaneous conclusion as one of Herr Kraemer's typical notions until the story, with many excited trimmings, was repeated during the day all over town. Presumably intelligent and informed Germans had leaped to the same delighted conclusion. Their happiness was undisguised. There were more smiling faces that day in Berlin than on any other day since the end of the war.

The Germans are a highly insular people who have a compact and co-operative national social life. But General Clay once remarked with considerable wonder that he had never seen a German engaged in a neighborly act. His experience was identical with that of thousands of Americans, accustomed to the offhand friendliness of small-town or suburban life at home. Even within the family an almost anarchic individualism appears to be the rule.

There was the case of our good friend Fraülein Elfrieda Stein, who struggled hard and honorably against actual want, but whose younger sister worked for military government and enjoyed all the extra rations and special favors that went with the job. Fraülein Stein told us, casually and without resentment, that her sister kept all her supplies under lock and key, and ate alone behind a locked door to avoid the necessity for sharing.

The Woman Who Cheated

Hilde, who eventually succeeded Else as our housekeeper, had lived during the war with her married sister and two small children, the father being in the army. The wife, becoming bored with her circumscribed existence, eventually found consolation with the local SS men. Night after night she was out while little Hilde looked after the babies. One day Hilde came home late and found the sister gone and the children in a state of hysterical terror after an air raid. She waited up and lectured Sister on her maternal duties, with no apparent effect.

At the end of the war the cuckolded husband came plodding home. Before he got there, eager neighbors met him with a thorough briefing on his wife's war work.

The wife was desperate: SS men were no longer in favor, and she had to have a meal ticket. She besought Hilde to say it was she who had consorted with the SS men.

Hilde didn't deny the story as her sister told it to the credulous husband. But then, just to clinch her argument, the wife said that it was Hilde who had spread malicious lies about her, whereupon the husband ordered Hilde out of the house.

For ourselves, we heard one night a loud scream from the house next door, followed by the sound of someone running and shouts for the police. We seized a flashlight and went over. The woman who lived there explained that a would-be intruder had been frightened away, and we went back home. Next day one of the women, whom we had never met before, paid a formal call to thank us for our unusual act of neighborliness!

These are the little people, the followers. What of their potential leaders?

In the summer of 1947 we called on a distinguished Heidelberg professor who was anxious for a fill-in on the official and popular mood in the United States with respect to Russia and Germany. What, he asked, would the Americans think of a person who advocated a peaceful compromise between the U.S. and the Soviet Union?

I replied that his motives probably would be questioned by many Americans who felt that their country had tried to be reasonable but had been rebuffed by Soviet tactics.

Next morning he was scheduled to speak at a university forum against the partitioning of Germany, and in favor of peace and compromise all around. To the astonishment of his colleagues who knew he agreed with the preceding speaker, he launched a violent attack against that gentleman's point of view. The two great antagonists would never reach a peaceful settlement, he insisted, and partitioning was the only thing. Better for half the nation to survive than for all to starve.

This man was not taking the American point of view because he believed in it, but because it seemed the opportunistic thing to do to ingratiate himself at the moment.

It was about this time that I learned of a German attorney who visited American headquarters at Nuremberg in the hope that he would be appointed defense counsel for one of the top Nazis. He was a concentration-camp alumnus, politically ambitious.

If appointed, he told the American officer, he would keep in close touch with the prosecution and at the opportune moment would double-cross his client.

Misplaced Trust in Managers

The military occupation administrators who preceded McCloy put their faith in the "efficient" men who managed industry for Hitler. They justified this on the ground that no other capable managers existed. They ignored the pleas of antitotalitarian groups for a chance to nominate others who were as capable and also politically more trustworthy.

One night late in 1947 a group of the "efficient" directors of Ruhr industries in whom our military men put their trust met privately in the British zone. They were concerned with Allied plans for destruction of cartels, dismantling of war factories and long-term control of German heavy industry.

The result of the meeting was an agreement to seek a deal with certain French interests with whom they had so profitably collaborated during and before World War II.

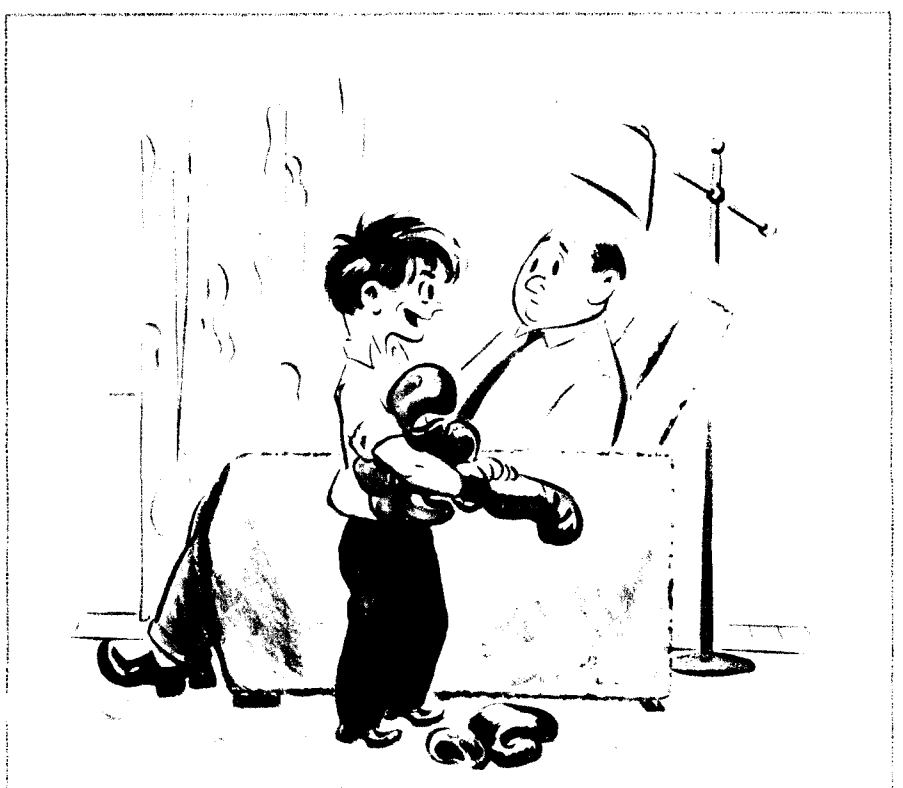
If this compact worked out, 51 per cent of the shares in the principal companies were to be transferred secretly to the French firms. Under the general occupation policy of not disturbing plants owned by Allied or neutral interests, this paper transfer of ownership would create an effective barrier against decartelization, dismantling and non-German supervision.

As it turned out, the former Hitler trustees who were eventually approved for the iron and coal industries included enough of these very men or their friends to make their earlier fears groundless. Meanwhile, the decartelization law was interpreted virtually out of existence.

While this was happening in industry, other Nazis were moving uninterruptedly back into German schoolrooms as instructors. Each Nazi teacher, upon being "denazified" (that is, upon paying his fine or serving his brief jail term) asked for his job back on the strength of his seniority under the old law—and got it!

Today the "little men" of Germany are unchanged, awaiting only a new leader to tell them what to do. They believe in authority and are lost without it. Democracy to them means American folkways, American political forms, carbonated soft drinks, chewing gum, baseball and anti-Communism. The real spirit of democracy has never been made clear to them.

The relatively few potential German leaders who have democratic, antimilitarist sentiments have received little or no encouragement to assume leadership. Democratic forces among Germans have been ignored or brushed aside in favor of the old-line Nazis who thrived during the Hitler regime. By drawing the strong democrats out of obscurity, we still can make a fresh start toward building Germany as a firm bulwark against Soviet expansion. THE END



COLLIER'S "Feel like continuing those boxing lessons you were giving me when I was six?" KIRK

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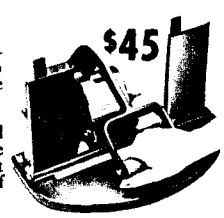

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Troubles of College Deans

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

Even at Ohio State, a conservative stronghold, a Students for Wallace group was organized in 1948, calling for cheaper tuition and an end to segregation. The Wallaceites invited Paul Robeson to speak on the campus under university auspices, but refused to abide by the routine procedure of getting a speaking permit. The dean disavowed the invitation and outlawed the group. Robeson spoke off campus to about 200 students and townsfolk.

Such situations are not helped much by the confused activities of state and federal governments. On the one hand, these authorities pass laws and resolutions against intolerance. On the other, they crack down on nonconformist thinking and call for inspection of college textbooks. This is very bewildering to young people in the idealistic stage of life. Subversive agitators seldom miss a chance to cash in on the bewilderment.

But the other interests at college also make difficulties for the dean. Usually the trouble comes from the club or fraternity system where absentee alumni exert a heavy influence. There is hardly a dean in the country who has not feuded against the snobbery and false values which these organizations have perpetuated on the campus. Last year the Phi Kappa Psi chapter at Amherst College pledged a colored boy, and was ejected from the national organization. But even before this incident, the Amherst authorities had ruled out, as of February 1, 1951, any fraternity with by-laws at variance with the college's eligibility rules.

Some deans believe this is going too far. They doubt both the legality of the Amherst decision and the wisdom of trying to enforce it. Given time, the students will probably accomplish reforms in their own way. Last year Yale University not only elected Levi Jackson, a colored boy, as football captain but bid him to several of the best clubs. But deans will be called upon many times in the years just ahead to make a Solomon's decision as to whose baby the fraternity problem is.

One Theory of Campus Crime

We are now getting far down on the dean's trouble list. Surprisingly enough, this is where many of them place the matter of the students themselves. The nation is occasionally startled to read news stories of campus murders, burglaries, crooked basketball games and lurid love tangles. Such things happen, say the deans because colleges have become more cosmopolitan and have taken on a larger share of the world's misdoings.

Innocent-looking fads sometimes build up to major crises. Not long ago, at an Eastern college, there was a craze for water pistols. Gunmen squirted their victims in the streets and classrooms without much disturbance of the peace.

"But how could I know," asks the dean, "what the undergraduate mind would come to next? Soon there were water buckets and water bombs coming out of the windows. Then came firecrackers, followed by a 50-minute, remote-control display of flares, ammunition and rockets—a case the campus police never did solve."

Most deans are tolerant, youthful-minded men and women with boys and girls of their own at home. Their stock in trade is a reputation for good fellowship and good sportsmanship. They would much rather look the other way than catch a malefactor and punish him. They are constantly confronted with highly respectable alumni or war-hero graduates who used to be hellions on the campus. The whole theory of discipline these days is based on the light touch, and deans are chosen for this talent.

The tendency in deans' offices is to laugh off deportment which used to be considered a sign of degeneration. At a large coed university recently a boy and girl were surprised at high noon in the act of love. The girl was sent to a doctor for pregnancy observation. As for the boy, the official in charge of discipline merely called another state college and had the midday lover transferred without prejudice. There was no other punishment.

On another occasion the dean of a Middle Western university was summoned from bed at midnight. Undergraduates had nearly wrecked a local movie theater. One of the culprits, a six-foot-four basketball player, pleaded guilty and said, "But, gee, Dean, I'm just a boy." Another student, a freshman, began to weep under the scolding. Nobody was severely punished.

Expulsion as a college discipline is becoming almost as obsolete as being burned at the stake. Under Dean of Students E. G. Williamson, dismissals at the University of Minnesota averaged less than two per year during a six-year period in a student body of approximately 27,000, and dropped to zero in 1947-'48. Minnesota is cited here because it has accumulated statistics to show the general trend in campus criminology.

During 1941-'47 there were 1,473 disciplinary "complaints" lodged at the Minnesota dean's office, exclusive of cheating. These broke down as follows: minor misconduct—38 per cent; financial irregularities, disorderly conduct—14 per cent each; theft and burglary—11 per cent; misuse of privilege—10 per cent; sex misconduct—7 per cent; miscellaneous—6 per cent.

A further breakdown, covering a typical month, showed that 13 per cent of all the complaints were either invalid or too flimsy for proof. The valid complaints were then winnowed of those in which the culprit was proved less guilty than the complainant had charged. After giving student defendants all these benefits of doubt and toleration, the dean's office got down to corrective measures. A guilty student was first submitted to a "friendly talk" and then put through an intricate course of "rehabilitation." One example will suffice.

Girl Baffled Five Experts

A girl was on the dean's trouble list for sexual misconduct, drinking in the dormitory and lagging in her work. Over a six-month period her case was studied successively by five separate personnel experts—the psychiatrist, the disciplinary counselor, a student counselor, a speech clinician and her college adviser. Finally somebody discovered that she could not jitterbug and that she had developed a left-out feeling which resulted in rebellion.

The cure was to refer her to a local dance studio. There she soon learned that jitterbugging was not considered a high form of dancing. She was told of college proms where jitterbugging is not even permitted.

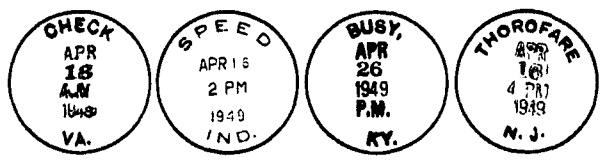
Soon after this the girl's behavior and work both began to improve. She got her diploma on schedule and then went on to take graduate work.

At the very bottom of the dean's list of troubles we come to a problem which sociologist and professional viewers-with-alarm often mistakenly put at the top. This is sometimes referred to as postwar neurosis and sometimes as Atomic Age fatalism. Whatever its name, it is mostly an imaginary menace to the campus. The poseurs and introspective desperadoes of F. Scott Fitzgerald's Lost Generation have not returned in the wake of World War II.

The testimony of deans is that there is more drinking, but less intemperance; more sex but less slyness; more liberalism but less nihilism than in the 1920s. There is definitely less lawlessness than newspaper stories of campus strikes, murders and robberies would indicate.

Deans, like all hard workers, may moan about the rigors of the job, but few have been known to quit voluntarily. Theirs is a labor of love for anyone with a memory of his own youth and a sympathy for other human beings in trouble. Deans would not last long without these warm qualities. They are called out of bed and kept at their desks at all hours. But the sleep they do get is not a troubled sleep. The work they do is rich in the rewards of inner happiness. And the report they make of their stewardship should be reassuring news to American parents. By and large, things are going pretty well on the dawn patrol. THE END

Picture Postmarks



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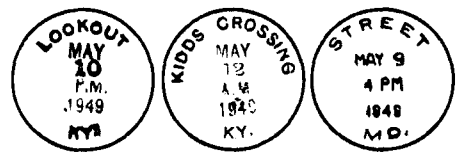

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Next Week

Crack-up of an American Communist Family

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Leave That Woods Baby Be

By WILLIAM L. WORDEN

Don't adopt bear cubs, bobcats and fawns. If they don't get you, the game protectors will

THE filling-station owner swelled with indignation. This was positively the last straw, the ultimate in government interference with a man's private affairs. The mule deer he had picked up as a fawn was as tame as a dog, like one of the family, a pet of the whole community—and a legitimate lure for tourist business.

The state game protectors, Cossacks that they seemed, remained unimpressed. The law was clear, possession illegal. The deer was moved to a state game refuge located at Squaw Creek, Washington.

It was not quite the end of an old, old story. The mule deer sniffed the protected range and vanished into the woods. He didn't come back for three days. Then, apparently for no reason, he decided he disliked an elderly caretaker who hauled feed for the animals out to a meadow with a tractor. When he attacked the tractor the first evening, it was mildly funny. Head lowered, the deer charged, not stopping until his antlers banged against the frame of the machine. The driver merely stayed aboard, not daring to get off until he was safe within barnyard fences. He was a patient man. During the next week he stayed aboard the tractor every day when the animal launched an attack, and didn't complain to anyone.

A game protector—call him Jones—and a deputy sheriff wished he had. In the middle of the following week they were walking across the game refuge, checking the size of an antelope herd, and the big mule deer attacked them. Jones was butted in the stomach and the deputy suffered a six-inch gash in the hip. The buck dragged them all over a 40-acre field before they managed to kill it.

"We hated to do it," Jones said, "but I wished that filling-station man had been around. I wondered how many youngsters had played with that animal before we got nasty and took it away from him."

This is not an extreme example of the tragedy which almost invariably follows the great American practice of playing mama or papa to a poor little lost woods baby. The repeated shouts of game experts across the nation that the woods baby isn't poor, isn't lost and certainly won't stay little have almost no effect. Still the happy citizens pick up fawns, bear cubs, young raccoons, skunks, even bobcat kittens. Still they continue to be surprised when their thoughtfulness is not appreciated by the animals or state game departments.

In Allegany County, New York, alone, 57 fawns were picked up in 1949 before the middle of July—57 who would have been perfectly all right if left where they were, and who are now doomed. In the whole of New York State, the "rescues" totaled nearly 200 for the first half of the year. Washington, Oregon and Idaho counted pick-up fawns in the hundreds; and in California, the habit reached "epidemic" proportions according to a game department estimate.

A young fawn, surprised in the woods, drops by instinct and plays dead until the danger is past. Meanwhile, the doe tears off through the woods to decoy danger away from her young. Only when the danger is past will she return—but she definitely has not abandoned her child. It is a simple system, as old as

ACME

Ralph Coundouris, Long Beach, Cal., and pet deer that grew up, got vicious and landed in the zoo

the race of deer, and works fine except against simple-minded humans; but they keep picking up the babies and there is always hell to pay.

Here is what usually happens:

1. The rescuer discovers that what he has done is against the law in almost all states. Picking up or possession can bring a $500 fine and six months in jail in California, and there are similar penalties elsewhere.

2. Pleading ignorance, the rescuer turns the fawn over to the state game department. A fawn drinks at least a quart of milk a day and soon begins to eat approximately as much grain and hay as a small horse. (A bear cub takes four quarts of milk daily.) As soon as the fawn seems to have a chance for survival alone, the state attempts to put it back in the woods. This is where the rub comes. Deer almost never go wild a second time.

In Washington State, game workers once put fawns on an uninhabited Puget Sound island, gradually decreasing amounts and frequency of feeding. The theory was that the deer would gradually learn to forage for themselves and eventually would be both hungry enough and wild enough to swim to some other forested island or the mainland. Even this was only a qualified success. Other states, without such handy islands, dump deer off trucks in remote backwoods, chase them with dogs—anything to get them to go wild.

A STATE OFFICIAL says, "I estimate we have about 95 per cent total failure. If the deer does not wander into some town, get killed on a highway trying to make friends with an automobile or starve to death because he does not know how to look for food, he never makes it through the first hunting season. There are always plenty of hunters who think it's great sport to shoot a deer just as he walks up looking for a lump of sugar."

Newspaper files are full of stories of what happens if the fawn is raised as a private pet, legally or illegally. Once a deer has lost his natural fear of dogs, he is more than a match for any ordinary neighborhood pooch—and the records of friendly cockers or yapping poodles slashed viciously to death by "pet" deer take columns of newsprint.

Nor are dogs the only victims. All buck deer are dangerous in mating season. At New York's Delmar Game Farm several workers have been seriously cut by captive bucks. A gardener near Sheridan, Oregon, died under the lance-sharp hoofs of a pet. Deer never learn about houses and are as likely to bed down in the living room as in the barn. This is funny to tell, not so funny to housewives.

Even if your pet displays no bad habits, tragedy still stalks him. An Idaho resort owner now has tamed half a dozen does. Each year he does it over again, because the old pet always gets shot by some hunter in the fall. Even attaching a red hat to the deer's head never has done any good. "The way I figure," the resort man says, "that hat just gives them something more definite to shoot at."

For bear, the story is still a tougher one. Almost no cubs are abandoned in the forests. The lonesome little guy you see on the forest highway probably has a mama not too far away. She may not show herself—or she may. If, just as you pick up the ten-pound tyke, three or four hundred pounds of very displeased maternal instinct charges out of a berry patch, don't say you weren't warned.

ONCE TAMED, bears never can be taught to go wild again. In New York three cubs were liberated. They raided campsites, invited themselves to picnics and chased a woman halfway up a fire tower. In the end, the state had to trap all three—one after a year of steady depredations. Now, given to the state, the friendliest cub has only two possible fates—life as an unhappy captive in some zoo, or slaughter because there is no place he can be sent.

In some states bear can legally be kept as pets; but at your own very considerable risk. In Seattle, Richard Strand, eight, was killed by a pet bear in 1945. The bear weighed only eight pounds when made a pet, but weighed out at 250 when he became a murderer. In Pikesville, Maryland, a "pet" bit Mary Louise Hastings, aged four. Her leg had to be amputated. At Saint Helens, Oregon, W. Peterson's bear got to be so little a pet that Peterson made him into steaks, without a qualm. At Otisville, New York, a bear turned on a little girl who had bottle-fed it from babyhood. The girl died.

Coons sometimes can be liberated successfully, but the state of New York had 40 to get rid of in midsummer this year. As pets they are unreliable. In Mount Rainier National Park, a one-eyed coon lives under an inn porch. Rangers warn everybody—and then go get the bandages. The coon's record of bitten fingers and scratched arms grows daily. (In national parks, incidentally, the crime of picking up young wild animals is the most frequent law violation except speeding.)

If you must pick up something, most wardens and rangers have a recommendation. Find a nice butterball of a porcupine. They are fascinating, maintain no noticeable family ties, have cute button noses and will eat anything. They will not run away.

But if they do not teach you a lesson with their fat, maneuverable tails in the first five minutes, bud, you're unteachable. THE END

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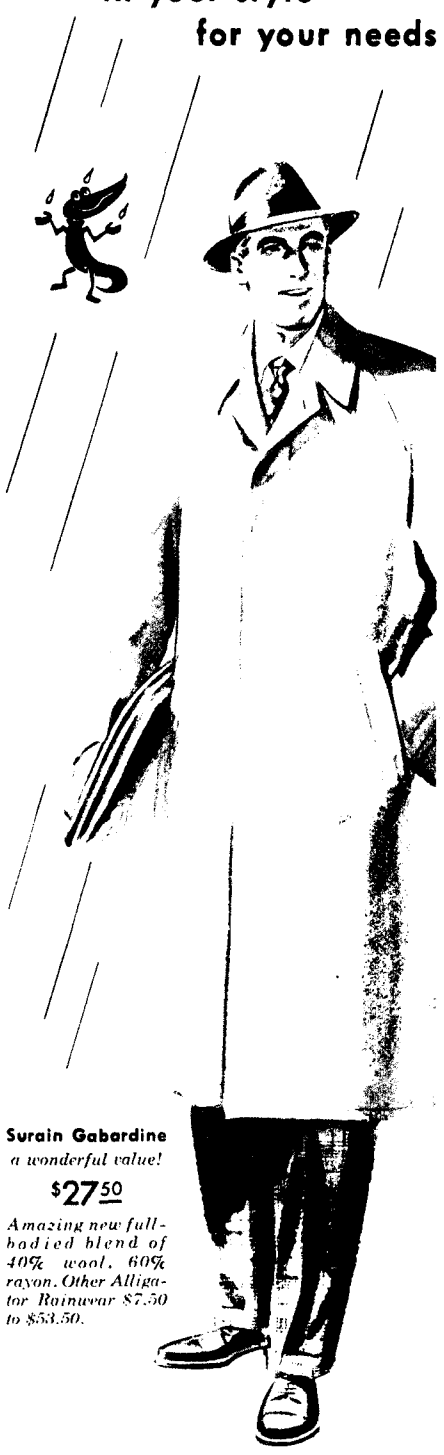

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Any Friend of Sam's

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

corral," Milton said, bossy-like. "And stop by the bank when you're through and we'll settle up."

Connie grinned at Miss Kelcey. "You ever live on a farm?" he said.

She shook her head, looking funny. "Not yet," she said.

Connie climbed up on the load and took the reins. "You'll like it," he said.

Milton put his arm around Miss Kelcey. "Why, yes," he said. "We expect to be very happy on the farm, don't we, Ellen, my dear?"

"Yes," Miss Kelcey said, looking at Connie. "Thank you again, Mr. Whittle."

We unloaded the hay by the corral. Then we drove down to the bank.

Milton was there with Nathan Dreadfulwater and some of the other guys that were in charge of the rodeo. I followed Connie in to the bank, and Milton kept us waiting like we weren't important. Then he came over and got some money out of a drawer and flipped it onto the counter and said, "Ten dollars, right?" Connie nodded, and Milton said, "Pretty sorry damned hay, Whittle. You're being overpaid." The guys in there laughed a little.

Connie put the ten-dollar bill back on the counter. "So let's gamble," he said. "Double or nothing, Milton."

Milton bit the end off a cigar and sneered. "For a dirt-dauber that's always trying to beg me out of a loan, you're mighty casual about money."

"I respect money," Connie said. "But I don't worship it the way you do, Milt."

The guys laughed again, and Milton got red in the face. "Always the show-off," he said. "A big brave ex-Marine that goes around stopping runaway horses. If you got so much guts, how come you're not entering the rodeo?" He struck a match and lighted the cigar, scowling at Connie. "How about that, Whittle?"

"I'm no cowboy," Connie said. "You want to double or nothing, Milt?"

Milton pushed the bill at Connie and lifted his lip. "Chicken feed," he said. "I might be interested in a little bet about how much guts you've really got, hero."

"Aw, knock it off, Milt," Connie said, sticking the ten dollars in his pocket. "Why should I enter the rodeo? I couldn't win any money." He acted nervous, and I guess Milton Clodfelter seen it, the way his eyes kind of narrowed again. "Why, hell, Milt," Connie said. "What kind of ugly thoughts are you entertaining? You wouldn't catch me riding no bucking bronc—not for a thousand dollars, boy. I'm not crazy."

MILTON took the cigar out of his mouth and looked around at the other guys and sneered. "Backing down, huh, Whittle?" he said. "Well, I'm gonna make you back down all the way, fella. You ever ride a Brahman bull? You ever bulldog a steer, or ride a bucking bronc?" Connie shook his head.

"Connie, let's get out of here," I said. He shook his head again.

"All right, now let's see if you're chicken or not," Milton Clodfelter said. "I'll bet you a thousand dollars against your farm you won't enter those three events and stick it out all four performances, Whittle." He put the cigar back in his mouth.

Connie shook his head. "That farm's worth anyhow five thousand dollars, Milt."

Milton glanced at the other guys and grinned. "Oh, no you don't," he said. "You can't slide out of it that way, boy. I'll raise the ante to twenty-five hundred—sort of double or nothing deal, see." He puffed on his cigar and sneered, and I wondered if he knew about Connie having some Jap metal in his back and his right leg.

"Milt, it's a deal," Connie said. Just like that. I wondered if he'd forgot.

Milton took the cigar out of his mouth. "What?" he said, surprised.

Nathan Dreadfulwater came walking over. "Don't be a chump, Whittle," he said. "Ain't none of the top cowboys entering all three of those events."

"Yeah," Milton said. "Don't be a fool, Whittle. Listen, I'll—"

"Who's chicken now?" Connie said, grinning. "Put her in writing, Milt."

Milton looked at him and kind of shook himself. "All right, damn you, Whittle!" he said, and he wrote out two agreements, with Nathan Dreadfulwater as witness. "I hate to get your farm this way, Whittle," Milton said.

Connie grinned and stuck his copy of the agreement in his pocket. I followed him out to our wagon. Connie lighted his pipe and smoked without saying anything until we were almost home. Then he looked at me and said, "Sam, you understand why I'm doing this?"

"No," I said.

"Sam," he said, "that makes two of us." He kind of laughed. "Did you see the look on old Milton's face when I took him up on that bet, Sam?"

"Yeah," I said. "But you should of seen the look on *my* face, boy."

WHEN we got done with the evening chores, Connie fixed supper—salt bacon and fried eggs and biscuits, with milk gravy. We went to bed early, and the next morning we had salt bacon and fried eggs with cold biscuits and coffee. After we done the morning chores, we got in Connie's old jeep and went to town to watch the parade.

Miss Kelcey rode with the other Queen contestants, and I got to admit she was about as much at home on a horse as the others. She filled her shirt better, too. We stood on the sidewalk and watched until Miss Kelcey turned the corner, and then we started pushing along through the crowd. We hadn't gone hardly any distance when all of a sudden there were some yells up ahead and a big commotion, and there come a horse around the corner where the parade bent, with a woman on it. Some guy in the parade made a grab for the horse, and it shied away and swung right up over the curb onto the sidewalk where we were. Everybody started ducking and getting out of the way, but Connie just stood there and grabbed the horse's bridle and stopped it. It was a different horse this time, but it was Miss Kelcey on him as usual.

She got off in a hurry. "What is it about me that makes horses so fidgety?" she said. "I hate horses, and I wish I'd never got mixed up in this business, and besides I don't think the school board approves of my costume. Hello, Sam."

I said hello, and Connie grinned and said, "Let's get married, Miss Kelcey, and tell the school board to go jump in the lake."

"Don't say things like that," she said. "I'm embarrassed enough already."

"I wasn't trying to embarrass you. I'm in dead earnest," Connie said.

"Mr. Whittle," she said, acting flustered, "you know perfectly well I'm engaged to Milton." She took the reins and turned the horse around and got him back in the street, where the tail end of the parade was just going past. "Good-by," she said. "And thank you, Mr. Whittle, once more."

"Call me Connie," he said. "How about a date after the rodeo tonight, Ellen?"

She just looked at him, then hurried down the street leading the horse.

We fooled around, and then we had hamburgers and coffee and we went on out to the rodeo grounds. After Connie paid his entry fees, we went around to the corrals and looked at the Brahman bulls. Connie seemed a little pale to me. I might have seemed a little pale to him too, because I was trying to imagine what it would be like to ride one of those things with just a surcingle to hang onto. There was one big old yellow Brahman there that was the meanest-looking thing I ever saw. I was sure glad I wasn't Connie—and I wished he wasn't either.

THE afternoon rodeo started with everybody riding around carrying flags and things in the grand quadrille; then the public-address announcer introduced the Queen contestants, one of which would be announced the winner at the last performance of the rodeo. Everybody that bought a ticket got to vote. I would of voted for Miss Kelcey, I guess, only I come in on Connie's pass. The contestants all rode through the big gate into the arena one at a time, but when the announcer said, "That popular, good-lookin' schoolmarm, Miss Ellen Kelcey," she came through the gate leading her horse, made a quick circle, and walked out again. Everybody laughed and cheered, and a lot of guys whistled. I was sitting down in the front row at the end nearest the gate and the chutes beyond, and she smiled at me as she went past, and like I said, a lot of guys whistled at her.

I could see Connie over by the chutes with the other entrants, and he was the only one not wearing cowboy hat and boots. He had on his Marine combat boots and a baseball cap, and he didn't look like he had any business down there.

The first event was calf roping, and all I got to say is that's a heck of a way to do a little old calf. Anyhow, Connie wasn't in that. But the next thing was bronc riding, and he was in that for a couple of seconds. The riders before him all waved their cowboy hats and yelled, "Yeeeow-wee!" when they come out of the chutes, and they stuck on until Nathan Dreadfulwater, who was the pickup man, rode alongside and helped them off. When Connie come out on his bronc he never yelled, and he didn't need no help getting off, either.

It happened so fast I still ain't sure whether he got thrown on the second or the third jump. He got thrown, though, and went sailing through the air, and I wanted to yell but I didn't. I just set there holding my breath and feeling sick inside, and you could of heard him landing a block away. He hit on his back, and he stayed there for a couple of seconds. But then he got up and limped over to the fence and sat down, and somebody was shaking my shoulder.

I looked around, and there was Miss Kelcey. "Wasn't that Connie Whittle?" she said. "My goodness, I didn't know he was a cowboy." I said he wasn't, and she said, "Well, then, why was he riding that awful horse, Sam?"

I looked at her. I said, "You call *that* riding?" And she sighed and sat down.

"I see what you mean, Sam," she said. "But I still don't understand why."

"Because he's crazy," I said. I told her about the bet, and she said, "Why that's the silliest thing I ever heard of. That idiot, Sam! He might get hurt."

It wasn't any news to me about Connie being an idiot. I sat there, waiting for the next event with a kind of a knock in my stomach. Bulldogging was next, and Connie drew a big old skinny steer with long sharp horns. He wasn't till last, and he was lucky. Maybe you don't know about rodeos, but outside the

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chutes about ten feet they got a white line. In bulldogging if the steer stops before he crosses that line it's a balk, and the contestant is automatically disqualified. Connie had luck—his steer knew about that line, and it stopped and turned and slowly walked away.

After a while it was time for the Brahman bull riding, and I was nervous because I'd been dreading it. I kept thinking about that mean old yellow one and hoping Connie wouldn't draw it. He didn't. The first cowboy got the old yellow Brahman, and it threw him right away and then chased him up the fence. Connie was second, on a gray Brahman. They came out of chute number two, and Connie stayed with it a while, and then he fell off and the gray Brahman tried to get on him, but he outrun it to the fence. I mean, them babies are mean. It don't satisfy them to just throw a guy. They want to fight, too. Connie came on up in the stands and sat down, breathing hard but grinning. There were bruises on his face, and his elbow and one knee were skinned up a little.

"You fool," Miss Kelcey said. "Why did you make such a stupid wager?"

"If I ever knew, I've forgotten now, Ellen. I think it had something to do with a tractor," Connie said.

"All I want to know," I said, feeling a little sore at him, "is where are we going to live after you get out of the hospital, Connie?"

Connie chuckled. "That reminds me, Ellen," he said. "Drop out to the farm and show me how you want it fixed up after I get this dough and we're married."

MISS KELCEY jumped up. "After we're—How *I* want—! Connie Whittle, you've got the most colossal—you're the—you—ooooh!" She went loping up the steps, and Connie watched her go, sighing. He looked all sweaty and tired, and maybe worried.

"She's got more colossal than I have," he said, grinning. "Let's go home, Sam."

We went home and did the chores early and Connie fried us some salt bacon and eggs for supper, and then he laid down for an hour before we went back to Barren Acres for the evening performance of the rodeo.

Miss Kelcey must of got up her nerve, because when the public-address system called off the names of the Queen contestants she rode her horse through the gate and into the arena. They both looked nervous, and the horse started jogging, the way horses do, and parts of Miss Kelcey jogged too. She got a big hand, and a lot more guys whistled than in the afternoon.

Connie was second in the bronc riding. He went off sideways the very first pitch, landed on his stomach, and got up right away. From where I was sitting, he looked like he was relieved to get off.

In the bulldogging Connie must of got the same steer again, because it throwed on its brakes short of the balk line and loped off down the fence, and Connie didn't have to wrestle it. And when the Brahman riding come off he was lucky again. He didn't draw that old yellow one. He got a sort of dirty white one that pitched him forward onto its neck and then started running, and he rode it clear around the arena, with everybody yelling and laughing, before he could figure out how to get off. He rolled over and over a few times and got up and limped across to the stands and come on up where I was, groaning.

"Where's Miss Pulchritude of 1949?" he asked me, and I said if he meant Miss Kelcey she was sitting with Milton Clodfelter down yonder. "In that case, let's go on home," Connie said. "I'm in no mood for romance, anyway. I'm pooped, Sam." We left the stands and headed for the gate, and he grinned at me and said, "You realize we've got that tractor half made, boy? Two more of those horrible ordeals, and we're in."

I didn't say anything, but I was wondering how long a guy could go on being lucky. We were just getting into the jeep when Milton Clodfelter came loping out of the park. Connie stuck the key in the switch and waited.

"Whittle, I've been thinking," Milton said, biting the end off a cigar.

"That could happen to almost anybody," Connie said. "What came of it, Milt?"

"I realize I've taken an unfair advantage of you," Milton said. "You were all worked up when you made the bet. Let's call it off. I'm afraid you'll get hurt."

"You're afraid I *won't* get hurt," Connie said, grinning. "The bet still goes."

Old Milton puffed up and got red in the face. "All right, damn you!" he yelled, and threw his cigar on the ground. "Wait'll tomorrow, Whittle. You been lucky and drew some easy stock so far, but I've got some influence around here, and I'll fix it so you get the meanest animals in the show tomorrow."

Connie grinned at him and drove on out of the parking lot and out of town, and that night he yelled in his sleep for the first time in a couple of years, and I had to wake him up. He was sweating and trembling. "Where am I?" he said.

"You were dreaming," I said. "Like you used to all the time. About Japs."

"Japs, hell," he said. "I was dreaming about Brahmans and bucking broncs, Sam."

CONNIE slept late the next morning, and when he got up he was so stiff he could hardly get around for a while. I'd already done the chores, so he fixed us a late breakfast. Fried eggs and salt meat. Don't get me wrong, I like eggs and salt meat as well as anybody you'd care to mention. Only, what's wrong with having something else once in a while? After we ate, I rubbed Connie with liniment, and he laid down until time to drive into Barren Acres for the afternoon rodeo.

When Connie parked the jeep and we started to go into the stadium, there was Miss Kelcey sitting in Milton Clodfelter's convertible drinking pop. "Sam," Connie said, "get lost. I wish to indulge in some romantic nonsense. Go on inside."

"Okay," I said, but when I got around to the gate I couldn't go in because Connie had our pass in his pocket. So I went back around where he was, and got there in time for the big fight. They were talking when I got almost to the convertible. I heard Miss Kelcey say, "After all, what kind of person do you think I am, for pity's sake? You know I'm engaged to Milton."

"Engagements can be broken," Connie interrupted. "You don't love old lard bucket."

"If you mean Milton," she said, sort of hoity-toity, "I—well, I admire him tremendously. I respect him. I *like* him a great deal, Connie. Perhaps it isn't the sort of love romanticists are always ranting about, but it's more durable."

"Oh, bilge!" Connie said. "Baby, you should marry for love. You shouldn't sell yourself to a drip like Milton in exchange for security and boredom—"

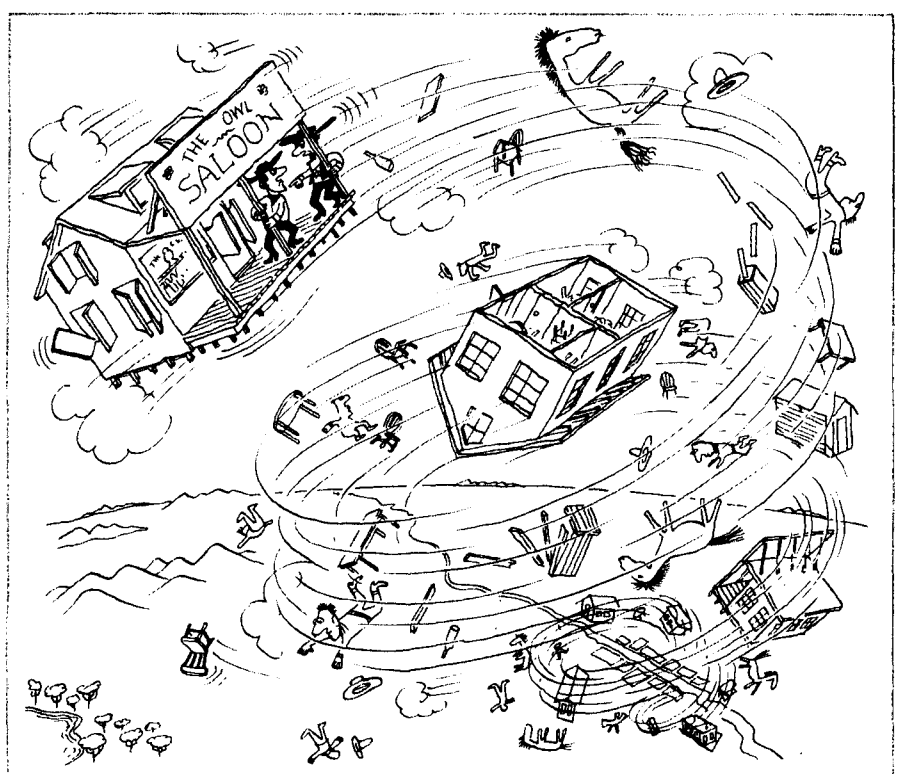
"Sell myself!" Miss Kelcey said, like she was choking. "That does it, you—*oooh!* Go away. I hate you!" She slapped his face, hard, and he looked at her for a minute, and then he got out of Milton's car and touched where she'd slapped.

"Well," he said, "I guess you know what you want, slugger, and I'm not it." He turned around and came towards me, but he didn't act like he even saw me. I followed him to the gate and on inside, and he said, "Get on up there, Sam." And I got . . .

"Connie Whittle," said the announcer. "Coming out of chute number three on Satan. Wish him luck." I had noticed that horse before. He was a tough baby. Connie came out of chute number three on Satan, all right, but after about two whirling pitches Connie went flying back into the chute. I didn't see him land because of the chute gate, but he was slow coming out, and he staggered to the fence and hung onto it for a minute before he got straightened up. I looked around for Miss Kelcey. Don't ask me why—maybe I just wondered if she saw Connie come out of chute number three. Anyhow, she was just outside the main arena gate on one of Milton's horses, watching the rodeo over the fence, and she looked pretty grim.

Milton was sitting on the fence by the gate, wearing a purple shirt and looking kind of disappointed, and Connie walked over right under him and lighted a cigarette, like he felt okay. I watched the rest of the bronc riding, but I was getting pretty sick of that rodeo.

In the bulldogging Connie got a big

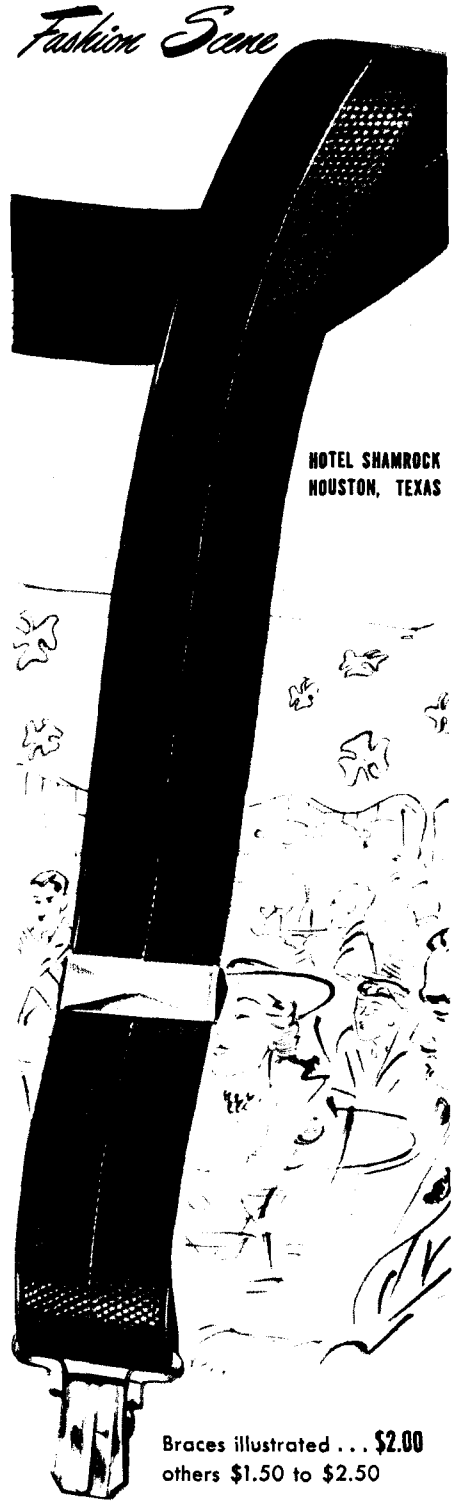


COLLIER'S

". . . as I was saying. You have twenty-four hours to get out of town"

VIRGIL PARTCH

In the American Fashion Scene



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skinny steer with crooked horns. Nathan Dreadfulwater was supposed to crowd the steer between him and Connie when it come busting out of the chute, so Connie could dive down onto it and grab it by the horns and try to throw it. But Nathan didn't get a fast enough start. They just never caught up with that steer.

Connie sure had luck where that bulldogging was concerned, but when it come to them Brahmans his luck ran out. This time he finally drew that old mean yellow one, which always pitched around in a circle and tried to get at the guy riding him. He started operating in the chute before Connie even got set on him good. When they yanked the gate open, that old devil come out just far enough to give him some working space, and then he stayed there kicking and pitching something terrible.

THE way I figure it now, with that old bull going around and around in one spot like that Connie was afraid *not* to stay on. It was safer on that bull than off it. He put up a good ride, too, but even them bona fide cowboys hadn't been able to stay on that old yellow monster very long, and Connie never had a chance. When he started going, he threw his leg over the bull's back and went off feet first; and the bull kept going around and around, with Connie in the middle like the hub of a wheel, his right arm slung over the bull's back for something to hang onto. It might of seemed funny if it hadn't scared me so bad, Connie dancing up and down, trying to keep from getting stepped on or kicked or hit by that swinging head, and not able to get away from the bull.

I heard someone yelling and it was me. "Run, Connie, run!" I kept yelling, and after what seemed a long time, with everybody yelling and screaming, Connie made a break for it. But the bull caught him with its neck and knocked him down, and it butted him on the ground, and then when he got up to run again it took after him and rammed him into the fence.

I thought he was going to get away then, because the bull turned away from him. But it kicked out with its hind feet and sent him crashing into the fence again and kept turning against him, and then it sort of humped down and got its shoulder under him and tried to shove him right through that plank fence, and I was yelling and all empty inside. By that time a couple of the cowboys were hitting it in the face with their hats, and Nathan Dreadfulwater was whacking it with his lariat. Finally it quit having fun with Connie and took off around the arena making passes at the cowboys and running them up the fence.

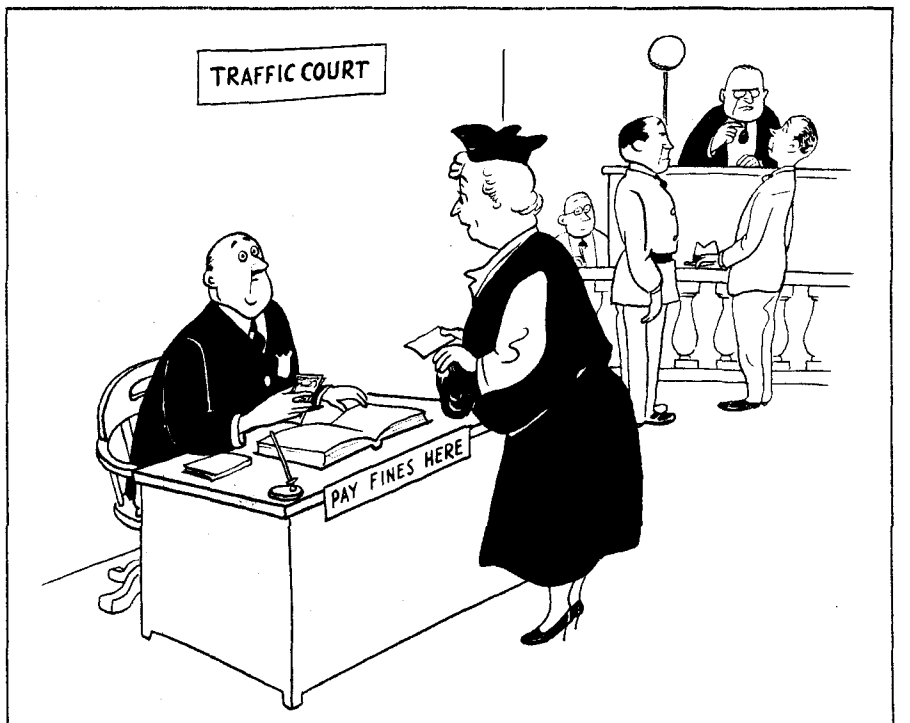
I looked at Connie, and he was holding himself kind of funny. His right arm was just hanging down at his side, kind of limp. He picked up his baseball cap with his left hand, dusted it and put it on. Then he grinned at Milton up there on the fence, and lighted a cigarette with his left hand, using one of them kitchen matches he carries. I knew something was bad wrong with that right arm then, because he never lights a cigarette or his pipe left-handed.

People were still yelling. I looked around, and the old Brahman was coming back along the fence on my side, snorting and bellowing, going towards Connie. Connie just stood there by the chute, smoking his cigarette and watching the Brahman come. I looked and saw Miss Kelcey still there outside the gate, her eyes wide and her face white in the hot sunlight. I noticed the gate was open about a foot and the guy that opened and shut it was on top of the fence with everybody else. The gate was between Connie and the Brahman, and about thirty feet from where I was sitting.

Well, what I thought of all of a sudden was shoving that gate open so maybe the Brahman would go out of the arena and leave Connie alone—but I never figured on it happening like it did. I jumped up on the edge of the stands and it was about eight feet down to the ground, but I didn't stop to think about it—I jumped. Miss Kelcey's horse, that already was nervous from all the yelling and stuff, he lunged against the gate and it swung open, and he kept going through it and into the arena.

I just got up when that Brahman come snorting and pitching through the gate and turned my way. I mean, I went up that fence like a cat, and the Brahman swung around and took off in high gear. A couple of riderless horses went trotting through the gate rolling their eyes and blowing. I watched the Brahman go through the empty horses tied up outside by the corrals. The horses reared, and a couple broke the reins and got loose and went charging away. When the Brahman turned the corral corner out of sight, I looked back at the arena to see why everybody was yelling.

What happened was Miss Kelcey's horse stampeded. When he went through that gate and nearly got run over by the Brahman, he took over and started running. He was down at the far end of the arena now, with Miss Kelcey leaning over hanging onto his neck, and Nathan Dreadfulwater and some other guy were chasing her. The other guy was the nearest, and when Miss Kelcey's horse turned at the end of the arena, the guy was there and leaned away over and grabbed its bridle. Then the two horses come on around the fence, running, with the guy leaning away out of his saddle hanging onto the bridle and trying to stop the runaway.



"Is it customary to leave a tip for the arresting officer?"

COLLIER'S — BO BROWN

WHEN they got lined out I saw it was Connie. I sat there on top of the fence and sort of froze up, because Connie's horse was pulling away from the other one, and it just run out from under him. He hit the dirt, but hung onto the runaway's bridle, and I leaned out too far and fell off the fence into the arena. And I mean, I nearly got run over. Connie got that horse stopped about ten feet from where I was just getting up again.

Connie got to his knees, and then pushed up to his feet real slow, still hanging onto the bridle with his left hand. He was dirty and skinned up some, and his clothes were ripped and tore in a couple places.

Miss Kelcey straightened up in the saddle, looked around kind of funny, and then she just closed her eyes and come down out of that saddle. Maybe she fainted. Anyhow, Connie just stood there with his right arm hanging down at his side and watched her slide down onto the ground. If she fainted, she come to pretty quick, because she got right up, red in the face, and glared at Connie. Then all of a sudden there was Milton, grabbing her and asking if she was all right. She said she certainly wasn't all right, and shook herself loose.

Milton turned around and looked at Connie. Connie let Nathan Dreadfulwater take the horse's reins, and he got out a cigarette and grinned at Milton.

"Dammit, does it always have to be you?" Milton said.

"Just coincidence," Connie said. "Milt, I've just tussled with the meanest animals you've got here, and I'm still on my feet, and compared to those babies anything I draw tonight will be easy. That bet's practically won, Milt."

"Go ahead, gloat," Milton said in a voice like he was about ready to cry.

"Why, no," Connie said. "I'm going to give you a break, Milt. I've got scruples, and I don't enjoy taking advantage of your impetuous nature. It doesn't seem right I should get twenty-five hundred of your dollars just because you acted hasty in a weak moment."

"You mean you're willing to call off the bet?" Milton said, looking surprised.

"You guessed it," Connie said. "I'll call off the bet for five hundred dollars cash plus a ten-year loan of five thousand dollars at six per cent interest, with my farm as security. You not only save two thousand of your money, Milt, but you make six per cent for the bank as well."

You could see Milton thinking fast. "It's a deal," he said. He looked at Miss Kelcey and Nathan Dreadfulwater. "You two are witnesses," he said.

"Whip out your checkbook," Connie said. "And don't stall. I know you'd feel naked if you weren't wearing a checkbook, Milton, old benefactor. Write me a check."

Milton scowled and took out a checkbook and fountain pen, and I looked at Miss Kelcey. She was glaring at Connie. "Hello, Miss Kelcey," I said. She glared at me. Milton finished writing the check and handed it to Connie, and Connie took it in his left hand and shoved it in his pocket. "Thanks, Milton," he said in a funny voice, and he turned and started towards me.

And his eyes got glassier and glassier, and he started leaning away over to the left. I jumped and caught him before he could fall down, and we fell down together. I got out from under him, hearing Miss Kelcey gasp. Connie was out like a light, and I didn't know what to do.

Well, it got pretty confused there for a while. Everybody milled around and then the doctor was there, kneeling by Connie, and I backed up against the fence and tried not to bawl, and after a while the doctor looked up at Milton and said, "Dislocated shoulder, possibly a broken arm. May be broken ribs. Get this man to the hospital."

I LET her get away from me a little, then. Not loud, or anything, but Connie was my brother, and he was all the family I had. Don't tell *me* not to cry about a thing like that. I was twelve at the time. Besides, I just kind of choked up for a minute.

"He cheated me!" I heard Milton yell. "He tricked me into a sucker deal." He bent down over Connie. "I'll get my check back, by damn!" he said, and I took two steps and kicked him where his pants were tight, and he let out a yelp and jumped.

"Leave him alone," I yelled, "or I'll kick your big fat teeth in."

He started after me, and I stuck my hand in my pocket. He said, "Why, you little—!"

"*Milton!*" Miss Kelcey said, and Nathan Dreadfulwater said, "*Hold* it, Clodfelter."

Milton stopped and looked at them, muttering under his breath, and I put my knife back in my pocket. "All right," he said, real loud, "but this automatically cancels the verbal agreement. This voids it. Forget it, Ellen. You forget it too, Nate, see."

"That boy has guts," Nathan said. "I'm on his side. And I've got a memory like a Cherokee Indian."

"Your word won't hold up against *mine, Dreadfulwater,*" *Milton said* scornfully.

"Mine will," Miss Kelcey said. She came over and knelt and lifted Connie's head in her arms. "An oral agreement is binding, by my standards," she said, sniffling. "He got hurt stopping my horse or he'd have won that bet, Milton."

"Ellen, I must ask you to remember where you are," Milton said, looking around and acting nervous. "Don't you realize everybody is staring at you?"

"Let them stare," she said. "I know where I am, Milton. I guess I just found out. I also know where I'm going, and it isn't anyplace w-with you." Tears were running down her face now. "And you know what you can do with your old Rodeo Queen contest, too," she said. "Y-you'd take advantage of an injured p-person, M-Milton. You have n-no scruples, and our engagement is t-terminated. Go away, M-Milton C-Clodfelter."

Milton started to say something, but then he whirled around and went stomping off, and Nathan Dreadfulwater grinned and led the horse away. Miss Kelcey looked at me and smiled shakily and sniffled and wiped her eyes, and I thought I ought to say something to her. I mean, in a case like that, you can't just stand there.

So I said, "Miss Kelcey, you got it all wrong. Connie got hurt when he—"

All of a sudden Connie raised up and said, "Where am I?" He scowled at me, and said, "What happened?" Then he winked at me. And for a kid barely going on thirteen, I started catching on a little.

I wiped my nose on my sleeve and thought: Maybe she can cook something besides salt bacon and eggs. Anyway, I figured she must be good for something, or else Connie wouldn't of taken such a liking to her. THE END

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Cat's Cradle

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

rocker reading it—that took him away from the center of her existence. She seemed to demand something of him, of Martha, of Alec. He stood there, trying to understand what.

"I've asked you fifty times if I've asked you once to fix the kitchen sink—"

He let the screen door swing to behind him.

AS SOON as he was out of the house, Martha was up and after him. "Martie, Martie," Louise called after the child, "come right back here. Leaving me with the dishes to do! I want to talk to you." The clack of the dishes being stacked methodically followed them out like a protest.

On the porch steps facing the railroad tracks, Tim waited till Martha slipped up under his arm, a glow on her placid face.

"What is it, honey?" He could see she was churning with excitement inside.

"Daddy, the kittens are here!" She looked back toward the house as if it might eavesdrop. Their arms around each other, they strolled down the willow path by the tracks in the summer late afternoon.

"Honest? I thought it'd be tomorrow. How many are there?"

"Just two. The grayest, funniest little things, just like Estie. You got to come see them."

He gazed off thoughtfully. "Your mother know yet?"

"No, she only guesses. I hid them up in the blackberry patch and nobody saw me, not even Alec or he'd have told for sure. Daddy, you don't know what happened—" She picked a branch up off the ground and switched it along. "Estie had the kittens in the parlor sofa."

"In the sofa? With the canary bird there? That's funny. Your mother catch sight of anything?" He glanced over his shoulder.

"Not on top of the sofa, daddy. Inside of it. I was playing in the yard and Estie trotted out and meowed at me and rubbed against me and walked off and came back and trotted off again like she wanted to lead me somewhere. She kept looking around. She was looking for you, Daddy. Proud as peaches. I hugged her up and kissed her and ran after her into the house. She'd dug a hole in back of the sofa and crawled inside and had them there.

"I reached up so gently and carefully—they're like tiny flowers you could break the stems of. Estie didn't like it much and I had to fight her a little, but she'd like it a lot worse if Mama takes and drowns them. Ada Merrill said she wanted one."

"She'll find out—I mean about the sofa. She'll find out when she's cleaning. She'll raise sand and thunder."

"I don't care," Martha said obstinately. "She won't get the kittens anyhow. Come see them, Daddy."

"Can't now, honey. I got to hurry."

She stuck her toe in the ground and drew a circle, her smooth oval face hardly changing. "She'll be so disappointed. She'll think you don't care—"

He shook his head. "Later, I promise. Meet me in the back field about half past eight. Okay? But don't go near them before I get there."

"But Estie'll be looking for me, and I told Ada—"

"Now remember. We don't want them tied up in a bag and doused under the pump, do we?" He kissed her lightly.

In a turmoil of tenderness, she watched him cross the sun-glinting tracks and cut through the field sprinkled with daisies, toward the outlying mill buildings. They smoldered deep red under a haze of smoke, the windows smudged black. She turned back toward home.

THE clapboard house had faded and blistered since Tim's last painting. There were palings missing in the high picket fence he had built to keep the children off the tracks. On the porch, Louise leaned on the broom handle, holding herself in until the child was about to pass in front of her.

"We've got a secret just we three, the robin and me and the cherry tree," she chanted, half mocking, half wistful, and lifted a stray strand back from Martha's forehead. "All these secrets between you and your father. Why do you keep things from me, Martie? What is it?"

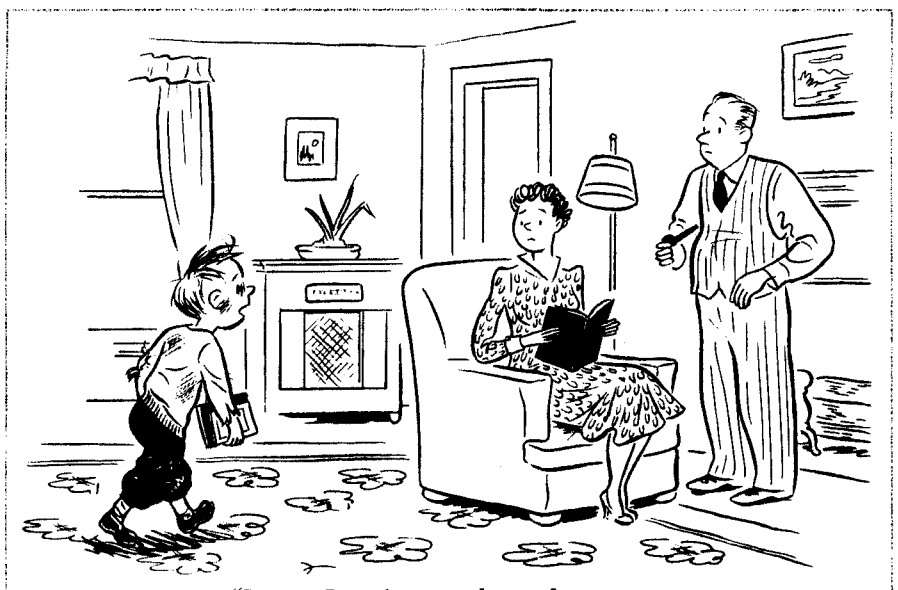
Martha shied away. "Nothing, Mama. I just kept Daddy company down the track a piece."

Louise's thin dark face tightened. "All right, don't tell me. I know. Those kittens came, didn't they? Where'd you put them?"

"No, Mama, it wasn't—"

"All right, don't tell me. I'll get rid of them. All you ever think of is cluttering up the house with one thing after another. Nobody ever thinks of the scrubbing and scrimping I do. The floors are waxed—your dress is starched and ironed—his coveralls are mended—dinner's on the table!"

She swished the broom over the floor boards with all the vigor of her irritation. The whole B&A Railroad had to



"I guess I am just not the student type. Every kid in my class can lick me!"

COLLIER'S — DAVE HUFFINE

Friday

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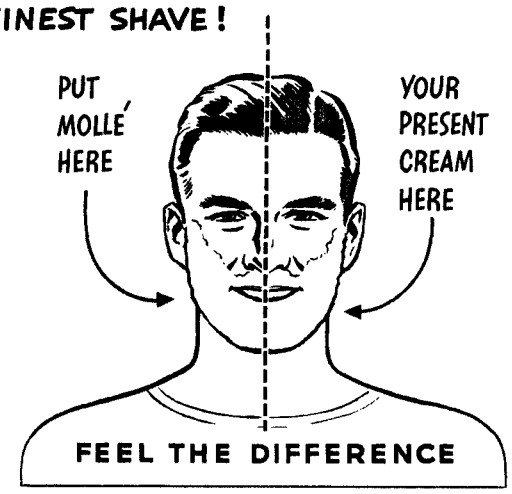

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dump soot on her front steps. Could they move out and live like decent respectable people? Oh, no! She looked broodingly over the fields, through the mills and across the glimmer of the river to the long hill where everybody that was grand and wonderful had lived, in elm-shaded, square white houses, a vision of dignity and order and spaciousness surrounded by lawns and shrubbery.

She thought only an instant of the rambling dark kitchen ells out back, her mother sweating over the coal range and bickering with the rest of the hired help, the maze of cupboards and pantries and cubbyholes and corridors for playing hide-and-seek. It was the high-ceilinged parlors that she remembered best, with tall windows and white shutters inside that had black slats in the middle like piano keys, and the piano that you could secretly run your fingers over, so secretly the softest note sounded such a bang you jumped, and the marble washstand in the corner with pipes that shone like gold.

Even after she'd left it all behind, when she was working in the mill, the first page she'd turn to in the evening paper was the society page to find out what the Prescotts and Eatons were doing. She knew all about them—their parties and tennis matches, their engagements and marriages, and who went to Europe and what private schools their children attended, and the affair Harry had with that farm girl, and the odd one who turned out an artist. It was much more real to her than the chlorine vats in the bleach room of the mill and the pyramid of sawdust outside the dingy grilled windows, or any of the girls working beside her.

"Phe-ew, that pulp mill's worse than a skunk! If I ever knew what I was letting myself in for"—she pulled up the doormat and beat it against the railing—"it's nothing but fight, fight, fight every day of the week just to keep things going. Can't even save enough out for a vacation, to see something of the world. And what do I get for it?"

Her laughter coughed out in the dust. "Cats! I have to cater to a cat. Sweet Estie this, poor darling Estie that. You and your father, you care more for that nasty clawing cat of yours than you do for me."

MARTHA touched her throat. A stone swelled there, sore. She struggled for something to say, to thrust aside the accusation, deny the reason for it. Louise took a scissors out of her apron pocket and began to snip the hollyhocks that, passionate-pink and openmouthed, reached along the side of the porch. "But, Mama"—Martha followed her up and down—"the kittens won't bother you, Mama. We're giving them away."

"So they're here. Giving them away—I can just see you two doing that. They'll be underfoot all day, tearing at my stockings and scratching up the furniture, smelling up the house. When I think of what's happened to the tassels of my good net curtains, I could die. Look at that hammock." She pointed her scissors at the bedraggled cover. "Just look at it. I can't even lay down for half an hour but that cat's crawling all over me—"

"She only wants you to pet her, Mama."

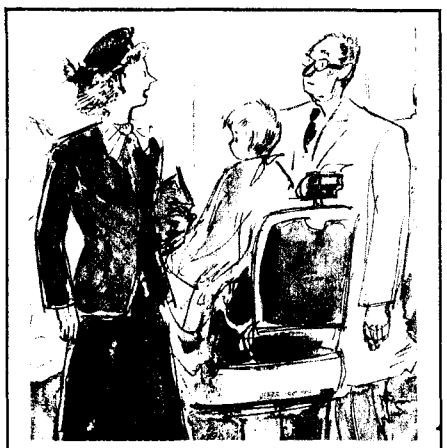
"Uh-huh, she just adores and worships me—like some others I won't name! You know what it costs to keep them in cat food and milk." She broke the long tough stalks with a quick twist. "Don't worry, I'll take care of them. While it's easy. Where are they, Martie?"

Martha pushed abruptly past her into the house. "What do you mean shoving me like that?" Louise shouted. "Haven't you any manners?"

Patsy trilled in his cage. Martha stopped in the middle of the room to listen. She could stand there for hours listening and watching his ceaseless flitting about. He was part of the room like the pagodas and waterfalls in the wallpaper, only he was alive.

Louise brushed by and walked up to the cage. Patsy was hers. No one else was allowed to feed him. She'd marched out of the house one afternoon in a fit of vexation and walked all the way over to the other side of town and up the long hill under the avenue of elms. Whenever the contrariness of her existence got her down, she felt driven into the most devious action; after all, you can't smash all the dishes, you can't throw yourself under a train. But in her vexation with the children this one hot afternoon, she had set out on the journey up the hill. A stitch had tugged in her side as she climbed. She was panting with heat and exertion. There was a deserted look to the stately houses. Some were boarded up. In the last few years the old lumber families had sold their holdings to outside corporations and left to settle themselves in resorts and she'd lost track of them.

A pang of loss like the sudden sharpness of a note on the piano had passed through her so her flesh prickled all



"I'll be back in ten minutes. He likes Gene Autry, Little Black Sambo and the Brooklyn Dodgers"
COLLIER'S PERRY BARLOW

over. A small crowd had gathered in a driveway, going in to an auction. Out of a need to enjoy the atmosphere of elegance once more, Louise had joined them. She had bought Patsy for next to nothing and returned in triumph with her trophy. Her temper had disappeared. The bird in the cage, it was understood, belonged to her alone.

She looked at the bird possessively now. "Sing, Patsy, sing for me." She whistled a trill or two. "Here—" She offered him a bit of blueberry pastry between her lips. He pecked at it and hopped away. She twanged at the chain above, and the cage swayed as she whistled with him. Her whistling climbed higher and higher, leaping and pirouetting and falling in clusters as rich and ripe as grapes. She arranged the hollyhocks in a jar and, without taking the least notice of Martha, went back to the kitchen.

Martha tipped the cage. Her lips puckered in a whistle. It came out thin and flat. The bird flew from side to side against the bars, but he couldn't get out. A long time ago—she'd had to climb up on a chair to do it—she had opened the cage and let him fly all over the room, from chandelier to sofa to window sill to door. Alec had run whooping with excitement to Mama, and she'd rushed in, spots flushing all over her neck, and slapped Martha so she'd never forget.

A picture of Louise, flirting and flashing-eyed in a Spanish dancer costume with big hoop earrings in her ears and a high comb in her hair, smiled tantalizingly from the wall. Mama never dressed up like that any more. Those days are gone forever, she would say, and pull at the bow of her stiff homemade apron. But where did they go? She never mentioned. Martha sat thinking about the hole down back of the sofa and what would happen when Mama found out about it.

"Isn't anybody going to help with the dishes?" Louise called from the kitchen. "Alec, baby, I got something for you to do—"

Martha took the cloth from the table to shake out back. On the oil stove the kettle was boiling. She carried it over to the sink and poured it on the dishes, her ears pricked tense to her mother's whisperings with Alec in the doorway. Something about a chocolate bar; she was always bribing him to do this or that for her.

WITH a gleam of triumph and a toss of her head now, Louise sailed back straight to the kitchen sink and plunged her hands into the steaming water. They finished the dishes together in silence.

Martha ranged the dishes in order on the pantry shelf. She was tall enough to reach now without breaking any of them, but she still put them in place with extra caution, plate by plate. Just as carefully she hung the dish towel out on the back-yard line, pinching each end to the rope while she pinned it. Alec was sitting under the peach tree, which grew only small green insect-laden peaches. Peering down between his humped knees at the ants streaming around the fallen fruit, he made believe he didn't see her.

"What're you doing, Alec?" Martha demanded suspiciously. "Why aren't you playing in the front yard where you can wave to the folks in the trains?"

He was up to something; he couldn't hide that. He raised his foot to stamp down on a whole ant colony in the midst of its busyness, thought better of it and stretched his leg out, his face turned from her. She thought instantly of Estie and the kittens, and let herself out of the side gate with a great air of nonchalance, lingering by the garden. Mama had let the flowers go lately. The neighbors used to compliment her: "You got a green thumb for flowers, Mrs. Ingram."

Ada had been waiting up in the back field. "For ages and ages," she said. She tossed a stick in the air, twirling it like a drum majorette and pranced off, her yellow braids bobbing behind her. "Hurry up, Martie, before the sun goes down. I want to pick mine out and name her CONSTANTINOPLE." She sang out the letters.

Martha laughed with her. "That's pretty. But we can't go now. Daddy says we dassent."

Ada caught her stick in mid-air. "Martie, you said you would! She's mine. I want to christen her Constantinople. Why can't we go now? We're not doing anything wrong."

"Mama or Alec might see us," Martha said.

"So what?"

"If they do, you won't have Constantinople."

"What do you mean? Is that why you got them hidden up in the field somewhere? You afraid of her?"

Martha stared off into the shadowy tangle of the brush, unwilling to let her see into something that seemed shameful. "Daddy said not to."

"Oh, stuff!" Ada turned back up the path and Martha followed, her steps lagging. "There's nobody around in miles. Look, I almost forgot, I'm bringing Estie something special to eat." She drew a napkin-wrapped packet out of her jeans "Some hamburg. I bet she hasn't had any hamburg for ages and ages."

Martha's reluctance left her. They took the long way around the hill instead of the short cut from Martha's house, broke through a thicket, sprang over the almost dry bed of the trout brook and picked up their secret trail, burrowing

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through the blackberry brambles. Martha dropped to her knees, her finger to her lips. "You hear something?" she whispered.

"No," Ada said. "I stepped on an old potlid and it made such a racket I couldn't hear a thing." They began to giggle together and crept on. Estie, a long, slim gray animal, slipped through the bushes toward them. Martha scooped her up in her arms. "Oh, my honey! You all right? Nobody hurt you?" The purr under the short fur thrummed against her chest. The pointed eyes blinked. Then the haunches squirmed to be released, and Estie bounded down.

Ada stooped over the shelter between the boulders. "Oh, the darlings," she breathed, afraid to touch the bits of fluff at the bottom of the old newspaper-lined breadbox. "There's the one"—she pointed to the all silver-gray—"she's the spitting image of Estie. And look at her tail—the same funny little broken look to her tail. I dub thee Constantinople." Ada waved her hand grandiosely over its head. "You belong to me, Ada Merrill, from this day forward." They fed Estie and their fingers hovered once more over the fragile bodies.

As the sun dipped down, they started back, tunneling their way through the blackberry patch. Out in the brush, Ada straightened up. "Oh, look, oh, look!" she sang—Ada made a song out of everything—and darted away after a huge orange-and-brown butterfly. Suddenly she yelped and fell. "Martha, come here. It's Alec!"

MARTHA looked at her brother stretched out on the ground. He hadn't even got up. With an attempt at indifference he pulled his overall strap back on his shoulder. Why, he's frightened, Martha thought, he's scared to death of me. She yanked him to his feet. "Alec Ingram, you been spying on us! You're a low-down sneaky spy! Who told you to? Mama?"

"I done nothin'. She just said I should watch where you go—"

"If you tell her where those kittens are, you know what'll happen. Suppose somebody took you away from your mother and pushed you under water till you choked with it, how would you like it? How would you like to be put in a sack and filled up with water every time you opened your mouth to breathe? How would you like it?"

His green eyes widened in wonder. He took a deep breath. "No, Martie, no!"

She threw her arm over his shoulder, pleading, "But that's what you'll do to the kittens, Alec, if you tell Mama! She'll drown them under the pump in a bucketful of water! They're children, Alec, same as you and me—Estie's children. You don't want to break her heart, do you, Alec? You don't want to kill her children?"

Alec brushed his bangs back. His freckled nose quivered. "I'm no tattletale. Killing's a sin."

Ada let out a sigh of relief. " 'Course you won't tell, Alec. You can come play with mine every day. You're a good boy, Alec—" Impulsively she kissed his cheek and ran off ahead. "You coming, Martie?"

Alec's tan skin turned a slow crimson. He ducked under Martha's arm and dived into the underbrush toward home.

"Alec won't tell. I'm sure he won't." Ada spoke with conviction.

"I don't know."

"Well, I know. Come on, Martie. Gramma'll be fussing about me." Martha wavered a second in indecision, then skipped downhill after Ada. Near the bottom she broke into a headlong run, and hand in hand the two girls raced up to Ada's back stoop and threw themselves breathless on the grass.

THEY stood on the bank till Ada had to go in, waving at the engineers and the people who passed in trains and counting how many waves they received in return. Martha decided to get the flashlight for Daddy from the bureau drawer in the bedroom. She'd meet him halfway down the mill path and then he'd swing her over the brook. He'd walk right through the blackberry patch. They'd kneel close together, petting Estie and her babies.

Softly she let herself in through the front gate. Alec was sitting on the steps, chewing at a chocolate bar sticking out of its paper wrapper. With smacking satisfaction he rolled a large mouthful around in his jaw. At the sight of her he jumped to his feet and braced his hand against the railing, thrusting the bar toward her. "Have some, Martie. Take a bite, it's good—"

"What have you done?" The dread started low in her voice and broke into a despairing wail. "You've, you've—"

"Martie," he said again, "you can have two bites."

She knocked the chocolate bar out of his hand and crushed her heel down over it.

Louise was rocking in the kitchen, knitting on a white sweater Martha had asked for. She looped the wool over and counted under her breath with the complete calm of a person who has had her way and doesn't need to assert it; her expression held neither anger nor insistence. Martha looked at her a full minute from the doorway. The steel needles glistened. Her mother rocked.

Martha ran back into the parlor and flung herself down on the sofa. She couldn't cry. She just lay there, burrowing into the pillow to stifle the feelings that kept flooding up. Her hand over her mouth, she sat up, sick. Where was Estie? She had to find her and comfort her, take her to bed with her no matter how Mama raved. The canary hopped and cheeped in the cage.

"Patsy, you're singing!" She got up from the sofa and pressed her face against the bars of the cage. "You're all gold. How can you feel like singing—when—oh, wouldn't you like to get out of this cage, fly away from here for good and never come back?" She felt around the rim for the little door and undid it. The bird flitted about inside and, finding an opening, soared into the room.

Right then, the overhead light switched on. Patsy fluttered, dazed, to the back of the sofa as Martha's mother grabbed her arm. "Have you gone crazy? Anything I take pleasure in you have to destroy! My little bird!" She raised her hand while the child, indifferent, waited for the blow.

The back door slammed. "Martie! Martie, where are you?" Tim came into the parlor. "Martie, Louise, what's happened?" He looked from one to the other.

Her mother's hand dropped. "Not a thing. Out of pure spite, over a couple of nasty little animals she lets Patsy out of the cage— If I hadn't caught her, she'd have killed him!"

"That's not true!"

Louise plunged at the child. "You call your mother a liar? Tim, you can stand there and listen to her call me a liar!"

He pushed Louise roughly back to the wall, stepping between them. "What did you have to do it for?" he said to Louise. "Why did you? You didn't even have to know there was such a thing alive as those little kittens. What harm did they do you?"

Martha clung to him. "Daddy, don't, don't!" He shook her off.

The woman's eyes blazed out, daring him. "For a litter of cats—that's all my peace and comfort mean to you! Don't worry, there'll be plenty more! You think a nasty common old female cat has feelings, a mother's heart! Why, she'd drive them out herself quick as they're grown! But me you push aside and step all over me and treat me like dirt under your feet!"

Martha held his arm back. "Daddy, don't! Don't!" Lights flashed through her tears as though the whole world had smashed up, the loss of the kittens diminishing to nothing in the catastrophe.

Tim's lean cheeks furrowed. He turned away, running his hand through his thatch of thick fair hair in tiredness. "Don't cry, Martie. Don't cry any more. We'll go look for Estie." He wiped her wet face with his handkerchief, and looked over her head at his wife, all the violence of his body compressed in his voice. "If you want to get at me, get at me. Leave the child out of it. You hear me, leave the child out of it!"

HE LED Martha out onto the porch. Alec was still there, transfixed, beside the splotch of chocolate on the floor. Martha felt sorry for him. "Estie, Estie," they called from the steps into the darkness, breathing in the thick odor of pulpwood. "Here, Estie—"

Louise came out behind them. "It's way past your bedtime, son," she said to Alec.

"She only loves you if she can run and own you," Martha burst out as she and her father searched down the gravel path.

"She's never had much of a chance at life, Martie, remember that," Tim said. Across the dark fields, the mill going full blast cast a raw brilliance over the yards and the sky above. Martha moved closer to him, afraid and alone. She groped for the familiar roughness of his hand. "Let's go back in."

Up on the porch the screen door banged. Louise's shriek cut through the air. There was a flurry and scampering over the steps, a gray streak in the oblong of light on the path, a blur past their feet with a yellow feathered thing in its mouth.

THE END

Lover with a Ball Bat

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

When he was being acclaimed for his work in the play Born Yesterday some three years ago, Miss Jean Meegan, a close friend, was asked how Paul's companions felt when they found out Paul could act. Miss Meegan mused a moment. "I guess we felt like the family of Grandma Moses felt when they found out she could paint," she said.

Douglas might be called a late-blooming actor. A part in a radio version of Abie's Irish Rose and a night-club appearance as a straight man comprised his most notable Thespian achievements before he was drawn, by sheerest accident, into the long-running smash, Born Yesterday. His acquisition of the role of Harry Brock in that play has become one of the best-worn Douglas anecdotes.

Authored by Garson Kanin, Born Yesterday began on the typewriter as a "message" vehicle, sober as Sunday and as full of good works. It did not, however, play that way in rehearsal and what started out as a pulpit production wound up as a thigh-slapping comedy.

Jean Arthur and veteran Broderick Crawford were scheduled for the lead roles of Billie Dawn and Harry Brock. Miss Arthur came down hard with an

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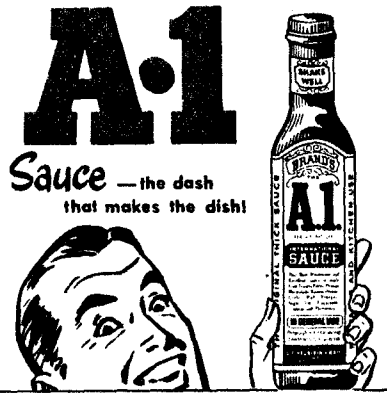

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illness while the show was still flexing its muscles on the road, and Broderick, because of another commitment, was unable to accept the male lead. Producer Max Gordon was stuck with a howler that had everything except two prominent actors to play the two parts.

Judy Holliday, at that time a relative nobody on the stage, was tagged to play the dumb broad. But there was still a throbbing cavity in the Brock part. It called for a special kind of guy. Finally, after six dozen actors had been discarded as unfit, Kanin said:

"What we need for this part is a big, loudmouthed S.O.B. like Paul Douglas."

His wife agreed. And by that marvelous, mysterious indirection which seems indigenous to Hollywood and New York, Douglas finally was tapped for the role and became a speedy sensation.

Douglas does not deny this story. He tells it on himself and appears to relish it. For a very shy guy, Douglas is often alarmingly frank about Douglas.

It is a popular myth that Douglas hit the top rung in "Born" by effortlessly playing himself. This is gross libel on the man and on his talent. Harry Brock was a heel, an uncouth new-rich, a loudmouthed boor whose god was money and whose respect encompassed no one. Douglas is none of these things, unless you could call him a heel in the estimation of some folk with pointed ideas about what constitutes nobility of character. This is always a matter of personal prejudice and is not admissible as evidence, especially when it involves the testimony of women.

The character of Harry Brock, the boorish perverter of Congress and wild bull of his own domestic china shop, was carefully erected by Douglas and took a deal of time. Paul drew this sublime bum from the carefully barbered boys who hang around the more exclusive bars: the men with the pinkly massaged jowls, foot-long cigars and glittering toecaps. He prowled the city like a detective on assignment, searching for splinters of a character who would be called Harry Brock.

Bit by bit he built Brock out of the people he saw in barbershops, at the plush hotels, in the night clubs, in Washington. Finally he had a grade-A schlemiel—a unique by-product of the times, a man with nothing but money and influence, the kind of man who could afford a girl who needed *two* mink coats. The kind of man you have read about recently, who can use a fifty-dollar bill to pry his way into national influence.

Douglas as a character-builder, despite his lack of formal dramatic experience, is second to nobody in the business. He had spent so much time on the construction of a character named Paul Douglas that the development of a fictitious fellow was strictly shooting fish.

Not Much Joy in His Life

Douglas once was described by one of his best girl friends as essentially a public rather than a private person. He is more at home in a restaurant than in a parlor, and he may be the most miserable man alive. He once told a former lady love, "I just can't take happiness." There is no day that Douglas does not moodily contemplate the misery of being alive, and his various gradations of success have no bearing on his brooding. Essentially a monogamist, Douglas has linimented four sets of matrimonial lumps. As a bachelor, he flits harassedly from amour to amour, largely because of a great lonesomeness that time can never repair.

This leads him occasionally to drink deeply, a condition he never attempts to hide. Concerning most of his basic defects, Douglas is almost embarrassingly honest, while he might often play down any stray nobilities of character which creep out of his brusque façade.

"I was the only high-school student in Philadelphia ever to be kicked out of school for being drunk in the classroom," Paul will say, and then go on to tell you how, as editor of the school paper, he made gin in the editorial offices. That, of course, was during prohibition. "I never had a real childhood."

Paul's father, a homeopathic physician and the keeper of a drugstore in Philadelphia, loved to play the fiddle and drink whisky.

"My earliest memory," Paul recollects, "was sitting in my mother's lap, trying to comfort her when my father went off to the hospital with another attack of overdoing the stuff. I can't ever remember being happy."

Paul's first job came at the age of nine, when he worked in a candy factory. He was cut out of a rich godmother's will for his refusal to accept the ministry as a profession. Although he never attended college, he once passed the entrance examinations for Yale. In 1927 he tasted his first dramatic triumph when he directed a version of The Stranger for the Young People's Fellowship of the Episcopal Diocese of Philadelphia.

He was selling paint and telephones when he wandered into Philadelphia's WCAU one day and got a job reading market reports over the air. He got the job because he told the first person he met that he thought he could do it better than the people who were doing it. He got fired from WCAU on a Christmas Day because he refused to do a sports broadcast—just didn't want to work on Christmas.

He came to New York in 1930, hooked on with the Columbia Broadcasting System, and made himself one of the best sports announcers in the business. But even when he was earning $1,000 a week with the Fred Waring Show, he so managed his spending that his life constantly was fraught with economic insecurity—a fact that has sponsored many legends about his closeness with a dollar.

Around New York they say that Douglas is a slow boy with a buck, that he has an impediment in his reach, that he has fishhooks in his pockets. I cannot personally vouch for this, since he has displayed remarkable celerity in check-seizing in my presence; and whenever he comes to call at my house, he generally raps on the door with his own bottle. But he does have the unusual trait of throwing big dough away on trivialities while maintaining a tendency to be querulous over the grocery bill.

The last time I saw Paul, we had dinner together, and, I hastily add, he paid the tab. At the time, Douglas had nothing but money; and a huge Cadillac, studio-provided, panted outside the door. But as one of the proprietors passed the table, Paul seized him by the coattails.

"Hey, Pete," Paul said. "I ain't been in town but six hours. How's for the house buying a drink?"

Help For a Sick Colleague

However, in Paul's radio days a sports announcer named Mel Allen followed him in a variety of jobs. Paul had run a program called Swing Session for CBS, he had worked on the Waring Show, and had done the talking for a newsreel's sports coverage. Allen had been associated with Douglas on these assignments. Last fall, after Mel finished broadcasting the World Series, he got sick and nearly died. The supposedly flinty Mr. Douglas filled in on an early-season football broadcast for Allen and refused the fee. This was at the height of Paul's success and the fee was not inconsiderable. It sheds an odd spotlight on Paul's alleged penuriousness.

Douglas' speech is often rough and studded with four-letter words, but he cannot and will not tolerate a dirty joke. If somebody tries on a faintly blue anecdote even in stag company, he gets up abruptly and strides from the room.

As rugged a masculine type as ever you saw, he is nevertheless a fine and finished gossip. For years he frequently arose early to call his friend Jean Meegan, then of the Associated Press, just to hash over the previous day's doings. Once he called her at 9:00 A.M. to inform her that the wife of a favorite saloonkeeper had passed on.

This last was a telltale symptom of Douglas' interest in death and illness. He is a frustrated physician, and is never so happy as when he is prescribing remedies or attending a sick friend. Matter of fact, it does not even have to be a friend. A stranger's funeral is as satis-

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"If you're still lying awake wonderin' if that noise was the cat—it wasn't"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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fying to Paul as any other. Furthermore, anybody in a hospital is a friend of his. When Andy, one of the employees of the hotel in which he lived, got sick, Paul called every morning for six weeks to check his fever chart and general progress. Paul also supervised the removal of a friend's appendix and got his biggest thrill, probably, when one of the nurses addressed him as "Doctor Douglas."

A great prescriber, for others, a great counselor (also for others), and an occupational hypochondriac where his own minor ailments are concerned, Douglas rarely devotes serious concern to the more serious aspects of his own personal well-being. His gall bladder might send him on the wagon for a brief spell, but he would be apt to blame bad food rather than dissipation for the brief spat with his innards.

This basic helplessness may be one of the qualities which endear him to women. Douglas is the kind of man who, when tottering at death's door after a prolonged, blind spate of disregard for the simple tenets of early to bed, early to rise, would find five lovely ladies all eager to soothe his fevered brow and feed him nourishing messes of milk and egg yolk.

Something about Douglas extracts the mother in women—also the sister and the sweetheart. It is a sissy designation, but in a burly, surly sort of way, Paul is what the ladies call "sweet."

"I am a gentler character as a result of playing Harry Brock," Paul once said. "It has come to the point where I have to live him down. I don't mean the fact that I was asked to make the big speech at a salvage engineers' convention, as the top junkman in the country. But people are always coming up and batting me on the back, one loudmouth greeting another loudmouth.

"Being Brock for two straight years was rough. I am in three joints one night, calmly trying to get half a can on with no vengeance, and all I run into is trouble. Little guys—they are always little guys—come up and holler at me. They yell: 'All right, you dirty such-and-such, you holler at people on the stage, so holler at me!' So you got to go away unless you want a fist fight. I am always in a hassel. For a robust, whisky-drinking guy, it is almost enough to drive you on the wagon."

Mr. Douglas reflected for a second, and repeated, "Almost."

First Movie Caused Remorse

It is difficult accurately to appraise Paul's estimation of his own talent. When "Born" opened in New York, he calmly ate his usual five-thirty dinner, and went on to present such a polished portrayal of Brock-the-heel that the entire first-night assemblage, at dinner after the show, arose and applauded him as he entered the restaurant. Yet in his first movie (modestly described in Hollywood as "sensational") he thought he was lousy and sweated fat drops of remorse.

Once he recognized his adequacy, however, Hollywood to Douglas was no longer an ogre. He had his foot on its neck.

"Hollywood," he states, "is a place where if you make a picture that's good, you're a great guy. If it's bad, you're a stinker forever.

"On the average lot," he continues, "courtesy stands out like a whiff of perfume on a goat farm. All you got to do to be a standout is show up on time and know your lines. Anybody wearing a thankful expression gets a reputation for being drowned in the milk of human kindness. I am just reasonably polite and the prop department gives me a chair with the inscription 'Dreamboat Douglas' on it."

There has been a variety of women in the tempestuous Douglas emotional life. Of these he married four, and was divorced by all: Elizabeth Farnum; then Susie Wells, now married to Arnaud d'Usseau, co-author of Deep Are the Roots and Tomorrow the World; Gerri Higgins, daughter of a rich Wall Streeter; and the beautiful Virginia Field, recent star of the Broadway hit Light Up the Sky.

Paul proposed to Virginia on December 7, 1941, as the Japs chucked bombs at Pearl Harbor. Miss Field dropped a plate of chow mein in her lap, and uttered a rude word. They were married in 1942, and a charming daughter, Maggie, five, is the result. Since their divorce in 1946, neither Paul nor Virginia has attempted matrimony again.

A Gold Ring From Tallulah

A sentimentalist, Douglas today wears two gold rings—one his mother's and the other a triple gold circlet which Tallulah Bankhead gave him. Tallulah was an old friend of Paul's and a small story goes with it. Long after the friendship dwindled, Douglas found himself living in a room beneath Tallulah's in a midtown Manhattan hotel.

Paul finally had to move to another section of the hotel. He said he couldn't stand it any longer.

"My nerves wore out," he said. "Every time she gets up and starts hollering in that voice of hers—'Where is my so-and-so hairbrush?'—I would automatically find myself looking for it."

Although Douglas lives in hotels and haunts the more popular restaurants in New York and Hollywood, he is a discerning gourmet, an expert cook, an authority on wines, a good judge of furniture and more than a competent critic of art. These are all acquired skills. Paul credits his second wife, Susie, with teaching him what he knows in these departments.

He is a tasteful dresser, and an amazingly deft conversationalist when the mood strikes him. This conversation is apt to be somewhat uncharitable when dealing with obvious phonies, and has earned him a goodly share of bad friends over the years. It also cannot fail eventually to damage his position in Hollywood, a talebearing town which runs to the moguls with all irreverent remarks.

For a man who was unknown as an actor prior to 1946, Paul Douglas seems to be set in the big money and the big shows. He will undoubtedly marry again, and possibly again and again. His screen career is secure. Everybody Does It, his latest picture in which he co-stars with Linda Darnell again, is—as they say—soon to be released, and advance notices indicate it will boost him another notch or two on the popularity polls. Besides which there are probably very few theatrical producers who, given the chance, wouldn't buy him back to Broadway. The man's talent is very real.

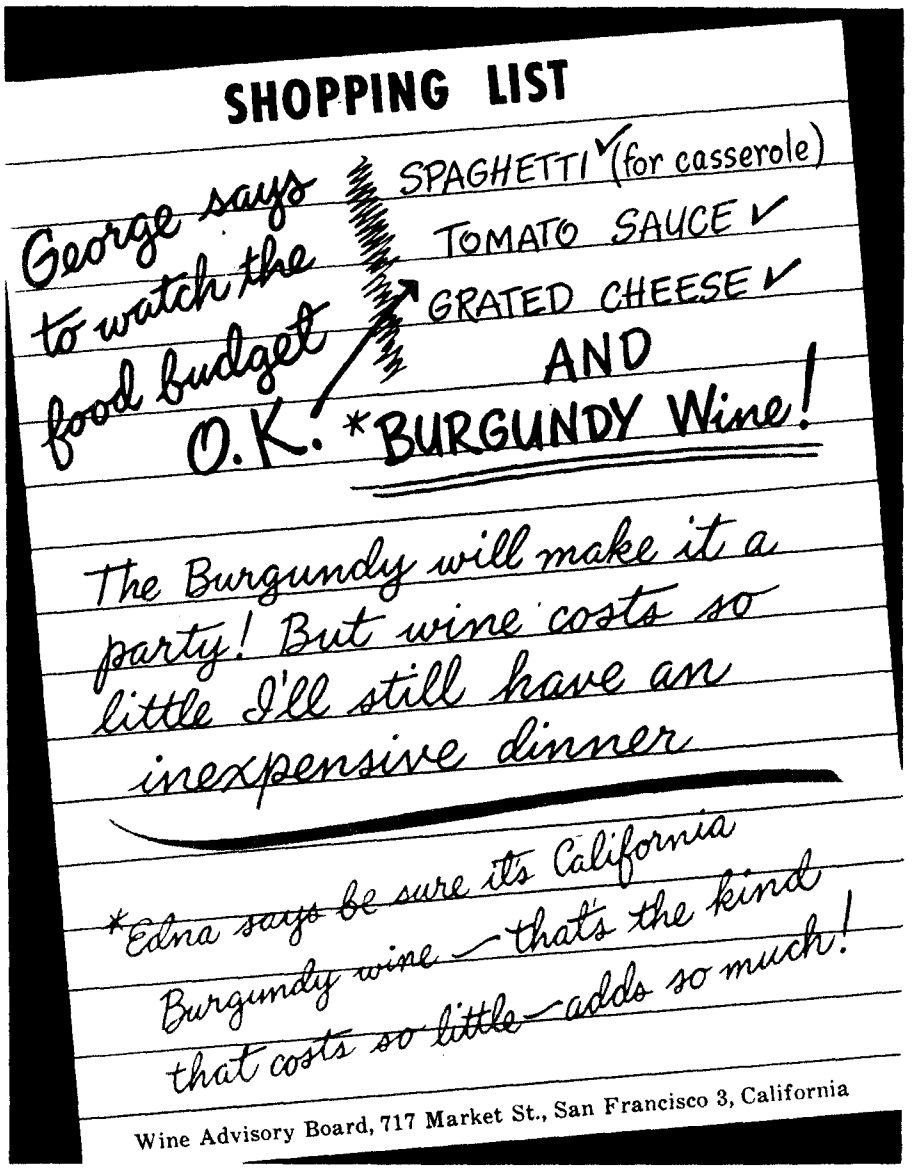
"I am a ham," Paul once told me. "I find it difficult to suppress it on the stage."

The odd thing is that he makes no effort to suppress it off the stage either.

Not long ago I mentioned to another Douglas fan that I thought Paul was very probably the most miserable man alive, even with all the new success.

"Don't be an idiot," was the reply. "He's never been so happy in his life. If Paul Douglas was going to blow his brains out, he'd spend a month perfecting the characterization and then perform the act at cocktail time before a select audience in New York's most popular night club." THE END

● **Bob Ruark has a syndicated column appearing regularly in The New York World-Telegram**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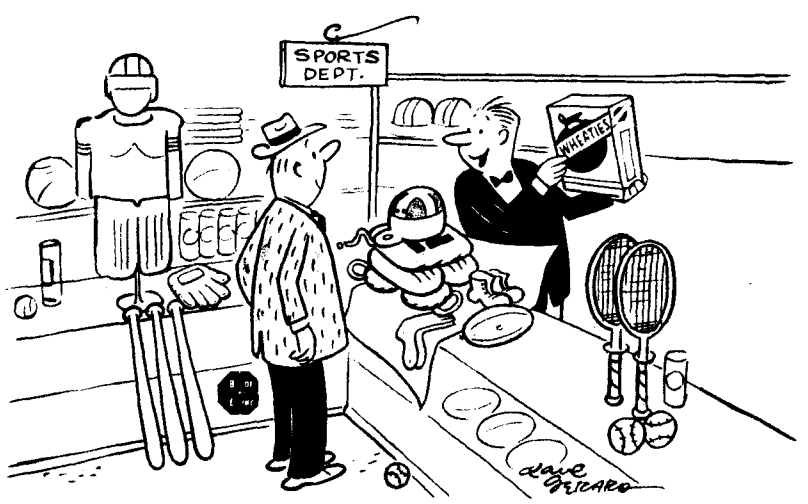

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HARRY DEVLIN

THOSE WONDERFUL WIVES

A LOT OF ARTICLES titled G.I. Joe Goes to College, or words to that effect, have been published since the war. Many of the earlier ones carried illustrations which showed the wives and children of student veterans lining the routes of academic processions at graduation time. Such scenes were unprecedented in America's collegiate history, and for a time this new background in the traditional picture attracted a good deal of attention. But somehow the student veterans' wives have remained right where they were then—in the background.

Now President Jesse Buchanan of the University of Idaho would like to bring them front and center. He has proposed that an honorary "PH. T." degree (which stands for "Putting Husbands Through") be conferred upon the G.I. brides who shared a life which definitely wasn't the life of Riley while their husbands got their academic degrees. We'd like to second the motion, for it's time they got the credit due them.

It's not that we begrudge the student veterans any of the praise and publicity they received. They deserve all of it. As a group they cashed in on their educational opportunities in a way that amazed the most skeptical professors and politicians.

They answered charges of extravagant pampering with an impressive display of serious purpose and diligent application. They not only quieted fears that the horrors of combat would make them incapable of concentrated study, they set a competitive example for nonveterans which raised the whole national level of scholastic accomplishment.

Meanwhile thousands of student veterans' wives were "sweating it out"—to employ a slightly inelegant term from their husbands' former occupation—while the boys were being educated. Most of them set up housekeeping in trailers or Quonset huts or converted barracks. The $105 a month that came from the government—or $120 if they had children—was welcome. But it wasn't the kind of money that allowed much margin for indulging love's young dream of vine-covered cottages or smart apartments.

Yet we didn't hear many of them complain. We didn't happen to meet up with any veterans whose impatient wives had forced them out of school and into the first job that came along. We did know of a good many G.I. brides who, with a few scrimped dollars and a lot of ingenuity, converted bare and cheerless dwellings into something resembling a home. They put up with a lot and they did a lot, organizing nursery schools and community groups, and generally providing a maximum of domestic stability with a minimum of money and equipment.

These are the wives of what is probably the best-educated college generation in our history. In 15 or 20 years its members will be the leaders of this country. And if someday we hear those leaders say that they "owe it all to the little woman," we'll believe them. But we don't think the girls should be made to wait that long for recognition. We are in favor of giving them Mr. Buchanan's PH. T. right away, and a good loud cheer besides.

Blast the Blysters

WE CAME ACROSS a minor footnote to British history the other day which we pass along in the interest of a fuller understanding of the English character. It seems that our overseas neighbors grow poison ivy—deliberately. The same plant which we assault with 2,4-D is tended there with loving, though painful, hands.

The account we read quoted an English nurseryman's catalogue, which in turn set off the plant's quaint American name of "Poison Ivy" in quotation marks. The catalogue included this mild admonition: "Although a wonderful piece of brilliant autumn colour, it should not be planted where likely to be handled."

The same account also quoted Captain John Smith, undoubtedly one of the first Britons to become acquainted with the poisonous shrub. He noted that the "yvie," on being touched, "causeth reddness, itchinge, and lastly blysters, the which howsoever, after a while they passe away of themselves without further harme; yet because for the time they are somewhat painfull, and in aspect dangerous, it hath gotten itself an ill name, although questionlesse of noe very ill nature."

One doesn't have to admire this rather needless courtship of discomfort to find in it the clue to more practical virtues. At least, the belated knowledge that the English have been cultivating poison ivy all these years helps us to understand how that same nation could bravely endure the blitz and shrug off austerity with a serene and stoic faith that afterwhile they will "passe away of themselves without further harme."

Bed of the Free

THE PAJAMA MANUFACTURERS, who can sniff a trend in a statistic as far as the next one, are doing some viewing with alarm. Their production dropped 20 per cent last year, while the 1948 output of men's shorts was up 23 per cent. So they suspect, not unreasonably, that a lot of men are sleeping in shorts, or even in the raw. And they have started a campaign to make men more pajama-conscious.

We sympathize with the bread-and-butter concern of the pajama people. Yet a word should certainly be said for the other side. Town and city men are a regimented herd. They move and mingle in the uniform of conformity—blue-serged, snapbrimmed, white-shirted, even coated and tied in the heat of summer.

There is something pathetic and at the same time noble in the thought that millions, under cover of privacy and darkness, may be defying the stern commands of fashion with a nightly declaration of independence: "At least I'll wear what I damn' please to bed."

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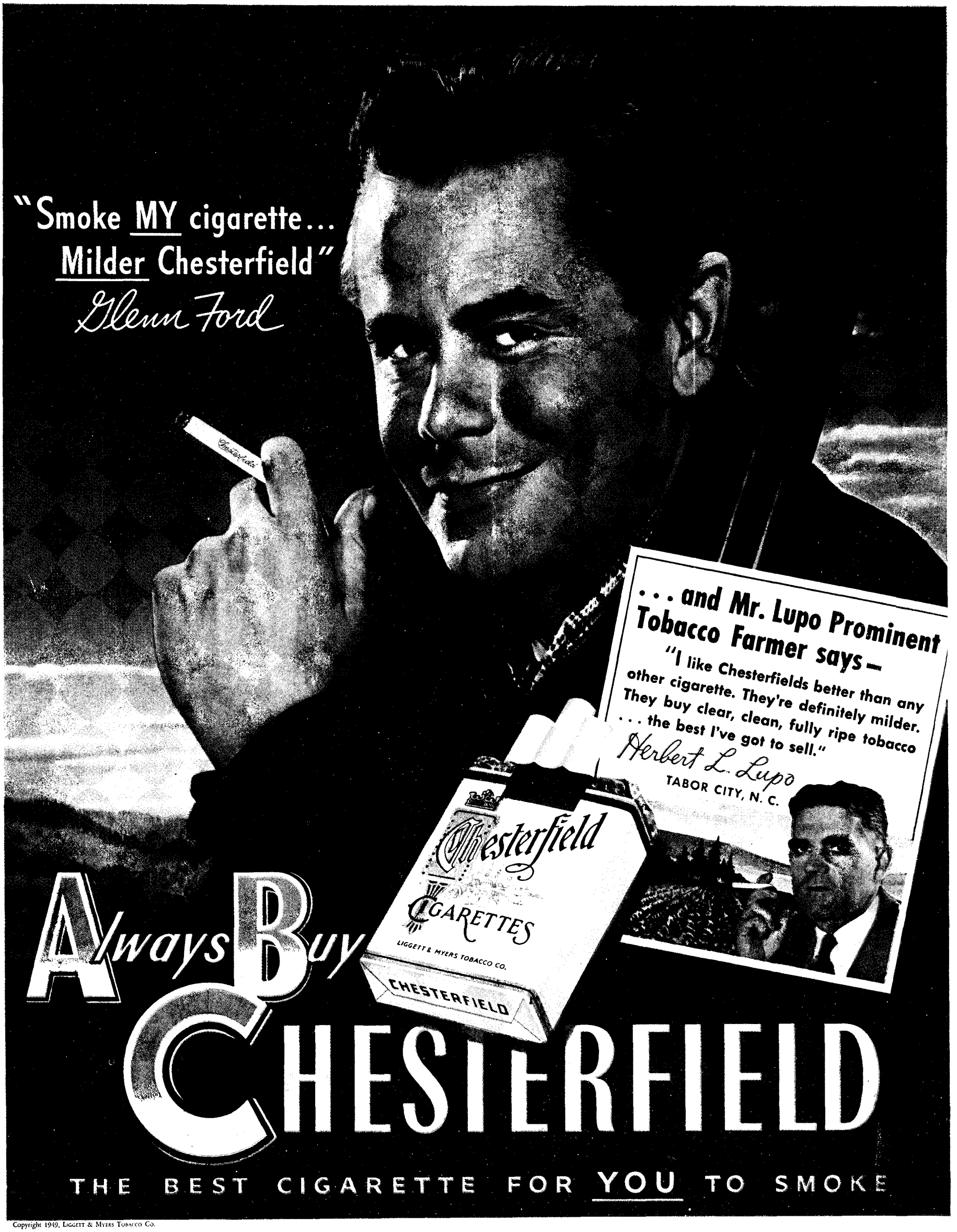
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